The Educational Music Course

By

ALEX. T. CRINGAN

TEACHERS' EDITION

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THE EDUCATIONAL

MUSIC COURSE

BASED ON THE SYLLABUS OF MUSIC FOR PUBLIC AND MODEL SCHOOLS, ISSUED BY THE ONTARIO EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

BY

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TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE, LONDON, ENGLAND;
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THIS BOOK MAY BE USED AS A TEXT BOOK IN ANY HIGH SCHOOL OR PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ONTARIO IF SO ORDERED BY A RESOLUTION OF THE TRUSTEES.

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The Educational Music Course.

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES—(First Step).

TWO PULSE MEASURE.—With Undivided Pulses.

1.—Key D.

| d :m | d :d | s :s | m :— | s :m | s :s | m :m | d :— ‖

2.—Key E.

| d :d | m :— | d :m | s :— | s :s | m :— | s :m | d :— ‖

3.—Key F.

| d :m | s :s | m :— | d :— | m :d | s :m | s :— | d :— ‖

4.—Key D.

| d :d | m :d | m :d | s :— | s :s | m :s | m :s | d :— ‖
| O' the | love - ly | month of | May, | Ev - er | welcome, | ev - er | gay·
| Flowers | bloom and | insects | play, | In the | merry | month of | May. ‖

5.—Key F.

m :m	d :—	s :s	m :—	d :s	m :d	m :m	s :—
1.Little	eyes,	little	eyes,	O - pen	with the	morning	light;
2.Little	heart,	little	heart,	Full of	laughter,	full of	glee;

| m :m | d :— | s :s | m :— | s :d | m :s | m :m | d :— ‖
| Up - ward | look, | up - ward | look, | Heaven's | morn is | always | bright.
| Beat with | love, | beat with | love, | For the | Lord who | loveth | thee. ‖

THREE PULSE MEASURE.

6.—Key E

| d :m :d | s :— :m | d :s :m | d :— :— ‖

7.—Key D.

| s :n :s | d' :— :s | m :s :m | d :— :— ‖

8.—Key G.

| m :s :m | d :m :d | s_1 :— :d | m :— :— |

| s :m :d | s :m :d | s_1 :— :s_1 | d :— :— ‖

9.—Key G.

d : s, : d	m : d : m	s : m : s	m :— :—
Come join our	sing - ing and	merry songs	raise;

m : d : m	d : s, : d	m : s : m	d :— :— ‖
Glad voices	ring - ing out	sweet notes of	praise.

10.—Key D.

d : m : d	s :— : m	s : s : d'	m :— :—
Hearts full of	glad - ness	brighten our	days;

s : d' : s	m :— : d	s : s : m	d :— :— ‖
No care or	sad - ness	darkens our	lays.

FOUR PULSE MEASURE.

11.—Key C.

| d : m | s : d' | m' :— |— :— | m' : d' | s : m | d :— |— :- ‖

12.—Key D.

| m : d | s :— | m : s | d' :— | d' : s | m : d | s : s | d :— ‖

13.—Key A.

| d : m | d : d | s, :— | d :— | m : d | s, : s, | d :— |— :— ‖

14.—Key G.

| d : s, | d : m | s :— | s, :— | d : m | s : s, | d :— |— :— ‖

15.—Key D.

s : s	m : s	d' :—	s :—	d' : m	m : s	m :—	d :— ‖
Come and join our		sing - ing,		happy voices		ring - ing.	

16.—Key C.

s : s	m : m	d' : d'	s :—	m :—	s :—	d' :—	m' :—
Hear the merry		church bells ring,		bim,	bome	bim,	bome,

s : s	m : m	d' : d'	s :—	s : d'	s : m	s : s	d' :— ‖
Jingle, jingle,		jingle, jing,		ringing out from		tower and dome.	

TIME STUDIES.

Note.—These should be sung on one tone, first to time names, then laa, and finally in tune to the syllables.

When sung on one tone the pitch should be about F, and great care should be observed in order to avoid flattening.

The degrees of force represented by the strong, weak and medium accents should be carefully observed.

17.—Key E♭.

d : d	m :—	s :—	m : s	d' : s	m :—	s : m	d :— ‖
taa taa	taa-aa	taa-aa	taa taa				

18.—Key G.

s, :—	d :—	m :d	s :—	s :m	s :d	d :s,	d :—	‖
taa-aa	taa-aa	taa taa	taa-aa					

19.—Key G.

d :m	m :—	s :—	m :—	s :s	m :d	s, :—	d :—	‖

20.—Key D.

s :m	d' :—	s :—	— :—	m :s	s :m	d' :—	— :—	‖
		taa-aa - aa - aa						

Commencing on weak pulse.

21.—Key E.

:d	s :m	d :m	s :—	— :m	s :d	m :m	d :—	— ‖

22.—Key G.

:d	m :—	d :m	s :—	m :d	s :m	s :s	d :—	— ‖

23.—Key G.

:s	m :—	— :d	s :—	— :m	d :d	s :m	d :—	— ‖

24.—Key A.

:d	m :m	:d	s :s	:m	d :—	:s,	d :—	‖

25.—Key D.

:s	m :—	:s	d :—	:m	s :m	:s	d' :—	‖

Second Step Studies. Introducing RAY and TE.

26.—Key F.

d :r	m :d	s :m	r :—	d :m	r :d	r :m	d :—	‖

27.—Key A.

d :s,	d :—	r :s,	:r :—	m :r	d :m	r :r	d :—	‖

28.—Key D.

d :r	m :—	s :s	m :—	m :s	d' :m	m :—	r :—	}
1.Cheeks of rose,		Ti - ny	toes,	Has our	lit - tle	ba -	by;	
2.Mouth so fair,		Skin so	clear,	Just as	soft as	may	be;	
d :r	m :—	s :s	m :—	d :m	r :d	r :—	d :—	‖
Eyes of	blue,	Fin-gers	too,	Cunning	all as	may	be.	
Bonny	eyes,	Looking	wise,	Such a	precious	ba -	by.	

29.—Key G.

m : r | d : m	s :— | m :—	r : r | s : s	m :— |— :—	
1. Ba-by loves the	sun - shine,	Ba - by loves the	flowers,	
2. Ba by loves the	bird - ies,	And the trees so	tall,	
m : r | d : m	s :— | m :—	s : m | r : r	d :— |— :—	‖
Ba - by loves the	rain - bow,	And the gen - tle	showers,	
Ba - by loves his	moth - er,	Better than them	all.	

30.—Key A♭.

m : r : d	m : r : d	r : d : r	m :— :—	
Rock - a - bye	blos - soms up -	on the tree	top,	
m : r : d	s :— : m	d : r : m	r :— :—	
When the wind	blows the	cra - dle will	rock;	
d : m : r	d : s, : d	r : d : r	m :— :—	
First come the	blos - soms and	then comes the	seed,	
m : s : m	r :— : d	r : m : r	d :— :—	‖
Leav-ing the	ber - ries	bird - ies to	feed.	

31.—Key A♭.

d : s, | d : m	r : d | t, :—	d : t, | d : m	r : s | d :—	‖		

32.—Key C.

s : d' | t : d'	r' :— | t :—	d' : s | d' : r'	t :— | d' :—	‖		

33.—Key B♭.

d : s, | m : r	d :— | t, :—	d : s, | r : s,	t, :— | d :—	‖		

34.—Key C.

d' : s | m' : r'	d' : r' : t :—	d' : m' | r' : d'	s : t | d' :—	‖		

35.—Key B♭.

d : t, | d : m,	s, : d | t, :—	d : r | t, : s,	d : t, | d :—	‖		

36.—Key D.

m : s | d' : m	s : s | t :—	d' : m | s : d'	t : r' | d' :—	‖		

37.—Key A♭. PUSSY WILLOWS.

s, : d | t, : d	r : m | r : d	d : t, | d : m	r : d | t, :—			
1. We are Mamma	Wil - lows' ba - bies,	In our brown homes	tucked a - way;			
2. But we come forth	from our hid - ing	When the weather	war - mer grows,			
3. In the sun's warm	glan-ces dancing,	Soon our dresses	we be - hold.			
d : s, | d : t,	d : m | r : d	t, : d | s, : m	r : r | d :—	‖		
Sleeping safe - ly	thro' the win - ter	While the chil - ly	breezes play.			
Clad in downy,	silk - en garments	From our heads down	to our toes.			
Changed by fairy	hands to calk - ins,	Spangled here and	there with gold.			

38.—Key A♭.

MILKWEED.

:s,	s, :m	r :m	d :—	s, :s,	s, :t,	r :s,	m :— | —
1.The	dain-ty	milkweed	ba -	bies All	wrapped in cradles		green,
2.Wee	brown coats	have the	dar -	lings, Sweet	slips of	milky	white,
3.The	cra - dles	grow so	nar -	row, What	will the	ba - bies	do?
4.And	now they've f'nd the		sec -	ret, They're	fly - ing	thro' the	air,

:s	s :r	:t, :s,	d :—	|m :m	r :s	|r :m	d :— |— ‖
Are	rocked by	Mother	Na -	ture And	fed by	hands un-	seen.
And	wings—but	that's a	se -	cret. They're	fold-ed	out of	sight.
They'll	on - ly	grow the	fast -	er And	look up towards the		blue.
They've	left the	cra - dles	emp -	ty, Do	milk-weed ba - bies		care?

39.—Key G.

THE BLUE BIRD.

A. T. Schuman.

:m	r :d	s :m	r :d	s, :m	r :d	t, :d	r :— | s
1.A	glint of	blue flits	'neath the sky, A -		mid the	mer-ry	May - time
2.And	from its	lit - tle	throbbing throat Comes		twit-ter,	twit-ter,	twit - ter,
3.A	cheery	voice that	tells of Spring, At		ro - sy	dawn and	af ter

:s	m :r	|d :s	m :r	|d :s,	t, :d	|r :m	r : |d
A	liv - ing	gem, light	winged and shy, En-		joy - ing	its brief	play - time.
A	sweet, a	swift, a	ten - der note, But		nev - er	one that's	bit - ter
The	bu - sy	blue-bird	car - ol - ling, A		song of	love and	laugh - ter. ‖

TIME STUDIES.

Six Pulse Measure.

Note.—These studies should be sung as directed on Page 2.

40.—Key G.

m:r:d	|m:r:d	|s:m:d	|r:— :	|d:t,:d	|r:d:t,	|d:m:r |d:— : ‖

41.—Key A.

s,:d:m	|r:— :—	|s,:d:r	|m:— :—	|s:m:r	|d:r:m	|r:— :— |d:— :— ‖

42.—Key F.

m:— :s	|r:— :r	|m:— :s	|r:— :—	|d:— :m	|s:m:d	|r:— :m |d:— :— ‖

43.—Key G.

s,:— :d	|d:t,:d	|r:—:s,	|s,:d:r	|m:— :s	|m:r:d	|t,:d:r |d:— :— ‖

44.—Key G.

:s	|m:r:d	|s,:— :s	|m:r:d	|r:— :m	|s:m:r	|d:— :m |r:— :— |d:— ‖

45.—Key C.

:m	|r:— :d	|s:— :m	|m:r:d	|s:— :s	|d':s:d'	|r':— :t |d':— :— |— :— ‖

46.—Key A♭. **THERE COMETH A DOVE.**

A line drawn under two or more notes indicates that they have to be sung to one syllable.

: s₁	d : d : d | d :– : d	r : r : r | r :– : r	m :– : r | d : r : m	r :– :– |– :–	
There	cometh a dove on	beau-ti-ful wings, As	white as snow-flakes	are,	
Now	here by my side your	lit-tle hands fold, And	say this prayer with	me,	

: r	r : r : r | r :– : r	m : m : m | m :– : m	s :– : m | r : d : r	d :– :– |– :–	‖
And	ten-der-ly now he	lis-tens to hear The	chil-dren's morn-ing	prayer.	
Dear	Jes-us look down and	make me so good, That	I thy child may	be.	

47.—Key A♭. **FLOWERS.**

: s₁	d : t₁ : d | r :– : s₁	r : d : r | m :– : s	s : m : r | m : r : d	t₁ :– : d | r :–	
1 We	see the soft and	gen-tle rain Makes	thirsty flowers quite	fresh again.	
2 We	chil-dren love the	flow'rs and bees, The	birds that sing a-	mong the trees,	

: s₁	d : t₁ : d | r :– : r	m : r : d | s :– : s	s : m : r | d : t₁ : d	m :– : r | d :–	
They	turn their fac-es	to the sun, And	sing with gladness	ev'-'ry one.	
The	sun-shine and rain-	drops that fall, But	more our Father who	gave them all.	

48.—Key C. **MAY DAY.**

: m	r :– : s | r :– : m	r :– : s | m :– : r	m : r : m | s :– : m	m :– :– | r :–	
1 Who	comes this way with	smiles so gay, And	feet so light-ly	tripp-ing?	

: s	m :– : s | d' :– : t	d' : r' : d' | t :– : t	d' : t : d' | s :– : m'	r' :– :– | d' :–	‖
A	lit-tle queen with	mantle green, From	dainty shoulders	slipp-ing.	

2 In pink and white, the blossoms bright,
Run swiftly out to meet her;
The brooks rejoice to hear her voice,
And robins sing the sweeter.

3 She came last year, the pretty dear,
All frolic, fun and dimples;
She kissed the birds, untied their hoods,
And coaxed apart their crimples.

4 The honey bee flew quick to see,
The white-winged moth came after.
O bonny May, in work or play,
She sets the world to laughter.

Half Pulses. Taa Tai.

49.—Key G.

: s	d : d.d | t₁ : d	r : r.r | m : s	m : r.r | d : t₁	d :— |–	‖

50.—Key E.

: d	m : s.s | m : r	d :— | m : d	s : m.m | d : r	t₁ :— | d	‖

51.—Key D.

: s	d' : t | d' : s.s	m :— | r : d	s : d | r : m.m	r :— | d	‖

52.—Key A.

{ :s, | d :d.r | m :r.d | t, :d | r :s, | d :t,.d | r :m.r | d :— |— ||

53.—Key F.

{ :m.m | r :m | d :s.s | m :d | r :m | s :m.r | d :t,.t, | d :— |— ||

54.—Key F.

{ :m.r | d :— | t, :d.r | m :— | r :s | m :— | r :d.t, | d :— |— ||

55.—Key A♭. THE RAIN DROPS' RIDE.

:s,	d :t,	d :r	m :—	r :s	m :m.r	d :r	m :— |—
1 Some	lit - tle drops of		wa - ter, Whose		home was in the		sea,
2 A	cloud they had for		car - riage, Drawn		by a play - ful		breeze,
3 But	Oh! there were so		man - y, At		last the car - riage		broke,
4 And	thro' the moss and		grass - es, They		were com - pelled to		roam,

:m	r :s	r :m	r :—	d :m	r :d.r	m :r	d :— |—	
To	go up - on a		jour - ney, Once		hap - pened to a -		gree.
And	o - ver town and		coun - try, They		rode a - long at		ease.
And	to the ground came		tumb - ling, Those		frightened lit - tle		folk.
Un -	til a brook - let		found them, And		carried them safe		home.	

Third Step Studies. Introducing FAH and LAH.

56.—Key G.

{ d :m | s :m | f :f | m :— | s :m | f :m | r :r | m :— }

{ m :s | f :s | r :m | f :— | m :f | s :f | m :r | d :— ||

57.—Key G.

{ s, :l, | t, :d | m :— | r :— | m :f | s :l | l :— | s :— }

{ s :l | s :f | f :m | r :d | t, :d | s, :d | r :— | d :— ||

58.—Key G.

{ m :m | r :r | d :— | t, :— | d :d | r :r | m :— |— :— }

{ s :s | f :f | m :— | r :— | m :m | r :r | d :— |— :— ||

59.—Key E.

{ s :s | d' :m | f :m | r :— | r :r | d :s | l :l | s :— }

{ s :s | d' :s | f :f | m :— | m :d | s :s | l :t | d' :— ||

60.—Key E. **GOD IS GOOD.**

d :r	m :f	s :—	m :—	f :m	r :s	m :— |— :—
1. See the shining		dew -	drops	On the flowers		strewed,
2. See the morning		sun -	beams	Lighting up the		wood,
3. In the leafy		tree -	tops,	Where no fears in-		trude,
4. Bring, my heart, thy		trib -	ute,	Songs of grati -		tude,

f :s	l :t	d' :—	s :—	f :m	r :r	d :— |— :— ‖
Proving as they		spar -	kle,	God is	ever	good.
Si - lent - ly pro-		claim -	ing,	God is	ever	good.
Merry birds are		sing -	ing,	God is	ever	good.
All things join to		tell	us	God is	ever	good.

61.—Key A. **DOXOLOGY.**

:d	d :t,	l, :s,	d :r	m :m	m :m	r :d | f :m | r
Praise	God from whom all		bles'ngs flow, Praise		Him all creatures	here below,

:d	r :m	r :d	l, :t,	d :s	m :d	r :f | m :r | d ‖
Praise	Him a - bove ye		Heavenly Hosts, P'se		Father, Son	and Holy Ghost.

62.—Key A♭. **MORNING HYMN.**

:s,	d .d :r	:r	m .r :d	:r	m .m :f	:m | r :—
1. The	morning bright with		rosy light	Has	waked me from my	sleep;

:s	s .m :m	:d	d .l, :l,	:s,	s, .d :d	:t, | d :— ‖
Fa -	ther, I own	thy	love a - lone	Thy	little one	doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live
Blest Jesus near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace.
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

63.—Key B♭. **EVENING HYMN.** *W. H. Havergal.*

:s,	s, :d	m :r	d :l,	s, :s,	s, :d	m :d | r :— |—
1. The	daylight fades, the		evening shades Are		gathering round my	head.

:f	m :r	d :r	m :d	l, :s,	s, :d	m :r | d :— |— ‖
Fa-	ther a - bove, I		pr'se that love W'ch		smooths and guards my	bed.

2 While Thou art near I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus still from every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

3 Subdue my sin and enter in
To sanctify my heart;
Spirit divine, O make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

64.—Key D.

:m	s :m	f :s	m :—	r :d	m :s	f :l | s :— |—

:s	l :s	d' :m	s :—	f :m	f :r	d | t, | d :— |— ‖

65.—Key E♭.

HAPPINESS.

:s | m :s | r :m | r :— | d :s | l :s.l | t :l | s :— |—
1. A - way with needless sor - row, Though troubles may be- fall;

:f | m :s | d' :s | l :— | s :m | f :m.r | m :r | d :— |—
A brighter day to - mor - row May shine up - on us all.

2 We cannot tell the reason
For all the clouds we see;
Yet every time and season
Must wisely ordered be.

3 Let us but do our duty,
In sunshine or in rain;
And Heaven, all bright with beauty,
Will bring us joy again.

4 Though evening shades should lower,
The morning may be fine;
For He who sends the shower
Can cause the sun to shine.

66.—Key D.

:s | f :s | m :d' | t :l | s :l | l :s | t :d' | m :— | r

:m | r :f | m :s | l :d' | t :d' | l :s | f :m | r :— | d

67.—Key B♭.

:s, | l, :— | s, :d | t, :l, | s, :f, | m, :s, | l, :f, | s, :— |—

:l, | s, :— | l, :t, | d :m | r :d | l, :r | s, :t, | d :— |—

68.—Key E♭.

:s | m :d' | t :l | s :— |— :s | l :s | d' :f | m :— |—

:m | d' :t | l :s | l :f | m :s | r :m | f :r | d :— |—

SWEET THE QUIET EVENING.

69.—Key G.

| m .m :f .m | m :r | d .d :r .r | m :— |
1. Sweet the quiet ev'n - ing, Soft the part - ing ray,

| m .m :f .s | l .s :f .m | r .r :m .r | d :— |
Thanks we give with hearts and voi - ces For the plea - sant day;

| r .r :m .m | f :r | m .m :r .d | r :— |
May we rest se - cure - ly Thro' the hours of night,

| m .m :f .s | l .s :f .m | r .r :m .r | d :— |
Strengthened be for duties coming With the morning light.

2 Lull'd by sweetest music
From a thousand tongues,
Nature has night's choir awaken'd
For an evening song;

While we sing her praises,
Who this care has given,
Let us all with deep emotion
Raise our hearts to heav'n.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

70.—Key E♭.

m :m.f	s :s	l.l:l	s :-	s :r.r	r :d.r	m :-	- :m
1. Under the hay stack,		little Boy Blue,		Slips with his head on his		arm,	While

m :m.f	s :s	l.l:l	s :s	l.l:l	t :t.t	d' :-	- : ‖
voi - ces of men and		voices of maids Are		calling him over the		farm.	

CHORUS. *Beating twice.*

s :s :s	s :- :l	s :-:m	s :- :	l :l :l	l :l :l	s :s :m	r :- :-
Little Boy Blue,	come	blow your horn,		Sheep in the meadow and		cows in the corn.	

s :s :s	s :s :s	l :l :l	l :- :-	l :l :l	l :- :l	t :- :s	d' :- :- ‖
Where is the boy to look		after the sheep?		Under the hay - stack,		fast a -	sleep.

2 Weary with watching, little Boy Blue,
Hears not the sound of alarm;
For soundly he slumbers all the day through,
And nothing cares he for the farm.

3 Sweet be the sleep of little Boy Blue,
Always so cheerful and calm;
Sweet peace to his soul, and rest to his limbs,
He'll never come back to the farm.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

71.—Key C.

D.C.

s :s	s :m	l :s	s :m	f :m	f :s	m :—	— :—
1. Ah my heart is		wea - ry wait - ing,		Wait - ing for the		May,	

r :m	f :s	l :t	d' :m	r :m	f :s	l :t	d' :r'
Wait - ing for the		pleas - ant ram - bles		Where the fragrant		hawthorn brambles,	

m' :r'	d' :t	r' :d'	t :l	s :d'	t :r'	d' :—	— :— ‖
With the woodbine		al - ter - nat - ing,		Scent the dew - y		May.	

2 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May;
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer's beams are burning,
Hopes and flow'rs that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.

3 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Note.—D. C. or Da Capo means *repeat from the beginning.*

BYE-LO-LAND.

72.—Key E. A. T. C.

d : t, : d | r : d : r | m :- : r | d :- :- | m : r : d | f : m : r | s :- : l | s :- :-
1. Baby is going to By - lo - land, Going to see the sights so grand;

s : l : s | d' :- : s | s : l : s | m :- :- | s : l : s | s : d' : f | m :- : r | d :- :- ||
Out from the sky the wee stars peep, Watching to see her fast a - sleep.

CHORUS.

s :- :- | m :- :- | l :- :- | s :- :- | s : l : s | f :- : f | f : s : f | m :- :-
Swing so, Bye - lo, Over the hills to Bye - lo - land;

s :- :- | l :- :- | t :- :- | d' :- :- | d' : t : l | s :- : f | m :- : r | d :- :- ||
Swing so Bye - lo, Over the hills to Bye - lo - land.

2 O the bright dreams in Bye-lo-land,
All by the loving angels planned;
Little lambs now are in the fold,
Little birds nestle from the cold.

3 Sweet is the way to Bye-lo-land,
Guided by mother's gentle hand;
Soft little lashes downward close,
Just like the petals of a rose.

MERRILY OVER THE SNOW.

73.—Key E. *Cheerfully.* H. S. Perkins.

m : m : m | m : m : m | d : m : l | s :-:- | r : r : r | r : d : r | m :-:s | s :-:
1. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly over the snow, Dancing and prancing a- long, ha, ha!

m : m : m | m : m : m | d : m : l : s :-:- | s : f : m | r : m : r | d :-:s | d' :-:-
Cheerily, Cheerily, onward we go, Mingling our voices with song, ha, ha!

CHORUS.

p *f*

m : m : m | m : m : m | m : d : l | s :-:- | r : r : r | r : d : r | m :-:s | s :-:
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, ha, ha!

p

m : m : m | m : m : m | m : d : l | s :-:- | s : f : m | r : m : r | d :-:s | d' :-:-
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la. la. la, la, la, la, la, ha, ha!

2 Galloping, skipping, the noble steed flies,
Mane flying free as we go, ha, ha!
Nothing more healthful than clear northern skies,
Galloping over the snow, ha, ha!

3 Nothing more beautiful, nothing I know,
Nothing as pure as the snow, ha, ha!
Nothing so cheers ev'ry merry young heart,
Bounding along o'er the snow, ha, ha!

74.—Key B♭. **BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.**

{ | s, : s, | l, : l, | s, :— | m, :— | s, : d | d : m | r :— |— :— }
1 When the rose is blush - ing, Pure and sweet and fair,

{ | r : r | m : m.r | d :— | l, :— | d : d | f : m | r :— |— :— }
Joy with-in us gush - ing, Greeteth beauty there,

{ | m : d .r | d : t, | d :— |— :— ||
Greet - eth beau - ty there.

2 When the storm is rolling
Darkly through the air,
Pearly snow descending
Scatters beauty there.

3 In the dark old caverns,
In the gloomy lair,
Crystal gems and diamonds
Gleam in beauty there.

4 In the sandy desert,
Birds of plumage rare
Shed around the trav'ler
Beauty even there.

5 Every prospect showeth
Something rich and rare,
And the true heart findeth
Beauty everywhere.

75.—Key E♭.

{ : s | l : l | s : m | f : f | m : s | d' : d' | t : l | s :— |— }

{ : m | r : r | m : f | s : s | l : s | f : s | m : r | d :— |— }

76.—Key A.

{ : s, | d : m | r : r | m :— |— : s | f : m | r : r | d :— |— }

{ : d | t, : l, | s, : d | d : r | m : m | r : d | d : t, | d :— |— ||

77.—Key D.

{ : m | s : f.m | f : s | d' : t.l | t : d' | s : f.m | r : r | m :— |— }

{ : s | l : t.d' | r' : d' | r' : d'.t | l : s | f : m.r | m : r | d :— |— ||

78.—Key A.

{ : s, | d : r | m : f | m : r | d : r | m : s | d : r | t, : l, | s, }

{ : r | t, : d | r : s, | d : r | m : s | f : m | r : s, | l, : t, | d, ||

79.—Key G.

{ : d | d : r | m : r | d : t, | d : r | m : s | f : m | r :— |— }

{ : m | f : l | s : t, | d : f | m : s | l : f | m : r | d :— |— ||

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

80.—Key F. German.

:d | m :d | s :m | m :— | r :r | m :d | s :m | r :— |—
1 The sum-mer days are com - ing, The leaves put forth their green;

:m.f | s :s | s :s.l | s :m | d :d | f :f | l :l | s :— |—
Flow'rs bloom and bees are hum - ming, To glad-den nature's scene,

:m | s :f .m | r :m .r | d :— |—
To glad - den na - ture's scene.

2 Hope in each bosom springing,
Sheds forth its fairy light,
Like sweet bells gaily ringing,
To make the scene more bright.

3 The murm'ring fountains flowing,
From icy chains unbound,
Beneath the sunbeam's glowing,
Hath music in its sound.

4 While all the birds, delighting
Their choral hymns to raise,
Are with all earth uniting
In gratitude and praise.

81.—Key B♭. THERE'S A FRIEND.

:s₁.s₁ | d :t₁.l₁ | s₁ :d | m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :s₁ | l₁.t₁ :d | r :r | m :— |—
Ther's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,

: s₁ | d :t₁.l₁ | s₁ :d | m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :s₁ | l₁.t₁ :d | d :t₁ | d :— |—
A Friend that never chan - ges, Whose love can nev - er die,

:d.r | m :r | m :f | r :t₁.d | r :d.r | m :r | m :f | r :— |—
Un- like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,

: s₁ | d :t₁.l₁ | s₁ :d | m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :s₁ | l₁.t₁ :d | d :t₁ | d :— |—
This Friend is al-ways wor - thy The pre-cious name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

3 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by—
A crown of brightest glory
Which God shall then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

82.—Key D.

:m | s :m | f :m.r | m :— | d :m | f :m | l :r | s :— |—

:f | m.r:m.f | s :d' | t :— | l :s | r :f | t₁ :r | d :— |—

COME LET US LEARN TO SING.

83.—Key C.

d' :s.s | m :s	d' :— |— :	d :r.m | f.s:l.t	d' :— |— :
Come let us learn to	sing,	Do ra me fa so la te	doh;

d' :s.s | m :s	d' :— |— :	d :r.m | f.s:l.t	d' :— |— :
Loud let our voices	ring,	Do ra me fa so la te	doh;

t :t | r' :t	d' :l | s :—	t :t | r' :t	d' :l | s :—
Let us sing with	o - pen sound,	With our voi - ces	full and round,

d' :t.l | s :f	m :— | r :—	d :— |— :— ‖
Do te la so fa	me ray	doh.

2 This is the scale so sweet,
Doh ray me fah soh lah te doh;
Sing it with accent meet,
Doh rah me fah soh lah te doh;
First ascend in accents true,
Then descend in order too;
Doh te lah soh fah me ray doh.

3 Come let us sing the song,
Doh ray me fah soh lah te doh;
Sing it both sweet and strong,
Doh ray me fah soh lah te doh;
If you would not sing by rote,
You must learn to sing from note,
Doh te lah soh fah me ray doh.

HALF-PULSE CONTINUATIONS.

84.—Key D.

d :d.r | m :m.f	s :s.l | t :-	d' :d'.t | l :l.s	f :f.m | r :-
Taa taa-tai taa taa-tai	taa taa-tai taa-aa		

d :-.r | m :-.f	s :-.l | t :-	d' :-.t | l :-.s	f :m.r | d :- ‖
Taa-aa tai taa-aa tai	taa - aa tai taa - aa		

85.—Key D.

s :-.f | m :r	d :-.r | m :-	d' :-.t | l :s	f :m | r :-

r :r.m | f :-.m	r :m.f | s :-	s :s.l | s :-.f	m :-.r | d :- ‖

86.—Key F.

m :r | d :m	s :-.l | s :-	f :-.m | r.d:t,.d	m :- | r :-

r :-.m | f :m.r	d :r | m :f	s :-.f | m.s:f.m	r :- | d :- ‖

87.—Key B♭. **RING OUT THE BELLS.** Root.

{ :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ | d :r | m :-.d | s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ | d :r | d :t₁ | d }
Ring | out the | bells for | Christmas-tide, And | hail the Christmas | morn - | ing,

{ :d | r :-.t₁ | s₁ :d | r :-.t₁ | s₁ :m | r :d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ | t₁ }
Glad | voi - ces sing, bright | flowers bring, Each | heart and home a- | dorn - | ing,

{ :s₁ | d :-.d | d :t₁ | l₁ :-.l₁ | l₁ :l₁ | r :m | f :r | d :- | t₁ :- | d :- | - ‖
For | love comes by a | roy - al way, The | poorest heart is | rich to - | day.

2 Ring out the bells for Christmas-tide,
From voice to voice repeating,
With joy we bring our offering,
True love alone for greeting,
With those who kissed his garment's hem,
The Christ the babe of Bethlehem.

3 Ring out the bells for Christmas-tide,
The star of peace is shining,
Good will and love from Heav'n above,
O, let none meet repining,
But join to hail the sacred morn,
On which the blessed Lord was born.

J. Howard Payne. **HOME, SWEET HOME.** Sir H. Bishop.

88.—Key F. *Tenderly.*

p
{ :d | m :-.f | f :-.s | s :-.m | m :s | f :-.m | f :r | m :- | - }
1 Mid | plea - | sures and | pa - la - ces, | though | we may | roam,

m
{ :d.d | m :-.f | f :-.s | s :- | m :s | f :-.m | f :r | d :- | - }
Be it | ev - | er so | hum - ble, there's | no | place like | home.

m f
{ :s | d' :-.t | l :-.s | s :- | m :s | f :-.m | f :r | m :- | - }
A | charm | from the | sky | seems to | hal - | low us | there,

{ :s.s | d' :-.t | l :-.s | s :s | m :s | s :f | - :r | d :- | - :- ‖
Which | seek | thro' the | world | is | not | met with | else- | where.

CHORUS.

p *cres.* *f*
{ s :- | - :- | f :- | r :- | d :- | r :- | m :- | - :s }
Home, | Home, | Sweet, | sweet | home, | There's

Rall e dim
{ d' :-.t | l :s | s :- | m :s | s :l | f :r | d :- | - ‖
no | place like | home, | There's | no | place like | home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Note.—As "Home, Sweet Home" is often so incorrectly sung that the beauty of the melody is completely obscured, great care should be observed in order that this may be avoided.

89.—Key F.

m :-.r :d	s :-.f :m	r :m :f	f :m :—	
r :-.m :f	s :m :d	$t_{,}$:-.d :r	r :d :—	‖

90.—Key A.

$s_{,}$:$l_{,}$:$t_{,}$	d :-.$t_{,}$:d	r :— :$s_{,}$	m :— :—	
f :m :r	$l_{,}$:-.$t_{,}$:d	$s_{,}$:m :-.r	d :— :—	‖

91.—Key F.

d :$t_{,}$:-.d	m :r :—	s :l :-.s	f :m :—	
r :m.f :s.l	s :-.f :m	f :$l_{,}$:$t_{,}$	d :— :—	‖

SLUMBER SONG.

92.—Key F. Cora M. Waters.

s :-.l :s	m :d :$s_{,}$	$l_{,}$:-.$t_{,}$:d	m :— :—	
1. Hush-a - by,	hush-a - by,	lit - tle feet	go,	
r :-.m :r	r :d :r	m :d :f	m :— :—	
Down the clear	slope where the	dream flowers	grow,	
s :-.l :s	m :d :$s_{,}$	$l_{,}$:-.$t_{,}$:d	m :— :—	
Down to the	stream where the	sleep zephyrs	blow,	
r :— :l	r :— :—	d :-.d :s	d :— :(d)	
Low, ah	low,	Lighter than	snow,	
$t_{,}$:f :f	m :r :d	r :$s_{,}$:-.r	d :— :—	‖
Brushing the	slumber dews,	Little feet	go.	

2 Hushaby, hushaby, little one sleep,
Now the moon shepherdess, Little Bo-peep,
Leads all her starry flock up the blue steep;
Sweep, ah, sweep!
Out to the deep,
Dearest of voyagers, little one sleep.

3 Hushaby, hushaby, shut little eyes,
Home to her nestlings the mother bird flies,
Now with her cuddled lamb stilling its cries;
Lies, ah lies!
Under the skies,
The woolly ewe mother, now close little eyes.

WHITE-CAPS.

93.—Key E♭. Anon.

:m.f | s.l:s.m | s :(s).s | l.d':l.d' | s :- | m :m.m | m.r:d.r
1Once I | got in-to a boat, such a | pretty, pretty, boat, | Just as the day was

m :— | r :m.f | s.l :s.m | s :s.s | l.d':l.d' | s :-.m
dawn - | ing; And I | took a lit-tle oar | and | pushed away from shore So

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

r.r :r.r | r.s :f.t, | r :- | d :m.f | s.d':t.l | s.f :m.f
ve-ry ve-ry | ear-ly in the | morn - | ing. And | eve-ry lit-tle wave had its

m :d | d :-.m | r :s | r :s | m :d | d :m.f
night-cap | on, lts | night-cap, | white-cap, | night-cap | on, And

s.d':t.l | s.f:m.f | m :d | d :-.m | r.r:r.r | r.s:f.t, | r :- | d ||
ev-ery lit-tle wave had its | night-cap | on, So | very very early in the | morn - | ing.

2 In their caves so cool and deep
All the fishes were asleep,
Save when the ripples gave them warning;
Said the minnow to the skate
We certainly must be late,
Tho' I thought 'twas very early in the morning.
Chorus.—For every, etc.

3 Then the lobster darkly green
Appeared upon the scene.
Pearly drops his claws adorning;
Quoth he, may I be boiled
If I'll have my slumber spoiled
So very very early in the morning.
Chorus.—When every, etc.

4 Said the sturgeon to the eel,
Just imagine how I feel,
Pray excuse me for yawning;
People ought to let us know
When a-sailing they would go
So very very early in the morning.
Chorus.—When every, etc.

5 Just then up jumped the sun,
And the fishes every one
For their laziness were mourning;
But I stayed to hear no more
For my boat had reached the shore
So very very early in the morning.
Chorus.—And every, etc.

94.—Key C.

{ :m | f :s | m :s | l :s | d' :t.l | s :f.m | r.l :s.f | m :— |— }

{ :m | f :-.s | m :s | l :-.s | d' :t.l | s :d'.m' | r' :-.d' | d' :- |- ‖

95.—Key C.

{ :m.f | s :-.l | s :d' | m :-.f | m :s.l | t :-.d' | t :l | l :- | s }

{ :m.f | s :-.l | t :d' | r' :-.d' | t :l | s :f.m | r :-.s | m :- |- ‖

96.—Key G.

{ :s, | d :-.d | t, :d | m : | r :m | l :-.l | s :l | r :- |- }

{ :m | f.m:f.s | l :-.s | f :s | m :f.m | r m:f.r | s :t, | d :- |- ‖

97.—Key F.

{ :s.f | m :-.r | d :s.f | m.f:m.r | d :-.m | s :f.m | l :l | s :- |- }

{ :r.m | f :-.s | l :r.m | f.m:f.s | l :-.s | f.m:r.m | f :-.t, | d :- |- ‖

Brigham. **SPRING VOICES.** Old Melody.

98.—Key A♭.

{ | s, :m | r :d | l, :d | s, :m, | s, :-.s, | f :m | r :- |- :- }
1 "Listen," said the pus - sy wil - low, "I can hear the brook;

{ | m :s | m :d | l, :d | s, :m, | s, :-.s, | l, :t, | d :- |- :- ‖
Spring is coming, Spring is coming, Let's go out and look."

2 Out the little pussies ventured,
Creeping up the stem,
All in little furry garments,
Every one of them.

3 Bluebirds, 'mong the leafless branches,
Sang right merrily,
Pussies clambered up to listen
To their song of glee.

4 "Listen," said the pussy willow,
I can hear a bird;
Spring is here; it is the sweetest
Song I ever heard.

5 Babbling brooks and budding branches,
Bluebird's song of cheer,
Pussies clinging to the willows,
Tell us Spring is here.

99.—Key D.

{ :m | f :-.m | l :s | d' :l | t :s | l :-.s | d' :t.l | s :- |- }

{ :s | l :t.d' | r' :l | t :s | d' :m.f | s :f.m | l :s | d' :- |- ‖

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

100.—Key G. Old Carol.

:d.r	m :r	d :r.m	f :m	r :s	s :m	f.s:l	s :— |—
1. It	came up - on	the	midnight clear,	That	glorious	song of	old;
:m.f	s :s	m :d	f :m	r :d.r	m.f:s	m :r	d :— |—
From	angels	bending	near the	earth to	touch their	harps of	gold,
:d	t_1 :l_1	t_1 :r	d :-.t_1	l_1 :m	r :d	t_1 :l_1	s_1 :— |—
Peace	on the	earth, good	will to	men, From	heaven's	all gracious	King;
:s_1	s :f	m :r.m	f :m	r :d.r	m.f:s	m :r	d :— |— ‖
The	world in	sol - emn	stillness	lay, To	hear the	angels	sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

101.—Key B♭.

d :l_1	d :-.t_1	d :l_1	t_1 :-	r :l_1	r :-.d	t_1.d:t_1.l_1	s_1 :-
l_1 :f_1	l_1 :-.s_1	l_1 :f_1	d :-	d :-.m	s :f.m	r.d:t_1.r	d :- ‖

102.—Key F.

s :l	f :m.r	d :-.r	t_1 :-	d :r	t_1 :l_1.t_1	d :m	r :-
r :f	m :-.s	f :l	s :-	f.m:f.s	m :d	d.t_1:l_1.t_1	d :- ‖

LATIN. **EASTER HYMN.** LYRA DAVIDICA.

103.—KEY D♭.

d :m | s :d | f :l | l :s | m.f:s.d|f :m.f|m :r | d :-
1 Jes-us Christ is risen to - day, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

f :s | l :s | f :m | m :r | m.f:s.d|f :m.f|m :r | d :-
Our tri-um-phant ho - ly day, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

t :d' | r' :s | d' :r' | m' :- | t.d':r'.s|d' :t.d'|t :l | s :-
Who did once up- on the cross, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

s.l:t.s|d' :m | f :l | l :s | d'.t:d'.s|l.t:d'.r'|d' :t | d' :-
Suf-fer to re- deem our loss, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pain which he endured,
Hallelujah!
Our salvation hath procured;
Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah!

GOD SAVE THE KING.

104.—KEY A.

mp

d :d :r | t, :-.d :r | m :m :f | m :-.r :d
1 God save our gracious King, Long live our no - ble King,

mf

r :d :t, | d :- :- | s :s :s | s :-.f :m
God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous,

f :f :f | f :- .m :r | m :f .m :r .d
Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign

m :- .f :s | l .f :m :r | d :- :-
o - ver us, God save the King.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

105.—Key C. **MARCH.** A. T. C.

m *mp*

m .f : s : s | l .d' : s : m | r .m : f : s | m : – : –
1. In the snow - ing, in the blow - ing In the cru - el sleet,

r .m : f .s : l .t | r' : d' : – | t .l : t : l | s : – : –
Little flow'rs begin their grow - ing, Far be - neath our feet;

rall.

s .l : t .d' : r' .l | d' : t : – | l : s : s .l | t : – : –
Softly calls the Spring so clear - ly, "Dar - lings are you here?"

accel. *ad lib.*

d' .r' : m' .r' : d' .s | t : l : – | l .l : s : r' | d' : – : –
Till they answer "we are near - ly, Nearly read - y dear."

2 "Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us Spring" they say,
Then she answers he is going,
Going on his way;
Poor old Winter does not love you,
But his time is past,
Soon my birds shall sing above you,
Set you free at last.

106.—Key C. **GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER.**

:d .m | s : s | l : t | d' : – | s : s .l | s .f : f .f | f : f .s
Good- bye, good - bye to Sum - mer, For the Summer's nearly done, for the

f .m : m .m | m : s | d' : d' | r' : r' | m' : – | r' : d' .r'
Summer's nearly done, With gar - dens smil - ing faint - ly, And cool

d' : d' | d' .t : l .t | d' : – | – : s .d' | d' .t : t .t | t : l .t
breez - es in the sun. The thrushes now are si - lent, The

CHORUS

l .s : s .s | s : – .s | s .s : s . s | s .s : s .s | s .r' : s .s | s : s .d'
swallows are away, But robin's here in coat of brown and scarlet breast-knot gay. Oh!

d' .t : t .t | t : l .t | l .s : s .s | s : – .s | d' : d' | r' : r'
Robin, robin redbreast, Oh! Robin, robin dear, Oh! Rob - in sings so

m' : – | r' : d' .r' | d' : d' | d' .t : l .t | d' : – | –
sweet - ly in the fall - ing of the year.

2 Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The juicy pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,
'Tis Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late;
'Twill soon be Winter now.
CHORUS.

3 The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow;
Alas! in Winter dark and drear,
Where can the robins go?
CHORUS.

JESUS, FROM THY THRONE ON HIGH.

107.—Key G. Lebbæus.

m :-.m	m :r	d :d	s_1 :-	d :-.r	m :f	m :m	r :-
1 Jesus, from Thy		throne on high,		Far above the		bright blue sky,	

f :-.f	f :m	r :r	l_1 :-	s_1 :d	m :-.r	r :-	d :- ‖
Look on us with		lov - ing	eye;	Hear us, ho - ly		Je -	sus.

2 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us holy Jesus.

108.—Key D.

:s	m :m.r	d :d^1	t :-.l	s :s	d^1 :d	r :m	r :- | -

:m	f :m.f	s :l.t	d^1 :d	r :m.f	s :d^1	m :r	d :- | - ‖

109.—Key G.

:s_1	d :s_1	d.r:m.f	s :-	s_1 :l_1	t_1 :d	r :s_1	m :- | -

:m	s :s_1	l_1 :t_1	d :m	r :m	f :m.f	s :s_1	d :- | - ‖

110.—Key C.

:m	s :f	m :m^1	r^1 :-.d^1	t :d^1	s :m^1.r^1	d^1 :l	t :- | -

:d^1	s :d^1.r^1	m^1 :m	f :-.s	l :t	d^1 :m.f	r :s	m :- | - ‖

111.—Key F.

:s	l :s.m	f :d	m.s:d.r	m :s	r :s	l :r	s :- | -

:m	f :m.d	r :s.f	m.r:m.f	s :m	l :r.m	f :t_1	d :- | - ‖

SPRING'S DELIGHTS.

112.—Key C. *Lively.*

d' :-	s :-	l :l	s :-	l :s	f :m	r :-.m	f :-
1 Hi -	ho!	Lit - tle	flow'r,	flour -	ish and	blos -	som;

r :s	s :s	t :-.l	s :-	s :t	t :t	r' :-.d'	t :-
Let thy	bud in	beau - ty	break,	Let thy	fragrant	sweet - ness	wake;

d' :-	s :-	l :l	s :-	s :d'	d' :m'	r' :-	d' :- ‖
Hi -	ho!	Lit - tle	flow'r,	flour -	ish and	blos -	som.

2 Hiho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us;
Mild the sky that smiles above,
Earth beneath is filled with love;
Hiho! Little flower, flourish and blossom.

3 Hiho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures;
While ye pass on nimble wing,
Let your gladd'ning music ring;
Hiho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures.

GOD SEES THE LITTLE SPARROW FALL.

113.—Key F.

:s,	d :d	r :r	m :s	r :f	m :m	r :d	r :-	-
1 God	sees the	lit - tle	spar - row	fall, It	meets his	ten - der	view;	

:s,	d :d	r :r	m :s	r :f	m :d	r :t,	d :-	-
If	God so	loves the	lit - tle	birds I	know He	loves me	too.	

CHORUS.

:s	l :s	m :s	l :s	m :s	l :s	m :s	r :-	-
He	loves me	too, He	loves me	too, I	know He	loves me	too;	

:s,	d :d	r :r	m :s	r :f	m :d	r :t,	d :-	- ‖
Be-	cause He	loves the	lit - tle	things, I	know He	loves me	too.	

2 He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If He so loves the little flow'rs,
I know He loves me well.

3 God made the little birds and flow'rs,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget His little ones,
I know He loves them all.

114.—Key G.

:s,	d :-.t,	d :m	r :l	s :f	m.s:d.r	m :l,	t, :-	-

:s,	d :-.r	m :d	f :m	l :s	m.r:m.f	l, :t,	d :-	- ‖

115.—Key G. **LIGHTLY ROW.** German Air.

s .m : m | f .r : r | d .r : m .f | s .s : s
1 Lightly row, | lightly row, | O'er the glassy | waves we go.

s .m : m | f .r : r | d .m : s .s | m : -
Smoothly glide, | smoothly glide, | On the si - lent | tide.

r .r : r .r | r .m : f | m .m : m .m | m .f : s
Let the winds and | wa-ters be | Mingl'd with our | me-lo - dy;

s .m : m | f .r : r | d .m : s .s | m : -
Sing and float, | sing and float, | In our lit - tle | boat.

2 Far away, far away,
Echo in the rocks at play;
Calleth not, calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the seabird's note
Shall our dying music float;
Lightly row, lightly row,
Echo's voice is low.

3 Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the wavy sea;
Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the sea.
Luna sheds her softest light,
Stars are sparkling, twinkling bright;
Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the sea.

SEE THE RAIN IS FALLING.

116.—Key G. J. Johnson, (Hamilton).

m : m | r .d : r .m | d : - | s, : - | s : s | f .m : f .s | m : - | - : -
1. See the rain is | fall - ing, | On the mountain | side;

m : m.f | s : s | l : - | s : - | s.m : f .r | d : t, | d : - | - : -
See the clouds dis- | pers - ing | Blessings far and | wide.

2 See the cooling shower,
Comes at God's command,
Brightens every flower,
Cheers the parched land.

3 When the rain is over,
Then the painted bow,
O'er the cloudy hilltop,
Will its colours show.

4 God is ever faithful,
God is ever true,
Let us all be grateful
For the rain and dew.

117.—Key D.

:d.m | s : m | l : -.s | f : - | m : s.m | d : f | r : s | m : - | -

: r | d.m : s.d' | t : -.d' | r' : - | d' : t.l | s.d' : d.r | m : r | d : - | -

WHEN HE COMETH.

118.—Key E. Dr. Root.

:d .r | m :m :m .f | s :s :l | m :m :r | d :d
When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jewels,

:d .r | m :m :m .f | s :s :l | m :m :r | d :-
All His jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own,

CHORUS.

:d' .t | l :l :d' | s :s :l .s | d :d :r | m :s
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorning,

:d' .t | l :l :d' | s :s :l | s :d :r | d :-
They sh'l shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

THE LAND OF NOD.

119—Key E♭. *Beating twice.* A. T. C.

:m | m :m :m | m :-.r:m | f :- :f | m :- :m | r :r :r | r :- :m
1Come cud - dle your head on my shoul - der, dear, Your head like the gold - en

r :- :- | - :- :r | m :m :m | m :-.r:m | f :- :f | m :- :l.l
rod, And we will go sail - ing a- way from here To the

s :s :s | l :- :r | s :- :- | - :- :s | l :r :m | f :m :r
beau-ti - ful Land of Nod; A- way from life's hurry, and

l :r :m | f :- :f | m :m :m | d :- :r | m :- :- | - :- :m.m
flur - ry and care, A- way from its shade and gloom, To a

m :r :d | f :m :r | s :f :m | l :t :d' | s :l :s | r :m :r | d :- :-
w'rld of fair weath'r we'll float off together, Where ros - es are always in bloom.

2 Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the fairest rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands,
Where the prettiest dream-flower grows.
On the north and the west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and the east, by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

120.—Key G.

:s, | d.r:m.f | s :s, | l, :-.t, | d :s, | s :f.m | r :l | s :- | -

:m | f.m:r.d | s, :s | f :-.m | r :s | s,.l,:t,.d | m :r | d :- | -

121.—Key A. **AS WITH GLADNESS.** Dix.

d : t,.d	r : d	f : f	m : -	l, : t,	d : l,	s, : s,	s, : -
1 As with gladness		men of old		Did the guid-ing		star be-hold;	

d : t,.d	r : d	f : f	m : -	l, : t,	d : l,	s, : s,	s, : -
As with joy they		hailed its light,		Leading onward,		beaming bright:	

m : r	d : m	s : -.f	m : -	l, : t,	d : f	m : r	d : - ‖
So, most gracious		Lord, may we		Ev-er-more be		led by Thee.	

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

Psalm XXIII. **THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD.** Sir Geo. Smart.

122.—Key B♭.

: s,	m, : s, : d	d : t, : d	f : m : r	m : - : s,	s, : - : s,	s, : m : d	d : t,
1 The	Lord's my	Shepherd,	I'll not	want. He	makes me	down to	lie

: r	d : - : t,	d : - : r	m : f : m	m : r : m.d	l, : - : r.d	t, : -.l, : t,	d : - ‖
In	pas-tures	green; He	lead-eth	me The	qui-et	wat-ers	by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

MORNING HYMN.

123.—Key B♭.

:s,	d :d	t, :l,	s, :-.l	s, :s,	l, :r	d :t,	d :- | -
1. We	come, O God, with		glad -	ness, Our	humble	thanks to	bring;
:s,	d :d	t, :l,	s, :-.l,	s, :m	r :d	t, :l,	s, :- | -
With	hearts yet free from		sad -	ness, Our	hymns of praise we		sing;
:s,	t, :s,	d :s,	r :s,	m :m	f :m	r :d	d :- | t,
A -	long our path are		glow -	ing The	tokens	of Thy	love;
:s,	d :d	t, :l,	s, :-.l	s, :s,	l, :r	d :t,	d :- | - ‖
Like	streams of beauty		flow -	ing, Thy	mercy	from a-	bove.

2 Here then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to Thee we raise;
Thy love our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
May Thy dear will forever
Remain our daily guide,
And let temptations never
Allure us from Thy side.

3 We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.
To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of Kings!
Thy wondrous love and favour
Each ransomed spirit sings.

124.—Key G.

BUSY BEE.

:d.m	s :s.l	:s.f	m :d	:d	r :s,	:s,	m :d
1 Oh,	say, bu -	sy	bee,	whith - er	now	are	you go - ing?
:d.m	s :s.l	:s.f	m :d	:d	r :s,	:s,	d :-
Whither	now are	you	go - ing,	to	work	or	to play?
:t,.d	r :s,	:s,	m :d	:d	r :s,	:s,	m :d
"I am	bound to	the	gar - den	where	ros - es	are	bloom - ing,
:d.m	s :s.l	:s.f	m :d	:d	r :s,	:s,	d :- ‖
For	I must	be	mak - ing	sweet	hon - ey	to -	day.

2 Oh, say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying?
Whither now are you flying, to London or Rome?
"I am bound to my nest where my partner is sighing,
And waiting for me in my dear little home.

3 So we, all so happy, while daily advancing
In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love,
Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

125.—Key D.

:m.f	s :-	f :r	l :-	s :d'.t	l :s	l :r	s :- | -
:f.m	r :m.f	s.l:t.d'	r' :-	d' :t.l	s :d.r	m :r	d :- | - ‖

126.—Key G.

{ :s | l :m | f :m.f | s :r | m :f.m | r :s | r :d | t, :- | - }

{ :l,.t, | d :s, | l, :t,.d | r :m.f | s :m.d | t, :r | l, :t, | d :- | - ||

127.— Key G.

{ :s, | l, :t, | d :r | m.r:m.f | s :m | f :m.r | m :d | t, :- | - }

{ :s, | s :f.m | f :r | m :r.d | r :t, | d.r:m.f | m :r | d :- | - ||

CALL TO THE BIRDS.

128.—Key A♭.

{ | d :m | s :- | s .f :m .r | d :- }
1. Come! Come! Come! Birdlings hasten home,

{ | r .r :t, .s, | s .s :m .d | r .r :t, .s, | s .s :m .d }
Spring has br'ght the buds and flowers, Clad with green and lea - fy bowers;

{ | d .r :m .f | s :- | s .f :m .r | d : ||
Bees begin to hum, Happy birdlings, come!

2 Fly! fly! fly!
Through the summer sky,
Fly from pleasant southern meadows,
Fly as swift as summer shadows;
Summer time draws nigh,
Happy birdlings, fly!

3 Build! build! build!
Soon shall nests be filled,
Here a straw and there a feather,
Neatly woven all together;
Sunbeams wait to gild,
Happy birdlings, build!

4 Sing! sing! sing!
On the waving wing,
Sing aloud with tuneful chorus;
Sing your sweetest songs before us,
Making glad the Spring,
Happy birdlings, sing!

5 Haste! haste! haste!
O'er the ocean waste—
He who heeds the sparrow's falling,
Guides you when the Spring is calling;
He your path has traced,
Happy birdlings, haste!

129.—KEY A♭.

{ :d.d | d :-.t,:l,.t, | d :- :m.m | m :-.s :f.m | r :- }

{ :m.f | s :m :r.d | t, :l, :s,.d | d :t, :r | d :- ‖

130.—KEY E♭.

{ :d.m | s.s :m.f :s.d' | s :- :f.m | r.r :t,.r :d.r | m :- }

{ :m.f | s.s :l.s :l.t | d' :- :t.l | s.m :f.r :d.t, | d :- ‖

131.—KEY G.

{ :m.f | s :s, :l,.t, | d.r :m :f.m | r :s, :s.f | m :- }

{ :m.r | d :m :r.d | t,.l, :s, :l,.t, | d :s, :r.m | d :- ‖

132.—KEY G. **CAN YOU TELL?**

{ :d.r | m.m :m.m :f.r | l.s :s :m.s | f :f :s.f | m :- }
Can you | tell how many stars are | glowing, Where the | blue sky is un- | furled?

{ :d.r | m.m :m.m :f.r | l.s :s :m.s | f :f :s.f | m :- }
Can you | tell how many clouds are | go - ing, Flying | o - ver all the | world?

{ :s.m | m :r :l.f | f.m :m :s.m | m :r :l.f | f.m :m }
God the | Lord, their great Cre- | a - tor, Were their | num - bers millions | great - er,

{ :d.r | m :m :f.r | l :s :m.s | f :f :s.f | m :- ‖
He could | all their numbers | tell, He could | all their numbers | tell.

2 Can you tell how many motes are playing
In the bright warm sunbeam?
Can you tell how many fish are straying
In the ocean and stream?
In the air and in the ocean
God has given them all their motion;
That they now so happy are,
That they now so happy are.

3 Can you tell how many, many children
Daily from their bed arise?
Can you tell whose great and generous bounty
Every daily want supplies?
God has made them, and He sees them,
And His kindness never leaves them;
Yes, He knows and loves us all,
Yes, He knows and loves them all.

133.—Key B♭. **WHO IS HE?** Rev. B. R. Hanby.

{ : s,.s, | s, : - .s, : s,.s, | l, : - : l,.l, | s, : - .s, : d .d | r : - }
1 Who is He in yonder stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?

CHORUS.

{ : d .r | m : - .m : f .m | m : r : t,.d | r : - .r : m .r | r : d }
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, The King of glo - ry!

{ : d .d | d : - .d : d .s, | l, : - : d .r | m : - .m : r .r | d : - ||
At His feet we humbly fall; Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

3 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

5 Lo! At midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

OUR FLAG.

134.—Key F. *Beating twice.* J. Johnson (Hamilton).

{ : s | m : - : s | s, : - : s | f : - : - | r : - : r | r : - : m | f : - : l }
I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them

{ | s : - : - | - : - : s | l : - : m | f : - : r | s : - : f | m : - : s.s }
too, For one is red, and one is white, And the

CHORUS.

{ | l : - : d' | m : - : r | d : - : - | - : - : s | s : m : s | d' : t : l }
oth - er one is blue. Hur- rah for the three lit - tle

{ | s : - : - | m : - : s | s : m : s | d' : t : l | s : - : - | - : - : s }
sis - ters, Hur- rah for the red, white and blue; Hur-

{ | l : f : l | s : m : s | f : s : f | m : - : s | d' : s : m | f : m : r | d : - : - | - : - ||
rah, hur - rah, hur- rah, hur-rah, Hur- rah for the red, white and blue.

2 I know three little lessons
These little sisters tell,
The first is Love, then Purity
And Truth we love so well.

135.—Key G. Moravia.

{ : d | d : s | m : d | d : m | r : m | s : f | m : r | d : — | — }

{ : m | s : f | m : d | d : m | r : m | s : f | m : r | d : — | — ||

136.—KEY G. **SNOW-FLAKES.** A. T. C.

: s₁	d	:t₁.l₁	t₁	: s₁	r	: –	d	: l₁	r	:d.t₁	d	: l₁	t₁	: –	–
1 A	host of	lit - tle			snow -	flakes Were			sleep - ing	in	the		sky,		
: s₁	d	:l₁.t₁	d	:l₁.t₁	d	: r	m	: m	r	: l₁	r	: m	r	: –	–
With	clouds tuck'd fast a-				bout		them, A		star - ry	light close			by;		
: m	m	:d.r	m	:d.r	m	: –	m	: s	s	:m.f	s	: l	s	: –	–
The	wind blew out their				can -	dles, Threw			off	their blankets			warm,		
: s₁	d	:t₁.l₁	t₁	: s₁	r	: –	d	: s	m	:r.d	r	: s₁	d	: –	–
And	down they quickly				tum -	bled, All			bus - tle	and a -			larm.		

2 It did not hurt them surely,
But made the earth so white
That all the little children
Laughed out in pure delight.
The little angel-feathers
Then made the earth so warm
That sleeping little flowers
Were safe from Winter's storm.

HOSANNA! LOUD HOSANNA.

137.—KEY B♭. ELLACOMBE.

: s₁	d	:t₁.l₁	s₁	: d	m₁	: f₁	s₁	: s₁	l₁.t₁	: d	r	: r	m	: –	–
1 Ho-	san - na!	loud ho-			san -	na, The			lit - tle	children			sang,		
: s₁	d	:t₁.l₁	s₁	: d	m₁	: f₁	s₁	: s₁	l₁.t₁	: d	d	: t₁	d	: –	–
Thro'	pillared court and				tem -	ple, The			lovely	anthem			rang;		
:d.r	m	: r	m	: f	r	:t₁.d	r	:d.r	m	: r	m	: f	r	: –	–
To	Je - sus	who had			blessed them, Close				fold - ed	to	His		breast,		
: s₁	d	:t₁.l₁	s₁	: d	m₁	: f₁	s₁	: s₁	l₁.t₁	: d	d	: t₁	d	: –	–
The	children sang their				prais -	es, The			simplest	and the			best.		

2 From Olivet they followed
'Midst an exultant crowd,
Waving the victor palm-branch,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
"Hosanna in the highest,
Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silv'ry olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound.
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of Heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

THE BIRDS' BALL.

138.—Key E♭. *Merrily.*

: s	d'	: s	m	: s . s	l	: s	m	: m	r	: m	f	: r							
1 The	Spring	once	said	to the	Night-	in -	gale,	I	mean	to	give	you							
m	: l	s	: s	d'	: s	m	: s	l	: s	m	: m								
birds	a	ball.	Pray,	ma -	dam,	ask	the	bird -	ies	all,	The								
								CHORUS.											
r	: m	f	: m . r	d	: m	d	: -	l . l	: l . l	l	: d'								
birds	and	bird -	ies	great	and	small,		Tra la	la la	la	la,								
s . s	: s . s	s	: m	f . f	: f . f	f	: r	m . f	: s . l	s	: -								
Tra la	la la	la	la,	Tra la	la la	la	la,	Tra la	la la	la,									
l . l	: l . l	l	: d'	s . s	: s . s	s	: m	r . m	: f . s	l	: t	d'	: -	-					
Tra la	la la	la	la,	Tra la	la la	la	la,	Tra la	la la	la	la,	la.							

2 Then soon they came from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one fresh from its cosy nest,
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best.—Tra la la, &c.

3 The cuckoo and wren they danced for life,
The raven waltzed with the yellow-bird's wife,
The awkward owl and the bashful jay,
Wished each other "a very good day."—Tra la la, &c.

4 The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company,
For the cherries ripe, and the berries red;
'Twas a very long bill; so the birdies said.—Tra la la, &c.

5 They danced all day till the sun was low,
Till the mother-birds prepared to go;
Then one and all, both great and small,
Flew to their nests from "the birdies' ball."—Tra la la, &c.

EVENING PRAYER.

139.—Key D. Mozart.

m	: m	m	: m	s	: - . f	m	: -	f	: m	f	: l . f	m	: -	r	: -				
1 Gracious	Fa -	ther,		hear	our	prayer,		While	the	shades	are	steal	-	ing;					
m	: m	m	: m	s	: - . f	m	: -	f	: m	f	: l . f	m	: r	d	: -				
Humbly	now	we		seek	Thy	care,		At	Thy	footstool		kneel	-	ing.					

2 Through the silent hours of night
Guard us when we're sleeping;
May we rest till morning light
Safe beneath Thy keeping.

THE CORAL INSECT.

140.—Key C.

m : s	d' : - .m'	r'.d' : t.l	s : m	s : - .l	s : m		
1 Far a - down the	si - lent o - cean,	Where the sun - beams					
d' : m	r : -	m : s	d' : - .m'	r'.d' : t.l	s : m		
nev - er fall,	Nev - er comes the	storm's com - mo - tion,					
s : - .d'	s : m	f : r	d : -	r : - .m	f : l		
Dwells the cor - al	in - sect small;	Ve - ry weak and					
l : s	s : s	d' : - .d'	t : l	r : l	s : -		
small is he,	But he wastes no	time a - way;					
m : s	d' : m'	f'.m' : r'.d'	t : l	d' : l	s : d'	t : -.r'	d' : - ‖
Ev - er toil - ing,	ev - er bu - sy,	Building up to	meet the day.				

2 Days, and months, and years are going,
Still he climbs to seek the sun;
Ev'ry hour his work is growing,
Till the coral reef is done;
Onward, upward, progress making,
Branch by branch, and cell by cell;
Till above the billows breaking,
All the work is finished well.

3 Boys and girls come learn a lesson
Of the coral insect small;
Learn to persevere and press on,
Till your work is finished all.
Upward to the sun of knowledge,
Build you higher year by year;
Of the little coral insect,
Learn to always persevere.

O FATHER, LOOK UPON US.

(The Scholars' Prayer).

141.—Key D. *Gently.* Glaser.

: m	s : m	d' : t	t : l	- : s	l : s	m : d	r : - | -
1 O Fa - ther look up-	on us, Here	at thy feet to-	day.				
: f	f : m	l : s	d' : t	- : d'	s : s	l : t	d' : - | - ‖
And though our words are	fee - ble, Thou	know'st what we would	say.				

2 Though Thou art in the heavens,
Thou guardest all below;
Teach us to learn and follow
All that we ought to know.

3 Teach us to use Thy blessings,
From stings of conscience free;
May we be bright and happy,
Without forgetting Thee.

4 May we go on improving,
The time that Thou hast given;
And may we not, O Father,
E'er lose the way to heaven.

IF YOU ARE A DUNCE.

142.—Key E♭. Mrs. M. A. Kidder. "Rogue's March."

:m | m :m :m | m :f :s | l :l :l | l :- :l | s :l :s | s :m :m

1 If you are a dunce, why own it at once, And turn right about like a

s :- :- | m :- :m | m :m :m | m :f :s | l :l :l | l :- :l

man, Sir; And stick to your books with- out sour looks—You

CHORUS.

s :l :t | d' :s :m | r :- :- | d :- :- | d' :- :- | t :l :s

ve - ry well know that you can, Sir; Oh, Johnny, don't

l :- :- | s :- :- | d' :- :- | t :l :s | l :- :- | s :s :f

play so; Why, Johnny, de- lay so? If you

m :m :m | m :f :s | l :l :l | l :- :l

mean to run loose With sense like a goose, Why

s :l :t | d' :s :m | r :- :- | d :-

John - ny Bull - win - kle just say so.

2 Be up with the lark, and out in the park
Whenever the weather is fine, Sir;
But finish your sport, and things of that sort,
And be down to your studies at nine, Sir.

2 This hopping away, and jumping all day,
Will do very well for the frog, Sir;
For that they enjoy, but no girl or boy
Should live with their brain in a fog, Sir.

4 The dogs and the cats, the mice and the rats,
Don't know the North Pole from a broom, Sir;
And poor Johnny B, so stupid is he,
Not very much more can assume, Sir.

5 If you are a dunce, why own it at once,
Just put on the coat if it fits, Sir;
But if you agree to study, you see,
You may be Prime Minister yet, Sir.

143.—Key G. Cassel.

d :r | m :s | f :m | r :- | m :r | d :r | l :t, | d :-

t, :d | r :r | d :t, | l, :- | t, :d | r :m | f :m | r :-

d :r | m :s | f :m | r :- | m :r | d :r | d :t | d :-

O'ER FIELDS OF SNOW.

144.—Key G. Silcher.

mf *Moderato.*

{ :s₁ | d:r:m | r:-:s₁ | r:m:f | m:-:s | s:-:m | s:f:m | r:-:- | -:- }
{ O'er | fields of snow, how | swift they go, The | mer - ry, mer - ry | throng; }

pp *mf*

{ :s | s:-:m | s:f:m | r:-:- | -:-:s₁ | f:-:f | m:-:d | l:-:l | s:- }
{ The | mer - ry, mer - ry | throng; How | sweet and gay, a- | long the way, }

pp

{ :f | m:-:m | r:-:r | d:-:- | -:-:f | m:-:m | r:-:r | d:-:- | -: ||
{ Re- | sounds their hap - py | song, Re- | sounds their hap - py | song. ||

2 In silver chime, the bells keep time
To voices sweet and clear,
To voices sweet and clear,
And both unite, in gay delight,
To hail the glad New Year,
To hail the glad New Year.

3 Through frosty air, and moonlight fair,
The joyous chorus swells,
The joyous chorus swells,
Oh, what so sweet, Oh, what so sweet
As silver, silver bells?
As silver, silver bells?

THE ENTRANCE.

145.—Key C.

{ :s | m :-.f | s :d' | d' :- | t :l | s :-.l | s :f | f :- | m }
{ 1 Be- | fore a glo - rious | man - sion A | lit - tle child sat | down; }

{ :s | l :-.l | d' :l | s :-.f | m :s | l :-.l | d' :l | s :- | - }
{ Its | ra - diance brightly | shin - ing, While | outward lights had | flown; }

{ :d' | r' :-.r' | d' :t | d' :-.r' | m' :d' | r' :-.r' | d'.t:l.t | d' :- | - ||
{ He | look'd and long'd to | en - ter, But | lin - gered on the | stone. ||

2 The passers-by came, telling,
The place was not for him;
And sought to lead him outward
Into the darkness dim;
But still he gazed and listened
Unto the evening hymn.

3 A gentle voice rose, saying,
"Forbid him not to come!"
The little child was welcomed
Into a heavenly home!
They missed him from the threshold,
But knew not where he'd gone.

THE WINTER IS OVER.

146.—Key F. *Lively.*

:d	s	:s.l	:s.l	s	:m	:s	f	:r	:f	m	:-	
1 The	win	- ter	is	o	- ver,	good-	bye	to	the	snow;		
:d	s	:s.l	:s.l	s	:m	:s	f	:f	:m	r	:-	
The	grass	in	the	fields	is	be -	gin	- ning	to	grow;		
:r	s	:s	:l	s	:s	:l	t	:t	:d'.l	t	:-	
Now	skim	- ming	the	mead	- ows	the	swal	- low	is	seen;		
:s	d'	:d'.t	:d'.l	s	:m	:s	f	:m	:r	d	:-	‖
How	soft	on	the	trees	is	the	first	tinge	of	green!		

2 It seemed as if life had from earth passed away,
So still in her cold winter mantle she lay;
Ah no! she was sleeping, and now fresh and bright,
Her buds and her blossoms unfold to the light.

3 The sweet breath of violets comes on the breeze
How busy the rooks seem among those tall trees;
Yes, winter is over, I hear the birds sing,
We'll join in the chorus, and greet thee, O spring.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

147.—Key C.

s	:s.l	s	:m.f	s	:d'	s	:s.s	l	:l	f'	:r'	
Give me a draught from the				crys - tal spring, When the				burn - ing		sun	is	
d'	:-	t	:m.f	s	:s.l	s	:m.f	s	:d'	s	:d'.t	
high;		When the		rocks and the woods			their	shadows		fling, Where the		
l	:r'.r'	d'.t	:l.t	d'	:-	:r'.r'	m'	:m'.m'	r'	:r'	d'	:- ‖
pearls and the peb'ls				lie,	Where the		pearls and the peb'ls				lie.	

2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
From the frost or the fleecy snow.

3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flow'rs are in bloom, and the echoes ring
From the woods or the verdant lawn.

4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.

BY-AND-BYE.

148.—Key B♭. CHARMBURY.

:m, .f, | s, .s, :s, .s, | s, .s, :d .r | m .d :d .l, | s,
1 There's a lit - tle mischief maker That is stealing half our bliss.

:m, .f, | s, .s, :s, .s, | l, .s, :s, .s, | l, .s, :f, .m, | r,
Sketching pic - tures in a dreamland That are nev - er seen in this—

:r, .r, | m, .m, :m, .m, | f, .f, :f, .f, | s, .s, :s, .s, | l,
Dash - ing from our lives the pleasures Of the present while we sigh;

:l, .l, | t, .t, :t, .t, | d .d :d .d | r .r :d .t, | d
You may know that mischief maker, For his name is By - and- Bye.

2 He is sitting by your hearthstone,
With his sly bewitching glance;
Whisp'ring of the coming morrow,
As the social hours advance;
Loit'ring 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter By-and-Bye.

3 When the call of duty haunts us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky;
For a cunning little artist
Is this fairy, By-and-Bye.

4 "By-and-Bye," the wind is sighing;
"By-and-Bye," the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us
Ere we grasp it ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie;
Oh, do not believe or trust in
That deceiver, By-and-Bye.

FORWARD FOR THE RIGHT.

149.—Key G. *With energy.*

| m :m | m :s | s :f | f :- | m :-.s | l.s:f.m | m :m | r :-
1 Forward! forward for the right, For the truth that makes you free;

| m :m | m :s | s :f | f :- | m :d | f :r | r :- | d :-
Standing firm - ly in the fight, God will give you vic - t'ry.

CHORUS.

| r :-.r | m :m | f.s:f.m | r :- | m :-.m | f :f | s.l:s.f | m :-
Raise your banner, let it wave, Forward, may your souls be brave;

| l :- | l :l | s :- | - :f | m.f:s.f | m :r | d :- | - :-
God will de - fend, He's your un - fail - ing friend.

2 Forward! forward for the right;
Pause not, to your trust be true;
Standing firmly in the fight,
God will guard and help you.
Raise your banner, &c.

3 Forward! forward for the right,
'Gainst the evils of the hour;
Standing firmly in the fight,
God will give you power.
Raise your banner, &c.

BRIGHTLY, OH, BRIGHTLY.

150.—Key E. P. Hartsough.

s :m :m | s :m :m | l .s :f .m :r .m
1 Brightly, Oh, | brightly, The | moon is beaming on the

f :- :- | f :r :r | f :r :r
lake, | Gent - ly, oh, | gent - ly, Our

s .f :m .r :d .r | m :- :- | s :m :m
oars the silvery ripples | wake, | Smooth - ly, so

s :m :m | l .s :f .m :r .m | f :- :-
smooth - ly, Our | fairy boat now glides a- | long,

f :r :r | f :r :r | s .f :m .r :d .t,
Soft - ly, so | soft - ly, Sweet | ec - ho answers to our

:8: *cres.*
d :- :- | d :f :l | s :d :d
song. | La la la | la la, so

pp *cres.*
t, :r :r | r :d :d | d :f :l
soft - ly, so | soft - ly, La | la la la

pp *D. S.*
s :d :d | t, :r :r | d :- :- ||
la la, It | ech - oes, our | song.

2 Gaily, thus gaily,
Adown the stream of life we glide,
Lightly, thus lightly,
We float along the glassy tide,
Quickly, too quickly.
The tempests on the deep will come,
Safely, then safely;
Oh, may we all arrive at home,
La la la la la, so softly, so softly,
La la la la la la, arrive we at home.

151.—Key E. Franconia.

:d | r :m | f :s | m :- | - :s | l :d' | f :m | r :- | -

:s | d' :t | l :s | l :l | s :s | d :m | r :r | d :- | - ||

152.—Key G. Sigismund.

s, :s, | d :d | r :r | m :d | s :s | l :f | r :s | m :-

m :m | r :m | d :r | d :t, | d :l, | s, :d | d :t, | d :- ||

DOWN FALLS THE PLEASANT RAIN.

153.—Key C. C. E. Whiting.

:s | d' :s | m' :r' | d' :- | s :s | s :f | f :s | m :- | - |
Down | falls the pleasant | rain, | To | wa - ter thirsty | flow'rs,

:s | l :l | t :d' | r' :- | t :s | d' :s | r' :m' | d' :- | - ||
There | shines the sun a - | gain, | To | cheer this earth of | ours.

2 If it were always rain,
The flowers would be drowned,
If it were always sun,
No flowers would be found.

154.—Key G. Francesco.

| s :s.s | l :s | f :m | r :- | r :r.m | f :s | m :- | - :- |

| m :m.f | s :s | l :l | l :- | s :s.f | m :r | d :- | - :- ||

155.—Key F. St. David.

:d | s :d' | m :s | f :m | r :d | s :d | f :l | s :- | - |

:s | l :m | s :d | f :m | r :s | d :m | f :r | d :- | - ||

PRETTY LITTLE SPRING FLOWER.

156.—Key C.

s .s :m .f | s :s | l .l :l .l | s :-
1 Pretty lit - tle | Spring flow'r, | Waking from your | sleep,

f .f :r .m | f :f | r' .r' :m' .r' | d' :-
Lovely lit - tle | blos - som | Just a - bout to | peep;

s .s :d' .r' | m' :m' | r' .r' :r' .m' | f' :-
Would you know the | rea - son | All the world is | gay?

m' .s :d' .m' | f' .l :l | s .s :l .t | d' :- ||
Listen to the | night - in - gale | Telling you 'tis | May.

2 Little ferns and grasses,
All so green and bright,
Purple clover nodding,
Daisies fresh and bright;
Would you know the reason
All the world is gay?
Listen to the nightingale
Telling you 'tis May.

3 Darling little warbler,
Coming in the Spring,
Would you know the reason
Why you love to sing?
Hear the merry children
Shouting as they play;
Listen to the nightingale
Telling you 'tis May.

THE WAVES CAME DANCING O'ER THE SEA.

157.—Key G.

{ :d | d :d | d.r : m.f | m :r | r :m | f :-.f | s :r }
1 The | waves came danc - ing | o'er the sea In | bright and glitt'ring

{ | m :- | - :d | d :d | d.r : m.f | m :r | r :m }
bands, Like | child - hood wild with | mer - ry glee, They

{ | s :-.d | m :r | d :- | - :m | m :r | r :m }
link'd their dim - pled | hands. They | link'd their hands, but

{ | d :m | s :m | m :-.r | r :r | s :- | - :d }
ere I caught Their | spark - ling drops of | dew, They

{ | d :d | d.r : m.f | m :r | r :m | s :-.d | m :r | d :- | - ||
kiss'd my feet, and, | quick as thought, A- | way the rip - ples | flew.

2 The twilight beams, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaps upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

158.—Key A. Luther's Hymn.

{ :d | d :m | r :d | r :r | m :d | m :f | s }

{ :m | r :- | d :m | f :m | r :d | t_1 :d | r }

{ :m | d : t_1 | d : s_1 | d :r | m :d | m :f | s :m | r :- | d ||

MORNING LIGHT IS COMING.

159.—Key C. C. E. Whiting.

{ | s :s | d' :m' | m' :-.r' | d' :- | l :d' | l :d' | s :- | - :- }
1 Morning light is | com - ing, | Stars now fade a - | way,

{ | l :l | r' :d' | d' :- | t :- | t :d' | m' :-.r' | d' :- | - :- ||
O - ver high - est | hill - tops | Brightly glimmers | day.

2 Nature's feathery songsters,
Loud their notes resound,
Lovely flowers are spreading
Odours all around.

3 See the silvery dew-drops
Gleaming on the grass.
Bees begin their labour,
Humming as they pass.

4 Morning light, I hail thee,
After peaceful rest,
Let the song of gladness
Swell my grateful breast.

THE GLEANER.

160.—KEY C. *Beating twice.* CHARMBURY.

: s	s : - .l : s	s : d' : r'	m' : - .d' : l	s : - : s .s
1 Be -	fore the bright sun ris - es	o - ver the hill,	In the	

s :-.l: t	d' : t : d'	r' : - : -	- : - :s.s	m' :-.r': d'	d' : t : l
wheat-field young Mary is	seen,	Im-	pa - tient her lit - tle blue		

s :-.l: s	m : - :s.s	l : t : d'	r' : l : t	d' : - : -	- : - ‖
a - pron to fill With the	few scat - ter'd ears she can	glean.			

2 She never leaves off or runs out of her place
To play or to idle and chat,
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

3 "Poor girl! hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and warm you must be!
Why don't you leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree!"

4 "Oh no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit,
And my dear little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

5 "Then could I be merry, be idle, or play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill."

SPRING IS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

161.—KEY C. *Allegretto.* C. E. LESLIE.

s .s : l .l	s : m	f .m : f .s	m : -
1 Spring is on the	moun - tain,	And up - on the	hill,

s .s : l .l	s : m	f .m : f .s	m : -
Singing from the	foun - tain	Comes the shining	rill;

s .s : l .t	d' : d'	r' .d' : t .l	s : -
While the birds are	ma - ting	On the sun - ny	mead,

s .s : l .l	s : m	f .m : f .s	m : - ‖
All the earth is	wait - ing	For the sprouting	seed.

2 Life is like the seed time
Every one must sow
Seeds of good or evil,
As we onward go;
In the harvest future
Will our harvest be;
From its joys or sorrows
We can never flee.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

162.—KEY B♭. Words and Music by ALEX. MUIR, B. A.

: s₁	m₁ : s₁	* m	: -.d	l₁ : d	s₁ : -	t₁ : -.d	r : d								
1 In	days of	yore	the	he - ro	Wolfe	Bri - tain's	glo - ry								
t₁ : l₁	s₁ : -.f₁	* m₁ : s₁	d : d	m : d	l₁ : t₁.d										
did	main - tain,	And	plant - ed	firm	Bri -	tan - nia's	flag,	On							
r.r : d	t₁ : l₁.s₁	s₁ : -	- : s₁	l₁ : s₁	d : -.s₁										
Cana - da's	fair	do -	main,	Here	may	it	wave,	our							
l₁ : d	s₁ : -.s₁	* l₁ : l₁	f : -.m	m.r : -	- : s₁										
boast, our	pride,	And	joined in	love	to -	gether,	With								
s : m	d : t₁	l₁ : d	s₁ : -.s₁	l₁ : f	m : -.r										
Li - ly,	This - tle,	Sham - rock,	Rose,	The	Ma - ple	Leaf	for								
CHORUS.															
r.d : -	- : s₁	m₁ : s₁	* d : -.s₁	l₁ : d	s₁ : -.s₁										
ev - er.	The	Ma - ple	Leaf	our	em - blem	dear,	The								
* s₁ : s₁	f : -.m	m.r : -	- : s₁	s : m	d : t₁										
Ma - ple	Leaf	for	ev - er!	God	save	our	King,	and							
l₁ : d	s₁ : -.s₁	l₁ : f	m : -.r	r.d : -	- :										
hea - ven	bless	The	Ma - ple	Leaf	for	ev - er.									

2 On many hard-fought battle-fields,
Our brave fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally round the Union Jack,
The Maple Leaf forever.

3 God bless our loved Canadian Home,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold endless reign;
Our Union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

4 On merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

As the notes marked are sometimes sung incorrectly, they may require special attention.

THE MOONLIGHT SAIL.

163.—Key D.

:d.r | m :m.m | m :m.f | s :l | s :s.s | l :t | d' :m
1 Now sparkling and bright in its sil - v'ry light, Is the spray our path - way

m :- | r :d.r | m :m | m :m.f | s :l | s :s.s
beam - ing; As forth we go in the moon - light glow, Which a

CHORUS.

l :t | d' :m | r :- | d :d'.d' | t :t.t | t :t
fai - ry chose to dream in, Then a- way, pull a - way, lads,

d' :s.s | s :s.d' | t.t :t.t | t :t.t | d' :- | s :d.r
row with a will, While the moon is beaming brightly a- bove us. We will

m :m.m | m :m.f | s :l | s :s | l :t | d' :m | r :- | d ||
dash thro' the spray in the sparkling ray, And sing of those who love us.

2 The stars full of light
Now are glowing bright,
As they deck the heavens above us;
And soft they shine
From the limpid brine,
And the strain they chant is "love us."

3 Oh, list to the bells
From the distant hills,
Their vespers sweetly chiming;
We'll return their song
As we glide along,
While the moon is softly shining.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

164.—Key G. C. C. Allen.

d .d :t, .l, | s, :d | r .r :d .t, | d̄ :-
1 Music in the Spring - time, Waking up the flowers;

d .d :t, .l, | s, :d | r .r :d .t, | d̄ :-
Music in the green trees, Music in the bowers;

r .m :r .d | t, :d | r .m :f .m | r :-
Music in the cot - tage, Music in the lea,

d .d :t, .l, | s, :d | r .r :d .t, | d :- ||
Music in the south wind, Music o'er the sea,

2 Music in the raindrops,
Falling in the night;
Music in the young birds,
When the day is bright;
Music in the cricket,
Chirping loud and clear
Music in the Spring-time
Music all the year.

THE LEAFLET.

165.—Key A. *Sweetly.*

{ :s | d :d :d | d :t₁ :d | r :f :– | – :– :f | m :r :d | r :d :t₁ }
1 I'm on - ly a lit - tle red, leaf - let, Come down from my home in the

p

{ | d :– :– | – :– :s₁ | d :d :d | d :t₁ :d | r :f :– | – :– :f }
tree, Tra la la la la la la la, O

mf

{ | m :r :d | r :d :t₁ | d :– :– | – :– :d | r :s :s | r :s :f }
I am so hap - py and free; The old ma - ple tree is my

pp

{ | m :– :d | s₁ :– :d | r :s :s | r :s :f | m :– :– | – :– :s₁ }
mo - ther, I've sis - ters and brothers up there, Tra

p

{ | d :d :d | r :m :f | m :– :d | l₁ :– :f | m :r :d | r :d :t₁ | d :– :– | – :– |
la la la la la la la la la, They rustle and dance in the air.

2 The red robins sang for us daily,
Far up in the big shady tree,
Tra la la la la la la la la,
The baby birds sing we, we, we.
The bright warm sun loved us so dearly,
And shone for us every day,
Oo . . . . . .
The breeze whispered, "Come out and play."

3 I wanted to come down and see you,
The breeze brought me here on its wing;
I'll never again live up yonder,
Green leaves will be there in the Spring.
I'm only a little red leaflet,
Come down from my home in the tree,
Tra la la la la la la la la,
O I am so happy and free.

166.—Key C. Narenza.

{ :d' | t :s | l :t | d' :– | – :m' | r' :t | d' :l | s :– | – }

{ :s | s :s | l :t | d' :l | t :m' | r' :d' | r' :r' | d' :– | – ||

167.—Key C. Ilfracombe.

{ :s | d' :d' | t :s | l :t | d' :s | l :l | s :m | f :m | r }

{ :s | m :l | s :d' | l :t | d' :r' | m' :r' | d' :l | r' :t | d' ||

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

Introducing the silent pulse *saa*.

NOTE.—These should be sung on one tone, first to TIME NAMES, then LAA, and finally IN TUNE to the SYLLABLES.

When sung on one tone the pitch should be about F, and great care should be observed in order to avoid flattening.

The degrees of force represented by the strong, weak and medium accents should be carefully observed.

1.—KEY E♭.

d :m.f	s :	s.f:m.r	m :	s :	f :	m :f	s :
taa taa-tai taa *saa*	taa-tai taa-tai taa *saa*	taa *saa*	taa *saa*	taa	taa	taa *saa*	

d' :t.l	s :	l.s:f.m	r :	s :	m :	m :r	d :- ‖

2.—KEY F.

s :f	m :	l :s	f :	r :m.f	s :d	m :-	r :
r :m	f :	m :f	s :	s :f.m	r :m	r :-	d : ‖

3.—KEY E.

m.r:d.r	m.f:s	f :-	m :	l.s:f.s	l.t:d'	t :-	l :
s.f:m	l :	f.m:r	s :	s.l:s.f	m :f.m	r :-	d : ‖

CHIP, CHIP, CHIP.

4.—KEY A.

m :m	m :-	r .d :t, .r	d :
1. Chip, chip.	chip,	Sparkling dew I	sip,
t, .d :r .m	f .m :r .d	t, .d :r .m	f .m :r .d
Ap-ple blossoms	I de - light in,	Lea-fy boughs I	spend the night in;
t, .d :r .t,	d .m :s .f	m :m	
Up I jump at	day's first	light-ing,	Chip, chip.
m :	r .d :t, .r	d : ‖	
chip,	Sparkling dew I	sip.	

2 Chip, chip, chip,
On a rose-bush tip,
Peeping down at lovely flowers,
Freshened by soft summer showers;
Flying round the jasmine bowers,
Chip, chip, chip,
Sparkling dew I sip.

3 Chip, chip, chip,
Lightly thus I skip,
Hopping, skipping thro' the garden,
Strictly here and there regarding,
Insects oft my zeal rewarding,
Skip, skip, skip,
Sparkling dew I sip.

GENTLY EVENING BENDETH.

5.—Key A♭.

m :m | r :r | d :- | s, : | l, :t, | d :m | r :- | - :
1. Gently eve - ning bend - eth, O - ver vale and hill,

m :m | f :m | r :- | s : | d :f | m :r | d :- | - :
Softly peace de - scend - eth, And the world is still.

2 Save the wood-brook's gushing,
All things silent rest;
Hear its restless rushing,
On t'ward ocean's breast.

3 And no evening bringeth,
To its life release;
And no sweet bell ringeth,
O'er its wavelets peace.

4 Restless thus life floweth,
Striveth in my breast;
God alone bestoweth
Tranquil evening rest.

6.—Key E.

m : | r : | d :m | s :- | l : | s : | f :s | l :-

s :l.t | d' :m | r : | s : | s :l.t | d' :d | r :- | d :-

7.—Key D.

d' :s.f | m : | r : | d : | l :f.m | r : | d : | t, :

d' :s.f | m.r :d | l :f.m | r.d :t, | d : | r :t, | d :- | :

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

8.—Key C.

m :s | d' :-.r' | d' :t | :d' | t :l | d' :l | s :- | :s
1. If I were a sun - beam I know what I would do; I'd

s :f | f :s | f :m | :m | r :s | t :l | s :- | - :(m)
seek the whitest lil - ies The rain - y woodlands through;

m :s | d' :-.r' | d' :t | :d' | t :l | d' :l | s :- | :s
Stealing in a- mi ong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un-

m' :r' | d' :t | t :l | : | s :d' | m' :r' | d' :- | - :
til each graceful li - ly Raised its drooping head.

2 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into the lowest hovels,
All dark with want and woe;
Until sad hearts look'd upward,
I there would shine and shine,
Then they would think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
O child, whose life is glad
With still an inner radiance
That sunshine never had?
As the Lord hath blest thee,
O scatter rays divine!
For there can be no sunbeam,
But must die, or shine.

PATTER, PATTER.

9.—Key D. (Rain Song.)

1. Patter, patter, patter, let it pour, let it pour, let it pour;

mf Patter, patter, patter, let it roar, let it roar, let it roar;

f Down the roof now let it rush,

f Down the hill - side let it gush; *mp* 'Tis the

wel - come, wel - come, A - pril shower, *m* Which will

wake, will wake the sweet May flower. 'Tis the

f wel - come, wel - come A - pril shower, Which will

f wake, will wake the sweet May flower.

2 Patter, patter, patter, let it pour, let it pour;
Patter, patter, patter, let it roar, let it roar;
Let the livid lightnings flash,
Let the rolling thunder dash;
'Tis the welcome, welcome April shower,
Which will wake, will wake the sweet May flower.
'Tis the welcome, &c.

3 Patter, patter, patter, let it pour, let it pour;
Patter, patter, patter, let it roar, let it roar;
Soon the clouds will pass away,
Soon will shine the cheering day,
Soon the welcome, welcome April shower
Will awake, awake the sweet Spring flower.
Soon the welcome, &c.

10.—Key C.

MORNING.

11.—Key E♭.

s :m.f | s :l.s | s.m :r.d | r :- | r.m :f.s | l :d'.l
1. Rise from thy slumber, the morn - ing is near! Eastward its dawning be-

s :m.r | d :- | s :m.f | s :l.s | s.m :r.d | r :-
gins to ap - pear, Tint - ing the rim of the blue - blended sky,

r.m :f.s | l :d'.l | s :m.r | d :- | r :r.m | f :m.r
Gild - ing the crown of the moun - tain top high; Soft - ly its rays up the

l :s.s | s :m | r :r.m | f :m.r | d :l.l | s :-
steep azure climb, Limn - ing that blue with a pen - cil di - vine.

d :m .s | d' :s | l :l .l | s :-
Back swing the sil - v'ry gates of the sky!

s :m .s | d' :l .l | s :f .r | d :-
Proud - ly day's mon - arch as - cend - eth on high!

2 Out from the grove floats a chorus so sweet,
Charmed are the senses its cadence to greet,
For, the glad birds from their musical throats,
Blend in that chorus their welcoming notes.
Daisies and buttercups open their eyes,
Greeting the morn with gladdened surprise.
Violets gentle and daffodils gay,
Censers of perfume are offering the day.

3 Brighter the flush that the rose petal tips,
Sweeter the breath from her odorous lips,
And the fair lily's pure heart of the snow,
Thrills for a moment with sunlight aglow.
Down at the foot of the emerald hill,
Rises the rhythmical song of the rill,
And where the meadows are stretching away,
Visions of summer clouds loomingly lay.

12.—Key F.

:s | m :-.d | m :f | m : | r :d | t, :-.d | r :f | f : | m

:s | l.s:f.m | r :s | l : | s :f | m : | r :-.m | d :- | -

13.—Key D.

:s | l :- | s :d' | d' :- | t :l | s : | l : | r :- | m

:m | f : | m :d' | d' :- | l :s | f : | s : | m :- | -

PONY KATE.

14.—Key A.

d .d : t, .t,	l, .l, : s,	d : r	m .f : s	
1.O'er the rough and	sto - ny road,	Jog, Kate,	jog a - long;	
m .m : f .m	r .d : s,	l, : r	l, .t, : d	
Not too hea - vy	is your load,	Jog, Kate,	jog a - long.	
r .r : r .r	t, .d : r	m .m : m .r	m .f : s	
Af - ter yon - der	hill we pass,	By the pool as	smooth as glass,	
s .f : m .r	d .t, : l,	r : f	m .r : d	‖
You shall nip the	ten - der grass;	Jog, Kate,	jog a - long.	

2 Summer, Winter, Fall, or Spring,
Jog, Kate, jog along;
While your praises I will sing,
Jog, Kate, jog along.
Tossing mane, so smooth and trim,
Lightly lifting feet so slim;
Sure of hoof and strong of limb,
Jog, Kate, jog along.

3 Thro' the quiet ways of life,
Jog, Kate, jog along;
Shun with me the scenes of strife,
Jog, Kate, jog along.
In and out the shady lane,
Thro' the wood and o'er the plain,
Up the hill and down again,
Jog, Kate, jog along.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

15.—Key F. Bradbury.

: s .f	m .m : m .m	m : r	d : -	| - : d.r	m : d	s : m
1.Let me	sing a little	mountain	song,	Of a	mer - ry	mountain
r : -	| - : s .f	m : m	m : f .m	r : r	r : s .l	
boy,	With a	heart so light,	And with	eyes so	bright, Thus he	
				CHORUS.		
t : t	l : t .l	s : s .s	s :	d' : d .r	m : f	
sings his	song of	joy, Tra la	la,	Rise with the ris	- ing	
s : -	| - :	d' : d .r	m : f	s : -	| - : l .t	
sun,		Sleep with the ris	- ing	moon,	For the	
d' : - .s	s :	s : - .m	m :	m .r : d .r	m : s	
mountain	boys,	mountain	boys,	Ever, ever	thus they	
r : s .s	s : l .t	d' : - .s	s :	s : - .m	m :	
live. Tra la	la— For the	mountain	boys,	mountain	boys,	
m .r : d .r	m : r	d : -	| - :			‖
Ever, ever,	thus they	live.				

2 When I blow my little Alpine horn,
Then the lambkins hear my song;
Hear and there they come,
Thro' their mountain home,
Through their happy mountain home, Tra la la.

16.—Key G.

{ :s |m.r:d.r|m : |m.r:d.r|m : |r :s |r : |m :l :m }

{ :r |d.t,:l,.t,|d : |d.t,:l,.t,|d : |s.f:m.r|d :r |d :- |- ||

17.—Key A.

{ |s, :l, :t, |d :- : |l, :t :-.d |r :- : }

{ |r :s :f.m |r :- :d |t, : :r |d :- :- ||

18.—Key A.

{ |m : :r |d :- :s, |d :-.r :m |f :- : }

{ |s : :f |m.r :d.s, :d.m |r : :t, |d :- : ||

19.—Key F.

{ |s.f :m :-.r |d :- : |l.s :f :-.m |r :- : }

{ |r.m :f.m :f.r |s :- : |l.f m :r |d :- : ||

20.—Key E♭. Sharon.

{ |m :d |s :m |r :f |f :m |l :s |t :d' |f :m |r :- }

{ |m :d |s :t |l :d' |d' :t |d' :l |f :m |f :r |d :- ||

WINTER, ADIEU!

21.—Key F.

{ |m :m :r |d :- : |s :s :f |m :- : }
1. Win - ter, a - dieu! Your time is through,

{ |m :f :s |s :-.f :m |r :m :f |f :-.m :r }
Part - ings they say are sad, Yours makes me tru - ly glad,

{ |m :m :f |s :- : |m :m :r |d :- : ||
Win - ter, a - dieu! No time for you.

2 Winter, adieu!
Your time is through,
Gladly I thee forget,
Care not how far you get,
Winter, adieu!
No time for you.

3 Winter, adieu!
Your time is through,
Get thee gone speedily,
Spring birds will laugh at thee;
Winter, adieu!
No time for you.

BRIGHTER DAYS.

22.—Key C.

m .s : d' : s	l .d' : s :	t .d' : r' : s	d' : – :	
1. Brighter days will	come a-gain,	Grieve not o - ver	care,	
m .s : d' : s	l .d' : s : s	l .l : f : s	m : – :	
Tho' this day may	give thee pain, To -	morrow may be	fair.	
r .m : f : s	l .t : d' : s	d' .s : m : d	r : – :	
Tho' the clouds be	o - ver - cast, A	ray of light doth	gleam,	
m .f : s : l	s .m' : d' : –	r' .m' : f' : t	d' : – :	‖
Brighter days will	come again,	Grieve not o - ver	care.	

2 Winter storms and piercing cold,
Change for Summer's sun,
Nature with its rays enfold,
Is glad'ning ev'ry one.
If bleak Winter's in thy heart,
'Tis only for a while,
Brighter days will come again,
Grieve not over care.

THE GLORIOUS MONTH OF MAY.

23.—Key D.

d' : – : s	d' : – : s	l : – : f	s : – : –	d' : – : s	d' : – : s
1. Oh, the glo - rious		month of May!		E - ver	charm - ing,
l : – : f	s : – : –	d : – : d	d : r : m	m : – : –	r : – : –
e - ver gay!		When the	woods are	bloom -	ing,
r : – : r	r : m : f	f : – : –	m : – :	m : r : d	m : r : d
Hum - ble	bees are	boom -	ing,	And the	birds sing
s : – : s	s : – : –	m : r : d	m : r : d	s : – : s	s : – : –
all the day		Through the	mer - ry	month of	May;
r' : – : d'	t : – : l	s : – : f	m : f : s	r' : – : d'	t : – : l
Oh, the charm - ing		glo -	rious May,	E -	ver charm - ing,
s : – : f	m : f : s	d' : – : s	d' : – : s	d' : – : s	d' : – : s
e - ver gay,		charm - ing,	charm - ing,	charm - ing,	charm - ing,
l : – : r'	t : l : t	d' : – : –	– : – :		‖
charm - ing,	glo - rious	May.			

2 Earth has donn'd her best array,
In the beauteous month of May;
Flowers the ground are paving,
Bloomy boughs are waving;
Through the corn the breezes stray,
In the merry month of May;
Oh, the charming, flowery May,
Ever charming, ever gay.
Charming, &c.

3 Fresh the air at dawn of day,
In the pleasant month of May;
Fresh the dewy flowers.
Early go the mowers
In among the scented hay;
All the world's alive and gay,
In the gladsome month of May,
Ever charming, ever gay.
Charming, &c.

TWO PART STUDIES.

24.—Key G.

d :r |m :f |s :- |f :- |m :f |s :f |m :- |- :-
d :- |d :- |t_1 :d |r :t_1 |d :- |t_1 :- |d :s_1 |d :-

25.—Key C.

d^1 :- |d^1 :- |t :d^1 |r^1 :t |d^1 :- |t :- |d^1 :s |d^1 :-
d :r |m :f |s :- |f :- |m :f |s :f |m :- |- :-

26.—Key G.

m :- |r :- |d :m |s :f |m :- |f :r |m :f |m :-
d :d |t_1 :t_1 |l_1 :l_1 |s_1 :- |d :s_1 |l_1 :t_1 |d :- |- :-

27.—Key G.

:m |s :m | :f |d :r | :m :d :t_1 |d :- |- :-
d :- |- :- |l_1 :- |- :- |s_1 :- |- :- |d :- |- :-

28.—Key C.

m :f |s :d^1 |t :- |d^1 :- |s :l |t :r^1 |d^1 :- |- :-
d :r |m :- |s :f |m :- |m :f |s :s |m :- |- :-

29.—Key C.

d^1 :t |d^1 :r^1 |d^1 :s |l :t |d^1 :- |- :t |d^1 :- |- :-
d :r |m :f |m :- |r :- |m :f |s :f |m :- |- :-

MURMUR, GENTLE LYRE.

30.—Key C.

s :s |l :l |s :- |m :- |s :d^1 |d^1 :m^1 |r^1 :- |- :-
1. Murmur, gen - tle lyre, Thro' the love - ly night;
m :m |f :f |m :- |d :- |m :m |s :d^1 |t :- |- :-

r^1 :r^1 |m^1 :m^1.r^1 |d^1 :- |l :- |d^1 :d^1 |f^1 :m^1
Let thy trembl - ing wire Wak - en dear de -
t :t |d^1 :s |l :- |f :- |m :s |l.t :d^1

r^1 :- |- :- |m^1 :d^1.r^1 |d^1 :t |d^1 :- |- :-
light, Wak - en dear de - light.
t :- |- :- |d^1 :m.f |s :s.f |m :- |- :-

2 Hark, the quiv'ring breezes,
List the silv'ry sound,
Ev'ry tumult ceases,
Silence reigns around.

3 Earth below is sleeping,
Meadow, hill, and grove;
Angel stars are keeping
Silent watch above.

DAY IS CLOSING.

31.—Key E.

pp

m : m	s : s	f : f	m : -	r : m	f : -
1. Day is	clos - ing	'round the	world,	Eve - ning	comes!
d : d	t_1 : d	r : t_1	d : -	t_1 : d	r : -

p *dim.*

m : f	s : -	m : m	s : s	f : f	m : -
eve - ning	comes!	Sun - light	ban - ners	all are	furled,
d : r	m : -	d : d	t_1 : d	r : t_1	d : -

r : m	s : f	m : -	- :	‖
Eve - ning	gen - tly	comes.		
t_1 : d	m : r	d : -	- :	

2 O'er the hills the shadows fall,
Evening comes! evening comes!
Spreading now her sable pall,
Evening gently comes.

3 Busy sounds of daylight close,
Evening comes! evening comes!
Nature sinks to calm repose,
Evening gently comes.

SWEET THE QUIET EVENING.

32.—Key A♭.

m : m | f : m	m : - | r : -	d : d | r : r	m : - | - : -
1. Sweet the qui - et	eve - ning,	Soft the part - ing	ray;
d : d | l_1 : s_1	s_1 : - | f_1 : -	m_1 : m_1 | s_1 : t_1	d : - | - : -

m : m | f : s	l : s | f : m	r : r | m : r	d : - | - : -
Thanks we give with	hearts and voic - es	For the pleasant	day;
d : d | r : m	f : m | r : d	t_1 : t_1 | d : s_1	m_1 : - | - : -

r : r | m : m	f : - | r : -	m : m | r : d	r : - | - : -
May we rest se -	cure - ly	Thro' the hours of	night,
s_1 : s_1 | s_1 : s_1	s_1 : - | s_1 : -	d : d | t_1 : l_1	t_1 : - | - : -

m : m | f : s	l : s | f : m	r : r | m : r	d : - | - : - ‖
Strengthen'd be for	du - ties com - ing	With the morning	light.
d : d | r : m	f : m | r : d	t_1 : t_1 | d : s_1	m_1 : - | - : -

2 Lulled by the sweetest music,
From a thousand tongues,
Nature has night's choir awakened
For an evening song.
While we sing her praises,
Who this care has given,
Let us all with deep emotion,
Raise our hearts to heaven.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

33.—Key A. Methfessel.

: s_1	d	:-.s_1	d	:r	m	:-.r	d	:r	m	:r	m				
1.Come	let	us	raise	a	cheer	- ful song,	With		strong, u	-	nit	-			
: s_1	m_1	:-.m_1	m_1	: s_1	d	:-.s_1	m_1	: s_1	d	: t_1	d				
: f	s	:-	m	:d	l	:-.f	d	:l	s	:-.m	d				
ed	voi	-	ces;	To	Can	- a -	da	our	strains	be -	long;				
: r	m	:-	d	:d	f	:-.l_1	l_1	:f	m	:-.d	d				
: s_1	l_1	: t_1	d	:r	d	:-	t_1	:-	d	:-					
The	echo -	ing	earth	re -	joi	-	-		ces.						
: m_1	f_1	: r_1	m_1	: f_1	s_1	:-	-	: f_1	m	:-					

2 Where now we stand our sires once stood,
Firm men were they, true hearted,
Say, lives there now a race as good,
Or have they all departed?

3 Come one and all around we stand,
Come join in swelling chorus,
And praise our goodly native land,
Our fatherland that bore us.

34.—Key C.

: d	s	:m	l	:f	m.r:m.f	s	:m	d^1	:l	r^1	:-.d^1	t	:-	-	
: s	r^1	:t	d^1	:m	f.s:l.t	d^1	:l	s.l:s.f	m	:-.r	d	:-	-		

35.—Key B♭.

: s_1	l_1	:-.s_1	l_1.t:d.r	m	:-.d	s_1	: m_1	f_1	:-.m_1	f_1.s_1:l_1.t_1	d	:-	s_1		
: s_1	m	:-.r	d.t_1:l_1.s_1	f_1	: l_1	s_1	: s_1	d	:l_1.t_1	d	:r	d	:-	-	

36.—Key B♭.

: m	r.m:r	d	: s_1	l_1	:-	s_1	: m_1	f_1	:	s_1	:l_1.f_1	m_1	:-		
: m_1	f_1	:-	:s_1.f_1	m_1	:-.s_1	d	: l_1	s_1	:	l_1.s_1:l_1.t_1	d	:-			

37.—Key D. Doncaster.

: s	d^1	:m	f	:l	s	:-	-	:s	l	:s	t	:d^1	r	:-	-
: s	s	.	^{1}t	:m	m	:l	s	:l	f	:m	r	:r	d	:-	-

COME, SOFT AND LOVELY EVENING.

38.—KEY D. *Sweetly.* LAUR.

:s | s :- :m | d' :t :l | s :- :- | m :-
1.Come, soft and love - ly eve - ning,
:m | m :- :d | m :s :f | m :- :- | d :-

:s | f :m :f | r :m :f | s :- :- | - :
Spread o'er the grass - y fields;
:m | r :d :r | t, :d :r | m :- :- | - :

:s | s :- :m | d' :t :l | s :- :- | d' :-
We love the peace - ful feel - ing
:m | m :- :d | m :s :f | m :- :- | m :-

:d' | r' :- :r' | t :l :t | d' :- :- | - :
Thy si - lent com - ing yields.
:m | f :- :f | s :- :f | m :- :- | - :

2 See where the clouds are weaving
A rich and golden chain;
See how the darkened shadow
Extends along the plain.

3 All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze;
And birds their night song warbling
Among the dewy trees.

4 Sweet evening thou art with us,
So tranquil and so still;
Thou dost our thankful bosoms
With humble praises fill.

39.—KEY A♭.

: | : | s :l | s :f | m :- | - :r | d :m | r :d
d :m | r :d | t, :- | - :- | d :s, | d :t, | l, :- | :-

t, :- | - :- | d :s, | l, :t, | d :- | - : | m :- | - :-
s, :l, | s, :f, | m, :- | - : - | m, :f, | s, :- | m, :- | - :-

40.—KEY D.

d :m | s :- | f :- | m :- | s :l | t :d' | r' :- | d' :-
d :- | t, :d | r :- | d :- | m :- | r :m | f : | m :-

r' :d' | t :- | d' :s | l :- | t :d' | l :t | d' :- | - :-
r :m | f :r | m :- | f :- | s :m f :r | m :- | - :-

RING! RING! RING!

41.—Key B♭. T. F. Seward.

d : s₁ | m : – .d | t₁ .f : f .t₁ | d .m : m
1. Ring! Ring! Ring! How sweet the chime of merry bells,

d : s₁ | m : – .d | t₁ .f : f .t₁ | d : – .d
Ring! Ring! Ring! The cheerful music swells. Ring

t₁ .r : r .s₁ | d : m .m | s .f : f .r | m : d .d
out our joy - ful greet - ing, To happy hours so fleet - ing, The

t₁ .r : r .s₁ | d : m .m | r .t₁ : l₁ .r | s₁ :
old and new year meet - ing, With merry chime of bells.

d : s₁ | m : – .d | t₁ .f : f .t₁ | d .m : m
Ring! Ring! Ring! How sweet the chime of merry bells,

d : s₁ | m : – .d | t₁ .f : f .t₁ | d : – ||
Ring! Ring! Ring! The cheerful mu - sic swells.

2 Ring! Ring! Ring!
Resounding echoes fill the air,
Ring! Ring! Ring!
And banish ev'ry care.
With friendly gift and token,
Are kindest wishes spoken,
That circles all unbroken,
May future blessings share.
Ring! Ring! Ring! .
Resounding echoes fill the air,
Ring! Ring! Ring!
And banish ev'ry care.

3 Ring! Ring! Ring!
How sweet the chime of merry bells,
Ring! Ring! Ring!
The cheerful music swells.
May richest blessings ever,
From grief and sorrow sever,
And still go on for ever,
The merry peel of bells.
Ring! Ring! Ring!
How sweet the chime of merry bells,
Ring! Ring! Ring!
The cheerful music swells.

HO! THE BOATING.

42.—Key A. Dr. L. Mason.

d .d : t₁ .s₁ | d .d : t₁ .s₁ | l₁ .l₁ : t₁ .t₁ | d : –
1. Ho! the boat - ing, lightly floating, mer-ri - ly a - way,
m₁ .m₁ : s₁ .f₁ | m₁ .m₁ : s₁ .m₁ | f₁ .r₁ : s₁ .s₁ | m₁ : –

d .d : t₁ .s₁ | d .d : t₁ .s₁ | l₁ .l₁ : t₁ .t₁ | d : –
Winds of Summer, sigh and murmur on the sleeping bay;
m₁ .m₁ : s₁ .f₁ | m₁ .m₁ : s₁ .m₁ | f₁ .r₁ : s₁ .s₁ | m₁ : –

s₁ .d : m .s | s .f : r | s₁ .d : m .s | s .f : r
Singing soft-ly to us, Songs to charm and woo us,
s₁ .s₁ : d .m | m .r : t₁ | s₁ .s₁ : d .m | m .r : t₁

d .d : t₁ .s₁ | d .d : t₁ .s₁ | l₁ .l₁ : t₁ .t₁ | d : – ||
Thro' the beaming and the dreaming of the sun - ny day.
d .d : t₁ .s₁ | d .d : t₁ .s₁ | l₁ .f₁ : s₁ .s₁ | m₁ : –

2 Pain and troubles flee like bubbles
Underneath our keel,
Gentle blisses in the kisses
Of the waves we feel;
Care no longer teases,
Sweet the whispering breezes
Through the willows, o'er the billows,
Fresh and fragrant steal.

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

43.—Key B♭. Words and Music by J. Davenport Kerrison.

:(d) | d : -.s₁ | s₁ : d | t₁ : -.l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | f : m | d : r
1. God pre-serve our na - tive land, Fair Can - a - da the

r : - | - : s₁ | m : r | d : r.m | f : f | f : m
free, May His right hand pro- tect our land, And

r : f | m : -.r | d : - | - : | r : - | r : -.r
guard her lib - er- ty. CHORUS. Then shall each

t₁ : d | : d | r : - | r : -.r | m : - | - :
val - ley, Each moun - tain and plain,

r : - | r : -.r | m : d | : .d | t₁ : - | l₁ : -
Ec - ho in cho - rus the glad re -

s₁ : - | - : | d : -.s₁ | s₁ : d | t₁ : -.l₁ | l₁ : l₁
frain: Can - a - da, fair Can - a - da, God's

f : m | d : r | r : - | - : s₁ | m : r | d : r.m
bless - ing rest on thee, May His right hand pro -

f : f | f : m | r : f | m : -.r | d : - | -
tect our land, And guard her lib - er- ty.

2 Should foreign foes our land e'er threat
With desolation fell,
God guard the right
And lend us might
Th' invader to repel.

3 Be present with our rulers, Lord,
And all their councils guide,
From knavish tricks
Of politics,
Turn Thou their hearts aside.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co.)

WELCOME TO THE LOVELY SPRING.

44.—Key E. C. E. Leslie.

d : d | d.r : m.d | r : t₁ | d : - | m : m.f | s : f.m | r : f | m : -
1. Welcome to the love - ly Spring, Which will buds and ros - es bring,
: | : : | : : d : d.r | m : r.d t₁ : r | d : -

d' : d' | t : t | d' : s | l : - | s.l : s.f | m.r : d.r | m : r | d : -
And all na - ture will be gay, Wel - come to this hol - i - day.
m : m | s : f | m : m | f : - m.f : m.r | d.t₁ : d d : t₁ | d : -

2 Welcome to the lovely Spring,
Let the air with music ring,
Bid farewell to Wintry scenes,
And rejoice in sunny beams.

3 Welcome to the lovely Spring,
Hear the birds and brooklet sing,
Filling every heart with love
For our Maker from above.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

45.—Key G. Scotch Air.

s, .d : t, .d	r .m : t,	d : r	m .d : d
1. Here's a les - son	all should heed,	Try, try,	try a - gain;
m, .m, : f, .m,	s, .s, : s,	m, : f,	s, .m, : m,
s, .d : t, .d	r .m : t,	d : r	m .d : d
If at first you	don't suc - ceed,	Try, try,	try a - gain;
m, .m, : f, .m,	s, .s, : s,	m, : f,	s, .m, : m,
m .s : s .m	f .f : f	f .m : r .d	t, .l, : s,
Let your cour - age well	ap - pear;	If you on - ly	per - se - vere,
d .m : m .d	r .d : t,	t, .d : r .d	t, .l, : s,
s .m : f .r	m .d : r	d : r	m .d : d
You will conquer,	nev - er fear;	Try, try,	try a - gain.
m .d : r .t,	d .m, : s,	m, : f,	s, .m, : m,

2 Twice or thrice though you should fail,
Try, try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try, try again;
When you strive there's no disgrace,
Tho' you fail to win the race;
Bravely, then, in such a case,
Try, try, try again.

3 Let the thing be e'er so hard,
Try, try, try again;
Time will surely bring reward,
Try, try, try again;
That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience may not you?
Why, with patience may not you?
Try, try, try again.

46.—Key F.

: s	l	: f	: l	r	: -	: m .f	s	: t,	: f	m	: -
: m	l	: f	: r	t	: l	: s .f	m	: f	: t,	d	: -

47.—Key C.

: s	r .m	: f	: s	m	:	: l	m .f	: s	: l	f	:
: m	f .s	: l .t	: r'.d'	t	: l	: s .f	m	:	: m .r	d	: -

48.—Key E♭.

: m	f	: -	: t,	r	:	: s	l	: -	: r	m	:
: m	d'	: -	: t .l	s	: d'	: l	s .m	: f .r	: d .t,	d	: -

ECHO, ECHO, ECHO!

49.—Key A.

d .s, : m .d	s : m	f .m : r .d	m : r
1. Echo, ec - ho,	ec - ho,	Hear our voi - ces	call - ing!
m, .m, : s, .d	m : d	r .d : t, .d	s, : s,
d .s, : m .d	s : m	f .l, : t, .s,	d : –
Ec - ho, ec - ho,	ec - ho,	Let us hear you	sing!
m, .m, : s, .d	m : d	l, .l, : s, .f,	m, : –
r .r : s .s	m : d	f .m : r .d	m : r
We are hap-py	chil - dren,	In the for - est	stray - ing,
t, .t, : t, .t,	d : d	r .d : t, .d	s, : s,
d .s, : m .d	s : m	f .l, : t, .s,	d : –
Let us hear your	mus - ic	Thro' the for - est	ring.
m, .m, : s, .d	m : d	l, .l, : s, .f,	m, : –
f CHORUS.	*p*	*f*	*p*
s, .m : d	:	s, .f : r	:
Ec - ho,	ec - ho,	ec - ho,	ec - ho,
:	s, .m : d	:	s, .f : r
s .f : m .d	l, : f	s, .m : m .r	d : –
Yes, we hear your	mus - ic	Thro' the for - est	ring.
:	:	:	:
p			
:	:	:	:
Yes, we hear your	mus - ic	Thro' the for - est	ring.
s .f : m .d	l, : f	s, .m : m .r	d : – ‖

2 Echo, echo, echo,
Tell us where you're hiding!
Echo, echo, echo,
Let us find your home!
For we love your music,
And with you abiding,
We would gladly linger,
And no longer roam.

3 Echo, echo, echo,
Though she calls us gaily,
Hides her fairy beauty
From our seeking eyes.
All in vain we wander,
Ever for her searching,
While we hear her sweet voice
All around us rise.

50.—Key G. Durham.

:d	s :m	l :s	m :d	r :f	m :s	l :l	s :–	–
:s	f :m	s :d	t, :d	r :m	r :f	m :r	d :–	– ‖

Silent Half-Pulse *saa* tai.

51.—Key D.

d r·m.f	s : .s	d' : m	f : .m	r.m:f.s	l : .t	d' : l	s : .s
	saa tai	taa	*saa* tai		*saa* tai		*saa* tai
s.f.m.r	m : .l	l.s:f.m	f : .m	r : s	m : .r	d : t_1	d : –

52.—Key A.

m : d	s_1 : .d	t_1 : r	d : $.s_1$	$l_1.t_1$:d.r	t_1 : $.t_1$	d.r:m.f	r : .s
m : d	s_1 : $.m_1$	f_1 : s_1	: l_1 : $.l_1$	$s_1.l_1$:t_1.d	r : $.s_1$	d : –	– :

53.—Key G.

m :–.r	d :	m : .r	d : $.s_1$	l_1 : s_1	f : r	t_1 :–	: .d
t_1 :–.d	r : .d	t_1 : .d	r : .m	f : s.l	d : t_1	d :–	– :

HOUR OF SINGING.

54.—Key C.

.s	d' .d' : d' .m	s .s : s .s	f .m : r .d	s : .s
1 Now	we'll commence our	heart's delight And	banish all our	care; And
.s	m .m : m .d	t_1 $.t_1$: t_1 .s	f .m : r .d	s : .s

d' .d' : d' .m	s .s : s .m'	r' .r' : d' .t	d' :
as we sing our	songs so light, Our	joy with each one	share.
m .m : m .d	t_1 $.t_1$: t_1 .s	f .f : m .r	m :

CHORUS.

r' : r'	m' .d' :	r' .r' : t .s	m' : .s
Then be	hap-py,	Sing a-loud with	glee, And
s : s	s .m :	s .s : s .s	s : .s

d' .d' : d' .m	s .s : s .m'	r' .r' : d' .t	d' :– .
let our voi-ces	with our hearts U-	nite in mel-o-	dy.
m .m : m .d	t_1 $.t_1$: t_1 .s	f .f : m .r	m :– .

2 Our eyes are bright, like sparkling dew,
And tell of many joys;
Though looks have oft a varied hue,
When aught their mirth destroys.

3 The little time, then, we're allowed,
To learn the art of song;
That little time we'll see endowed,
With zeal and vigour strong.

THANKSGIVING.

55.—Key B♭. A. T. C.

d	:-.s₁	l₁	:s₁	t₁	:d.r	d	:s₁	l₁	:t₁.d	s₁	:d	l₁	:r	t₁	:-
1.Fruit-ful		Autumn,		gold-en		Autumn,		Matchless		beau-ty		you	un-fold;		
m₁	:-.m₁	f₁	:m₁	s₁	:-.f₁	m₁	:m₁	f₁	:f₁	m₁	:m₁	f₁	:r₁	s₁	:-

d	:-.s₁	l₁	:s₁	l₁.t₁	:d.r	m	:r	d	:s₁	l₁.f	:m.d	l₁	:t₁	d	:-
Rich		a-bundance		earth is		yielding,		Bringing		joy	to	hearts	un-told.		
m₁	:-.m₁	f₁	:m₁	r₁	:m₁.f₁	s₁	:f₁	m₁	:m₁	f₁.l₁	:s₁.f₁	m₁	:f₁	m₁	:-

2 Countless glad hearts praise the Giver,
Bearing home the ladened sheaves;
Woods and glens, ablaze in beauty,
Mellowed fruits and tinted leaves.

3 Faith and toil are now rewarded,
Food for all again earth yields;
All our faithless fears are scattered,
On the golden harvest fields.

4 Tho' the woods ring not with songsters,
Summer flowers are drooping sere,
Yet what myriad voices whisper,
Beautiful's the waning year.

5 Thou hast lessons, may we learn them,
Scatter seeds in youthful prime;
Beautiful like thee, our Autumn
Bent with fruit in harvest time

NATURE'S SONG.

56.—Key C.

:s	d	:-.d	m	:s	d'	:-	d'	:d'	r'	:-.s	s	:m'	r	:-	-
1. A	song	is	ev-er		ring-ing		Through-		out earth's wide do-				main,		
:s	d	:-.d	m	:s	m	:-	m	:m	s	:-.f	m	:d'	t	:-	-

:r'	m'	:-.m'	f'	:m'	m'	:r'	d'	:l	s	:-.s	l	:t	d'	:-	-
And	ev-'ry		tongue is		sing-		ing The		won-der-ful		re-		frain.		
:t	d'	:-.s	l	:s	s	:f	m	:f	m	:-.m	f	:r	m	:-	-

2 The sea waves with their roaring,
The cliffs all white with spray;
The little brooklet chatting
With blossoms on its way.

3 The mote, seen in the sunbeam,
The cavern, deep and dark;
The beetle in the arbour,
And in the sky the lark,

4 It murmurs in the branches,
At early morning hour;
The starry legions sing it
When darkest night-clouds lower

5 And thus shall Nature always
Her joyous tribute raise;
But more than all 'tis fitting
That we should offer praise.

NIGHT.

57.—Key G. *Slow and Soft.*

								<					>		
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d.m	s	:m.d	r	:s	m	:–	r	:–
1. Go		wea - ry		sun,		to	thy	rest with fad - ing				light,			
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d	m	:d	t₁	:t₁	d	:–	t₁	:–

								<					>		
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d.m	s	:m.d	r	:s	d	:–		:
Come		gen - tle		eve -		ning, and		ush - er		in	the	night.			
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d	m	:d	t₁	:t₁	d	:–		:

f													>		
s	:–	m	:l	s	:–	m	:l	s	:m	f.s	:f.m	r	:–		:
Mur -		mur sweet		breez -		es	a -	mong the quiv'ring				boughs,			
m	:–	d	:f	m	:–	d	:f	m	:d	r.m	:r.d	t₁	:–		:

p							*cres.*						>		
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d.m	s	:m.d	r	:s	d	:–		:
Mur -		mur low		mu -		sic	that	lulls to		soft re-		pose.			
d	:–	s₁	:m	d	:–	s₁	:d	m	:d	t₁	:t₁	d	:–		:

2 Come, cooling night, spread thy balmy, healing wing,
Rest to the weary and toilworn labourer bring;
Gently distill on the thirsty fainting flowers,
Dews that revive them for morning's golden hours.

3 Shine out, fair stars, and in heaven your vigils keep,
While on the earth weary mortals rest in sleep.
Welcome, oh, welcome! sweet home of quiet calm,
Bringing the sad and the weary healing balm.

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

Introducing quarter pulse divisions *ta fa te fe.*

The period divides the pulse into halves and the comma divides the halves into quarters.

58.—Key G.

d	:d	.m	s	:–		d	:d	,r	.m	,f	s	:–			
							ta	fa	te	fe	taa				
s	:s	.f	m	:s	,s	.s	,s	s	:s	.f	m	:–			
				ta	fa	te	fe								
r	:m	.f	s	:m	,m	.m	,m	r	:m	.f	s	:–			
s	:s	.f	m	:s	,f	.m	,r	d	:t₁		d	:–			

59.—Key D.

d :d .d | m :d,r.m,f | s :d' .l | s :-

f :s,f.m,r | m :r .d | t, :d | r :-

d :d,t,.d,r | m :d,r.m,f | s :d' .l | s :-

f :m,r.d,r | m :r .d | t, :r | d :-

60.—Key G.

d,d.d,d:d .s, | d .m :s | r,r.r,r:r .d | t, .d :r

m :r | d .m :s .m | r :- .s | s :-

s,s.s,s:s .m | d .m :s | f,f.f,f:f .m | r .m :f

m :r | d,r.m,f:s .m | r :- .d | d :-

MERRILY THE CUCKOO.

61.—Key C. C. G. Allen.

s ,s .s ,s : s .m | d' .l : s | r .m : f .l
1.Merrily the cuckoo in the vale To the morn is
m ,m .m ,m : m .d | m .f : m | t, .d : r .f

s :m | s ,s .s ,s : s .m | d' .l : s .d'
sing - ing; Cheerily the echo's fairy tale By
m :d | m ,m .m ,m : m .d | m .f : m .m

t .s : l .t | s : s .s | f .m : r .l
sil - ver fount is ring - ing A - way! a - way! with
r .r : r .r | t, : t, .m | r .d : t, .f

s .f : m .s | f .m : r .l | s .f : m
footsteps free, We'll chase the shadows o'er the lea;
m .r : d .m | r .d : t, .f | m .r : d

s,s.s,s:s | l,l.l,l:l | l .r' : d' .t | d' :-
Merrily we go, merrily we go, None so gay as we.
m,m.m,m:m | f,f.f,f:f | f .f : m .r | m :-

2 Pleasantly the sun with golden light,
Wakes the earth to gladness;
Happily we roam till dewy night,
Without a thought of sadness.
Away, away, &c.

LOVELY MAY.

62.—Key C. B. C. Unseld.

s .s : s	s ,s .s ,s : s	s .m : s .d'
1. Lovely May,	merry, merry May!	Bird-lets now are
m .m : m	m ,m .m ,m : m	m .d : m .m
d' : t	r' .r' : r'	r' ,r' .r' ,r' : r'
sing - ing,	Ev - 'ry - where	thro' the balmy air
m : r	f .f : f	f ,f .f ,f : f
		CHORUS.
m' .r' : d' .t	d' : –	s .s : m .m
Songs of plea - sure	ring.	Wel-come, wel-come,
s .s : m .r	m : –	m .m : d .d
s .s : d'	t ,t .t ,t : r'	d' ,d' .d' ,d' : m'
love-ly May,	Merry, merry May,	merry, merry May,
m .m : m	r ,r .r ,r : r	m ,m .m ,m : m
s .s : m .m	s .s : m'	
Wel - come, wel - come,	love - ly May,	
m .m : d .d	m .m : s	
m' ,m' .m' ,m' : r' ,r' .r' ,r'	d' : –	
Merry, merry, merry, merry,	May.	
s ,s .s ,s : f ,f .f ,f	m : –	

2 Happy May, merry, merry May!
With our songs we greet thee;
On the hill, by the shining rill
Now we welcome thee.

3 Balmy May, merry, merry May!
How we love thy gladness;
Buds and flow'rs thro' the sunny hours
Ope their scented leaves.

63.—Key E♭. Broadlands

: s	m : l	s : f	m : –	– : m	f : l	s : m	r : –	–
: s	s : s	l : t	d' : –	– : s	f : m	r : r	d : –	–
: d'	t : s	l : t	d' : –	– : s	l : l	s : m	r : –	–
: s	m : l	s : f	m :	– : d	r : f	m : r	d : –	–

SUN SHOWER.

64.—Key A. T. W. Dennington.

s, ,f, .m, ,f, : s, .d | d ,t, .d ,l, : s,
1. Sparkling in the sun - light, | Dancing on the hills,

s, ,s, .s, ,s, : d .d | r ,r .m ,m : r
Tapping at my win - dow, | Singing in the rills;

s ,f .m ,f : s .m | d ,d .d ,m : f
Comes the pleasant sun shower, | Like a glad sur - prise,

f ,f .f ,f : m .r | d ,t, .m ,r : d
While I gaze with won - der | At the changeful skies.

CHORUS.

s .m : s .m | d .l, : d
Pat - ter, pat - ter, | hear the rain,
d ,d .d ,d : d ,d .d ,d | l, ,l, .f, ,f, : m,
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, patter, | Lis-ten to the rain,

s, .d : m .s | f .m : r
Gen - tle Spring has | come a - gain.
m, ,m, .m, ,m, : s, ,s, .m ,m | r ,r .d ,d : t,
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, | Spring has come again.

s .m : s .m | d .l, : d
Pat - ter, pat - ter, | soft re - frain,
d ,d .d ,d : d ,d .d ,d | l, ,l, .f, .f, : m,
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, | hear the soft re - frain,

s, .d : m .r | d .t, : d
Tap - ping on the | win - dow pane.
m, ,m, .m, ,m, : s, ,s, .f, ,f, | m, ,m, .r, ,r, : m,
Tapping, tapping, tapping, tapping, | on the window pane.

2 Clouds are flying swiftly, sunlight breaking through,
Ev'rything is shining, as with morning dew;
Falling on the mountain, in the fertile vale,
Giving joy and gladness, comes the gentle rain.

65.—Key A. Ravenna.

m : r | d : m | s : f | m : – | l, : t, | d : r | t, : l, | s, : –

d : t, | l, : d | f : m | r : – | s : f | m : r | d : t, | d : –

THE FLOWERS' LULLABY.

66.—Key A♭. *Andante.* A. T. C.

p

s, : l, : t, | d : – .t, : l, | d : d : – .l, | t, : – : –
1. Now all the flow - ers are go - ing to bed,
s, : s, : s, | l, : – .s, : f, | m, : m, : – .f, | s, : – : –

mp

t, : l, : s, | r : – .d : t, | d : d : r | m : – : –
Daisies are drooping their pretty white heads,
s, : f, : m, | f, : – .f, : f, | m, : s, : s, | d : – : –

m : m : m | s : r : m | f : d : – .r | m : – : –
Clovers have soft - ly just whispered "good night,"
d : d : d | t, : t, : t, | l, : l, : – .t, | d : – : –

m : r : d | l, : f : m | m .r : d : t, | d : – : –
Soon Mother Nature will tuck them up tight.
s, : f, : m, | l, : s, : s, | d : s, : s, | m, : – : –

Refrain. *p* *pp*

m : – .r : d | s, : – : – | m : – .r : d | s, : – : –
Lull - a - by, Lull - a - by;
s, : – .f, : m, | m, : – : – | s, : – .f, : m, | m, : – : –

rall.

l, : f : m | m : – : r | d : – : – | – : – :
Sleep lit - tle flow - ers, sleep.
f, : l, : l, | s, : – : f, | m, : – : – | – : – :

2 "Lullaby, lullaby," now the wind sighs,
Mother will watch you while Winter is nigh;
Over them softly she spreads a white sheet,
"Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, babies, sleep."
Lullaby, &c.

3 Softly, so softly, she's calling them all:
"Hasten, oh, bluebells, or nightshades will fall;
Buttercup, buttercup, come to your rest,
Little forget-me-not is all undressed."
Lullaby, &c.

4 Maples are taking off dresses of green,
And in bright dressing gowns now can be seen,
Oak trees are going more slowly to bed,
With pretty night caps of dark brown and red.
Lullaby, &c.

—Addie Lichfield.

IN BROWN OCTOBER.

67.—Key G. *Allegro.* A. T. C.

m	:s	|f	:m	|r	:r.m	|d	:-	|l,	:t,.d	|r	:m				
1.Three	trees	stood	up -	on	a	hill,		All	in	brown	Oc -				
r	:-	|s	:-	|m	:s	|f	:m	|r	:r.m	|d	:-				
to	-	ber;		Three	boys	watched—Joe,		Tom	and	Will,—					
r	:m.f	|m	:d	|r	:-	|d	:-	|r	:r.m	|f	:r				
All	in	brown	Oc -	to	-	ber;		Watched	these	trees	like				
m	:m.f	|s	:-	|d	:t,.l,	|t,	:s,	|d	:l,	|t,	:-				
aux -	ious	mice;		"Nev -	er	chest -	nuts	quite	so	nice,"					
d	:d	|r	:r	|m.r	:m.f	|s	:-	|r	:m.f	|m	:d				
Each	had	told	the	oth -	ers	twice,		All	in	brown	Oc -				
r	:-	|d	:-	|l	:l	|s	:s	|f.m	:f.s	|m	:-				
to	-	ber.		Touch	of	frost	and	touch	of	sun,					
l	:l	|s	:d	|r	:s	|s,	:-	|l,	:t,.d	|r	:m				
Soon	there'll	be	some	fun,	fun,	fun,		All	in	brown	Oc -				
r	:-	|s	:-	|s	:f.m	|r	:m	|r	:-	|d	:-	||			
to	-	ber,		All	in	brown	Oc -	to	-	ber.					

2 Jack Frost came one starlit eve,
All in brown October,
Snapped those burrs, scarce one did leave,
All in brown October.
Tom and Will and jolly Joe
Each, three others found to go,
Made—how many—do you know?
All in brown October.
Rattling, rolling, big and brown,
How the nuts come down, down, down!
All in brown October!

3 'Round a fire-place, big and bright,
All in brown October,
They will sit some stormy night,
All in brown October,
Roasting chestnuts, ripe and round,
Till each snaps with cheerful sound,
Better fun can ne'er be found,
All in brown October.
Firelight dancing out and back,
How the chestnuts crack! crack! crack!
All in brown October!

—Alice E. Allen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

68.—KEY F. *Very Softly.* TALLIS.

M	m : r	m : –	
Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed	be thy	name,	
D	d : t_1	d : –	

Give us each day our dai - ly bread;

Lead us not in- to temp- tation,

For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,

M	r : d	r : r	m : –
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth	as it	is in	heaven.
D	t_1 : l_1	t_1 : t_1	d : –

And forgive us our debts as we for - give our debtors,

But de- li - ver us from evil,

For e - ver, A - men.

NOTE.—The words in the first and fourth measures are sung on a monotone, as indicated by the notes in capital letters above.

69.—KEY D.

m : s	s : d^1	t : –	d^1 : –	d^1 : s	d^1 : m	s : –	m : –
:	s : m	r : –	m : –	:	m : d	t_1 : –	d : –

70.—KEY D.

d : r	m : f	s :	:	m : f	s : l	s :	:
:	:	s : f	m : r	d :	:	t_1 : d	r : t_1

m : f	s : l	t : d^1	r^1 : t	d^1 : –	s : f	m : –	– : –
d : r	m : f	s :	:	m : –	– : r	d : –	– : –

71.—KEY C.

m : f	m : r	m : –	– :	s : d^1	t : r^1	d^1 : –	– :
:	:	d : t_1	d : r	m :	:	m : s	f : m

t : d^1	t : l	s : l	s : f	m : –	– : r	d : –	– : –
r : –	– :	m : f	m : r	d : –	t : –	d : –	– : –

THANKSGIVING.

72.—Key G. J. Johnson, (Hamilton).

: s,	s : -	m : s	f : -	r : f	m : -	d : m	r : - | -
1. For	peace	and for	plen -	ty, for	free -	dom, for	rest;
: r	r : -	m : f	l : -	s : m	l : f	r : s	m : - | -
For	joy	in our	land	from the	East	to the	West,
: m.m	m : -	r : d	m : -	m : m	s : -	s : l	s : - | -
For the	dear	Un - ion	Jack	with its	red,	white and	blue,
: s	d : r	m : f	s : l	f : r	d : s,	m : -.r	d : - | - ‖
We	thank	Thee from	hearts	that are	hon -	est and	true.

2 For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
We children would offer our praises to Thee;
For God is our Father and bends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.

73.—Key B♭. THE HUNTSMAN. A. T. C.

: .s,	d .s, : m, .s,	d .r : m	r,d.t,,d:r .s	m		
1. The	sun-shine gilds the	lof - ty hills,	Tra la la la la la la	la,		
: .s,	d .s, : m, .s,	d .t, : d	t,,l,.s,,l,: t, .t,	d		
: .s,	d .s, : m, .s,	d .r : m	m,r.d,m:r .d	t,		
Its	crimson glow the	val - ley fills,	Tra la la la la la la	la,		
: .s,	d .s, : m, .s,	d .t, : d	d,t,.l,,s,: t, .l,	s,		
: .s,	t, .d : r .s,	r .m : f	f,m.r,d: t, .d	r		
The	sun leaps forth an	archer bold,	Tra la la la la la la	la,		
: .s,	s, .s, : s, .s,	s, .s, : l,	t,,d.t,,l,: s, .l,	t,		
: .r	m .r : d .t,	l, .t, : d	r,d.t,,d:r .s	d		
And	shoots his sparkling	rays of gold,	Tra la la la la la la	la.		
: .t,	d .t, : l, .s,	f, .f, : m,	s,,s,.s,,l,: t, .t,	d		

2 Where torrents lash the mountain sides,
Tra la la la la la la la,
The gallant hunter boldly rides,
Tra la la la la la la,
How sure his aim, how true his sight,
Tra la la la la la la la,
His arrows swift as rays of light,
Tra la la la la la la la.

3 The music of the hunter's horn,
Tra la la la la la la,
Rings through the air at break of morn,
Tra la la la la la la la,
How bold and gay, how free from fear,
Tra la la la la la la la,
O'er crag and moor he hunts the deer,
Tra la la la la la la.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

74.—Key G. *Lively.*

mf

.d | s .s :m .m | d .d :m | f .f :m | r ,d .r ,m :r .
1.A hungry fox one day did spy, Fa la la, Fa la la la la,

.d | s .s :m .m | d .d :m | f .f :m | r ,d .r ,m :d .
Some fine ripe grapes that hung so high, Fa la la, Fa la la la la,

.s | r .m :f .s | r .m :f .s | r .m :f .l | s .m :s .
And as they hung they seem'd to say, To him who un - der- neath did stay,

.d | s .s :m .m | d .d :m | f .f :m | r ,d .r ,m :d .
"If you can fetch us down you may," Fa la la, Fa la la la la.

2 The fox his patience nearly lost,
Fa la la, Fa la la la la,
With expectation baulk'd and cross'd,
Fa la la, Fa la la la la,
He tried his best for near an hour,
But found the fruit beyond his pow'r,
And then he said the grapes were sour;
Fa la la, Fa la la la la.

THE SUNSHINE CALLS US.

75.—Key A.

:s, | d :t, | d :r | m :-.f | m :s | s :f .m | s
1. The sun - shine calls us out to see This glo - rious world
:s, | m, :s, | m, :s, | d :-.d | d :m | m :r .d | m

:f .m | r :- | - :f | f :m | r :d | t, :-.d | r
of God; Then roam the coun - try blithe and free,
:r .d | t, :- | - :s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | s, :-.s, | s,

:f | m :s .m | r :m .r | d :- | - :r | m :s .m | r :m .r | d :- | -
And wan-der all a - broad, And wan-der all a - broad.
:s, | d :m .d | t, :d .t, | d :- | - :t, | d :m .d | t, :d .t, | d :- | -

2 The stream is never standing still,
He gladly hurries on;
The wind, he wanders at his will,
He comes but to be gone.

3 The moon she never takes her ease;
The sun keeps up his pace,
Peeps over hills and dips in seas,
Unwearied in his race.

4 Let care and anxious fretting go!
The sky will yet be blue;
For life is made of joy and woe,
And God is ever true.

A MERRY LAD, THE FARMER BOY.

76.—KEY A. *Lively.—Beating twice.* F. A. FILLMORE.

:s, | m :- :r | d :- :t, | l, :t, :d | s, :- :s, | f :- :m | r :-
1. A mer - ry lad, the farm - er boy, Con- tent - ed, gay,
:s, | s, :- :f, | m, :- :s, | f, :- :f, | m, :- :m, | r, :- :d | t, :-

:d | t, :- :- | - :- :s, | d :- :d | r :- :r | m :- :m | f :-
and free; He ris - es at the break of day,
:l, | s, :- :- | - :- :s, | m, :- :m, | s, :- :s, | d :- :s, | l, :-

:f | m :r :d | r :d :t, | d :- :- | - :-
And sings quite cheer - i - ly.
:l, | s, :f, :m, | f, :m, :r, | m, :- :- | - :-

2 A healthy lad, the farmer's boy,
So hale and hearty too;
He labours hard, he labours long,
His idle moments few.

3 A merry lad, the farmer's boy,
A healthy lad is he;
As fine a man he'll surely make,
As you may wish to see.

4 A fine young man, the farmer's lad
Will make when he is grown,
For honest, upright, manly ways
Through all the country known.

O COME WITH ME.

77.—KEY G. GERMAN

:s, | d :- | t, :r | d :- | :s, | m :- | r
1. O come with me when winds
:s, | d :- | t, :r | d :- | :s, | d :- | t,

:f | m :- | :d.r | m :m | m :r.m | f :r | r
blow free, Where sun - beams shine se - rene and bright,
:r | d :- | :d.t, | d :d | d :t,.d | r :s, | s,

:r.m | f :f | f :m.f | s :m | m :s, | d :- | s,
And flow - ers glow in the soft sweet light, And birds sing
:t,.d | r :r | r :d.r | m :d | d :s, | d :- | s,

:- | d :l | s :f | m :- | r :- | d :- | -
blithe in green - wood tree.
:- | d :f | m :r | d :- | t, :- | d :- | -

2 O haste and come with me to roam;
See ev'ry spray upon the bough,
With beck'ning finger invites us now
In woodland dells to make our home.

SWEET BELLS ARE RINGING.

78.—Key E.

s : m : s	d' : s :	l : f : l	s : m :
1. Sweet bells are	ring - ing,	Voic-es are	sing - ing,
m : d : m	m : m :	f : l_1 : f	m : d :

r .r : :	m .m : :	f .f : f : m	r : – : m .f
Listen,	listen,	to the mer-ry	strain, Hear the
t_1 .t_1 : :	d .d : :	r .r : r : d	t_1 : – : d .r

s : l : t	d' : – : m .m	m : m : r	d : – : –	‖
sweet mu-sic	swell, To the	bim, bim, bim	bell.	
m : f : r	m : – : d .d	d : d : t_1	d : – : –	

2 Cheerily smiling,
While time beguiling,
Listen, listen, to the song of home;
Hear the sweet music swell,
To the bim, bim, bim bell.

3 Upon the mountain,
Down by the fountain,
Listen, listen, to the joyful strain;
Hear the sweet music swell,
To the bim, bim, bim bell.

MORNING HOUR.

79.—Key G. A. T. C

: m .f	m : d	: s .l	s : m	: r .m	f : – .f : d .r	m : –
Morning	hour, O	hour, so	gold - en,	That so	sweet - ly wakest	me,
: d .t_1	d : d	: m .f	m : d	: t_1 .d	l_1 : – .l_1 : l_1 .s_1	d : –

: m .f	m : d	: r .m	f : l	: s .f	m : – .f : r .r	d : –	‖
For thy	cheer - ful	light be-	hold - en,	Heart and	lips both welcome	thee!	
: d .t_1	d : d	: t_1 .d	r : f	: m .r	d : – .l_1 : s_1 .f_1	m_1 : –	

2 Gentle sleep, with hand caressing,
Hath my life and strength restor'd;
Let me thank Thee for the blessing,
That I wake to health, O Lord!

3 Nought but good, but loving kindness,
Nought but Father's tender care!
Oh, the want of thought, the blindness,
If I still ungrateful were!

GRANDPAPA.

80.—Key E♭. A. T. C.

m : m .m | s : s | l : l | s : m .m | r : r .r | s : – .f
1. Grandpapa's hair is ve - ry white, and grandpapa walks but
d : d .d | t_1 : t_1 | d : d | t_1 : d .d | t_1 : t_1 .t_1 | t_1 : – .t_1

m : - | – : s .s | d^1 : d^1 .d^1 | t : l .s | l : l | s : m .f
slow; He likes to sit in his ea - sy chair while the
d : - | – : m .m | m : m .m | r : d .m | f : f | m : d .r

s : s | r : m .f | m : – | – :(m) | m : m .m | f : f .f
child - ren come and go. "Hush! play quiet - ly,"
m : d | t_1 : t_1 | d : – | – :(d) | d : d .d | l_1 : l_1 .l_1

r : r .r | m : m | f : s .l | s : d .f | m : r | d : –
says mam - ma, "Let no - body trouble dear grand - pa - pa."
t_1 : t_1 .t_1 | d : d | r : m .f | m : d .r | d : t_1 | d : – ||

2 Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all its days,
A strong right hand and an honest hand,
That won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma;
"Let everyone honour grandpapa."

3 Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;
They have looked on sorrow and death,
But the love-light never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to grandpapa."

4 Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind;
A good life lived and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

81.—Key G. ABERDARE.

: s | s : m | r : d | l : – | – : l | s : m | r : d | r : – | –)

: r | r : l | s : m | d : r | m : r | d : l_1 | r : t_1 | d : – | – ||

HEAR THE SILVERY EVENING BELL.

82.—Key A.

												p				*pp*			
s₁	: l₁	| s₁	: m.r	| d	: t₁	| l₁	:	s₁	: r	| r	:	s₁	: m	| m	:
1. Hear the sil - v'ry				eve - ning bell,				Eve - ning bell,				eve - ning bell			
m₁	: f₁	| m₁	: s₁	l₁	: s₁	| f₁	:	m₁	: f₁	| f₁	:	m₁	: s₁	| s₁	:

s₁	: l₁	| s₁	: m.r	| d	: t₁	| l₁	:	s₁	: s₁	| l₁	: t₁	d	: -	| -	: -
Gent-ly		ec - ho		down the dell,				Sil - v'ry eve-ning				bell.			
m₁	: f₁	| m₁	: s₁	l₁	: s₁	| f₁	:	m₁	: m₁	| f₁	: f₁	m₁	: -	| -	: -

2 Sweet the echoes steal along,
Evening bell, evening bell,
Floating on with mirth and song,
Silv'ry evening bell.

3 Welcome is the evening bell,
Evening bell, evening bell,
Telling of the day's farewell,
Silv'ry evening bell.

PEACEFULLY REST.

83.—Key A♭.

s₁	: s₁	: s₁	s₁	: -	: s₁	s₁	: l₁	: t₁	d	: -	: -
1. An - oth - er			fleet -		ing	day		is	gone:		
m₁	: m₁	: f₁	m₁	: r₁	: m₁	f₁	: -	: f₁	m₁	: -	: -

s₁	: s₁	: s₁	s₁	: -	: s₁	s₁	: l₁	: t₁	d	: -	: -
Slow o'er		the	west		the	sha -		dows	rise:		
m₁	: m₁	: f₁	m₁	: r₁	: m₁	f₁	: -	: f₁	m₁	: -	: -

d	: d	: d	d	: t₁	: l₁	s₁	: m₁	: l₁	s₁	: -	: d
Swift the		soft	steal -		ing	hours		have	flown		
l₁	: l₁	: l₁	l₁	: s₁	: f₁	m₁	: -	: f₁	m₁	: -	: -

d	: d	: d	r	: d	: l₁	s₁	: d	: m	r	: -	: -
And night's dark			man -		tle	veils		the	skies.		
l₁	: l₁	: l₁	l₁	: -	: f₁	m₁	: -	: s₁	s₁	: -	: -

m	: - .m	: m	m	: -	: r	d	: - .d	: d	d	: -	: l₁
Peace - ful - ly			rest,			Peace - ful - ly			rest,		
s₁	: - .s₁	: s₁	s₁	: -	: -	l₁	: - .l₁	: l₁	l₁	: -	: f₁

				f							
s₁	: d	: m	s	: -	: -	m	: -	:
Rest till		the	morn			ing,		
m₁	: s₁	: d	m	: -	: -	d	: -	:

pp								
r	: -	: -	d	: -	: t₁	d	: -	: -
Peace			ful -		ly	rest.		
s₁	: -	: -	m₁	: -	: f₁	m₁	: -	: -

2 Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.
Peacefully rest, &c.

THE BUGLE HORN.

84.—Key F. *Beating twice.*

:m | m :- :m | m :- :m | m :- :m | m :- :m | m :- :m | m :- :m | s :f :m
1. A- cross the lake, Through bush and brake, Re- sounds the bu - gle
:d | d :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :d | d :- :d | m :r :d

pp

r :- :- | - :- :m | r :- :m | r :- :m | r :- :- | - :- :r
horn, Re- sounds the bu - gle horn, O'er
s, :- :- | - :- :d | t, :- :d | s, :- :d | t, :- :- | - :- :t,

cres.

r :- :m | f :m :r | m :- :f | s :- :s | s :f :m | m :f :s
hill and vale The ec - hoes sail, And through the wav - ing
t, :- :d | r :d :t, | d :- :r | m :- :m | m :r :d | d :r :m

mf *dim.*

l :- :- | d' :t :l | s :- :m | r :d :r | d :- :- | - :- :r
corn, And through the wav - ing corn. The
f :- :- | l :s :f | m :- :d | t, :- :t, | d :- :- | - :- :t,

cres.

m :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :r | m :- :- | - :f :s
bu - gle horn, The bu - gle horn, The wind - -
d :- :s, | d :- :t, | d :- :s, | d :- :t, | d :- :- | - :r :m

dim.

l :- :- | d' :t :l | s :- :m | r :d :r | d :- :- | - :-
ing bu - gle horn.
f :- :- | l :s :f | m :- :d | t, :- :t, | d :- :- | - :-

2 The sky is clear,
The flowers appear
On every side so gay,
On every side so gay,
The brook flows by,
So merrily,
Along its pebbly way,
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

3 The echoes flow
As on we go,
Through forest, vale and lawn;
Through forest, vale and lawn,
And far and near
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn,
The winding bugle horn.
The bugle horn, &c.

85.—Key B♭. St. Ambrose.

s, :l, | d :d | d :r | d :- | d :d | t, :d | l, :l, | s, :-

s, :l, | d :d | d :r | d :- | d :d | d : | :l, | d :-

THE RAIN IS FALLING.

86.—Key F. *Beating twice.*

:s	d' :-.l	s :m	f :s	l :t	d' :-.l	s :-.m	r :- | -
1 The	rain is	falling	ve - ry	fast, We	can't	get out to	play;
:m	m :-.f	m :d	l_1 :t_1	d :r	m :-.f	m :-.d	t_1 :- | -

:s	d' :-.l	s :m	f :-.s	l :l	s :-.f	m :-.r	d :- |
But	we	are happy	while in school,	Tho'	'tis	a rainy	day.
:t_1	m :-.f	m :d	l_1 :-.t_1	d :f	m :-.r	d :-.t_1	d :- |

CHORUS.

:d.r	m : |	m :	f :-.f	f :-.r	m : |	m :d	r :- |
Then	clap!	clap!	all	to-geth-er,	Clap!	clap a-	way,
:m$_1$.f$_1$	s$_1$: |	s$_1$:	l_1 :-.l_1	l_1 :-.t_1	d : |	s$_1$:d	t_1 :- |

:d.r	m :-.m	m :-.d	f :-.s	l :l	s :-.f	m :r	d :- |
The	school-room	is a	happy place	Up-	on a	rainy	day.
:d.t_1	d :-.d	d :-.d	r :-.m	f :f	m :-.r	d :t_1	d :- |

2 For while the rain comes patt'ring down,
We merrily sing our song;
To hearts content and spirits light,
Time quickly speeds along.
Then clap, &c.

3 We listen all attentively
To what our teachers say,
But when our lessons all are o'er,
'Tis then the time to play.
Then clap, &c.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

87.—Key A.

d	:d	d	:	t_1 .d	:r .t_1	d	:
1. Hot	cross	buns,		One a	penny	buns;	
m$_1$	:f$_1$	m$_1$	:	s$_1$ .l_1	:s$_1$ .f$_1$	m$_1$	:

m .d	:d .d	f .r	:r .r	s	:t_1	d	:
One a	penny,	two a	penny,	Hot	cross	buns.	
m$_1$ .f$_1$	:s$_1$ .m$_1$	f$_1$ .s$_1$	:l_1 .d	t_1 .l_1	:s$_1$ .f$_1$	m$_1$	:

2 Fresh sweet buns,
Come and buy my buns;
One a penny, two a penny,
Fresh, sweet buns.

3 Nice, light buns,
Buy my currant buns;
Come and try them, then you'll buy them,
Nice, light buns.

4 Hot cross buns,
One a penny buns;
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

88.—Key A♭. *With feeling.* G. F. Root.

m :m :m	m :- :r	d :- :-	l, :- :d	s, :- :d	m :- :d		
1.Never for-get	the	dear	ones A-	round	the so - cial		
d :d :d	d :- :t,	l, :- :-	f, :- :f,	m, :	m,	s, :- :d	
r :- :-	|- :- :r	m :- :m	m :- :r	d :- :-	l, :- :d		
hearth;	Their	sun - ny	smiles of	glad -	ness Their		
t, :- :-	|- :- :s,	d :- :d	d :- :t,	l, :- :-	f, :- :l,		
t, :- :d	m :- :r	d :- :-	|- :- :d	r :- :r	r :- :m		
songs of	art - less	mirth.	Though	oth -	er scenes may		
s, :- :m,	s, :- :f,	m, :- :-	|- :- :d	t, :- :t,	t, :- :d		
f :- :-	r :- :r	s :- :m	d :- :m	r :- :-	|- :- :		
woo	thee In	oth - er	lands to	roam.			
r :- :-	t, :- :t,	m :- :d	l, :- :d	t, :- :-	|- :- :		
m :m :m	m :- :r	d :- :-	l, :- :d	t, :- :d	m :- :r		
Never for-get	the	dear	ones That	clus -	ter round thy		
d :d :d	d :- :t,	l, :- :-	f, :- :l,	s, :- :m,	s, :- :f,		
		CHORUS.					
d :- :-	|- :- :	r :r :r	r :- :	m :m :m	m :- :		
home.		Ne-ver for-get		ne-ver for-get			
m, :- :-	|- :- :	t, :t, :t,	t, :- :	d :d :d	d :- :		
f :f :f	m :- :m	l :- :s	f :- :r				
Ne - ver for - get	the	dear	ones, That				
l, :l, :l,	s, :- :d	d :- :-	l, :- :f,				
t, :- :d	m :- :r	d :- :-	|- :- :				
clus - ter	round thy	home.					
s, :- :m,	s, :- :f,	m, :- :-	|- :- :				

2 Never forget the dear ones
What songs like theirs so sweet;
What brilliant dance of strangers
Like their small twinkling feet.
Thy sun lights on life's waters,
Thy rainbows on its foam.
Never forget the dear ones
Within thy house at home.

3 Never forget the dear ones
Be heart and treasure there.
And oft return to bless them
On th' unseen feet of prayer.
While bends o'er them and thee too,
The same blue heavenly dome.
Never forget the dear ones
Within thy house at home.

THE WINTER TIME IS HERE.

89.—Key E. *Quickly.*

:m.f | s :m.f | s :l | s :- | - :d' | t :t | l :t | d' :- | -
1.The | Win-ter | time is | here, | The | mer-ry | Win-ter | time, |
:d.r | m :d.r | m :f | m :- | - :m | s :s | f :f | m :- | -

:m.f | s :m.f | s :l | s :- | - :d' | t :t | l :t | d' :- | -
When | sleigh-bells jingling | clear, | With | hap-py | voi-ces | chime.
:d.r | m :d.r | m :f | m :- | - :m | s :s | f :f | m :- | -

:d'.t | l.l:l.l | l' : | s.s:s.s | s' : | l :s | l :s | f.m:d'.l | s
O | jingle, jingle, jing, | | jingle, jingle, jing, | | | | | |
: | : | f.f:f.f | : | m.m:m.m | f :m | f :m | r.d:m.f | m
| jingle, jingle, | | jingle, jingle, | jing, jing, jing, jing, | jingle go the bells,

:d'.t | l.l:l.l | l' : | s.s:s.s | s' : | l' :t' | d' :r' | d' :t.t | d'
O | jingle, jingle, jing, | jingle, jingle, jing, | | | | | |
: | : | f.f:f.f | : | m.m:m.m | f :s | m :f | m :r.f | m
| jingle, jingle, | jingle, jingle, | jing, jing, jing, jing, | jingg o the bells.

2 Bring out the bay and roan,
And soon away we'll go,
With all our hearts in tune,
Swift o'er the trackless snow.
O jingle, &c.

3 With Katy, Jane, and Nell,
And merry laugh, ha, ha!
And Charley, John, and Will,
There'll be enough, ha, ha!
O jingle, &c.

CHARMING LITTLE VALLEY.

90.—Key F.

s .s :s .r | m .d :d | s .s :s .r | m .d :d
1. Charming lit-tle | val - ley, | Smiling all so | gai - ly,

r .r :m,f .s,m | r :- | f .f :r .r | s :m
Like an an-gel's | brow, | Spreading out thy | treas - ures,

f .f :r .r | s :m | d .r :m,s .f,r | d :-
Call-ing us to | pleas - ures, | In-no - cent as | thou.

2 Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers
Twining wreathes of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.

3 May our spirits daily,
Be like thee, sweet valley,
Tranquil and serene;
Emblems to us given,
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.

91.—Key G.

m.r:d.r|m.f:s.l | s :- | m : | f.m:r.m|f.s:f.m | r :- | - :

m.r:d.r|m : | f.m:r.m|f : | s : | t, : | d :- | - :

THE CLACKER.

92.—Key F.

m	.m	:m	.m	m	.r	:m	.f	s		:l		s	:	.m	
1. Springtime		brings		the robin		and	the	blue	-	bird		home,		The	
d	.d	:d	.d	d	.t,	:d	.r	m		:f		m	:	.d	
m	.m	:m	.m	m	.r	:m	.s	l	.s	:f	.m	r	:	.r	
happy		lit -	tle	swallow		knows	his	hour		to		come;		But	
d	.d	:d	.d	d	.t,	:d	.m	f	.m	:r	.d	t,	:	.t,	
m	.m	:m	.m	m	.m	:m	.m	m	.r	:m	.f	s	:s	.s	
not a		bird is		truer		to	his	time of		com -	ing	back	Than the		
d	.d	:d	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	d	.t,	:d	.r	m	:m	.m	
l	.d'	:t	.l	s	.m	:d	.r	m		:r		d	:		
jol -	ly	lit -	tle	clacker		with	his	clack,		clack,		clack!			
f	.l	:s	.f	m	.d	:d	.d	d		:t,		d	:		

CHORUS.

s		:s		s		:		l		:l		s	:		
*Click,		click,		click!				clack.		clack,		clack!			
m		:m		m		:		f		:f		m	:		
l	.d'	:t	.l	s	.m	:d	.r	m		:r		d	:		‖
Jol -	ly	lit -	tle	clacker		with	your	clack,		clack		clack!			
f	.f	:f	.f	m	.d	:d	.t,	d		:t,		d	:		‖

2 Bluebird and the swallow from the sweet south rove,
The robin leaves his quarters in the deep pine grove;
I know from whence they started on the happy homeward track,
But where, all the winter sleeping, stays the clack, clack, clack?

3 †Move your nimble fingers in the brisk quick way,
Some people could not do it if they tried all day;
They'd all make first-rate clackers if they only knew the knack,
And then they'd come and join us in our clack, clack, clack.

* Imitate by cracking fingers and thumbs.
† Both hands overhead, fingers twirled during first line.

93.—Key D. Pearsall.

:s		d'	:t	d'	:m	l	:-	s	:s	f	:m	r	:r	m	:-	-							
:d		m	:f	s	:s	l	:-	s	:s	l	:t	d'	:r'.d'	t	:-	-							
:d'		l	:s	f	:m	f	:-	r	:l	s	:f	m	:r	s	:-	-							
:l.t		d'	:t	d'	:m	l	:-	s	:s	f	:m	r	:r	d	:-	:-	‖						

WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.

94.—Key A♭. *Moderato.* J. H. McNaughton

s, : m | m : r | d : l, | d : - | s, : - .l, | s, : m
1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at
m, : s, | s, : s, | l, : f, | m, : - | m, : - .f, | m, : d

cres.

r : - | - : | m : - .f | s : m | d : l, | d : -
home; There is joy in ev - 'ry sound,
t, : - | - : | d : - .r | m : d | l, : f, | m, : -

dim *p*

s, : m | r : - .m | d : - | - : | t, : r | r : r
When there's love at home! Peace and plen - ty
m, : s, | f, : - .s, | m, : - | - : | s, : t, | t, : t,

d : - .r | m : - | l, : d | d : d | t, : - .d | r : -
here a - bide, Smiling sweet on ev - 'ry side,
l, : - .s, | d : - | f, : l, | l, : l, | s, : - .l, | t, : -

cres.

m : - .f | s : m | d : l, | d : - | s : m | r : - .m
Time doth soft - ly, sweetly glide, When there's love at
d : - .r | m : d | l, : f, | m, : - | m, : s, | f, : - .s,

CHORUS.

pp *sosten.*

d : - | - : | l, : - | f : - | m : - | - :
home! Love at home!
m, : - | - : | f, : - | l, : - | s, : - | - :

cres.

m : - | d : - | s : - | - : | m : - .f | s : m
Love at home! Time doth soft - ly
d : - | l, : - | t, : - | - : | d : - .r | m : d

ad lib.

d : l, | d : - | s, : s | f : t, | d : - | - : ||
sweetly glide, When there's love at home!
l, : f, | m, : - | m, : m, | s, : s, | m, : - | - :

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home!
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home!
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
Oh! there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home!

I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY.

95.—Key D.

:m.f	s .l : s .l : s .l	s : m : d'	t .l : s .f : m .r	m : -		
1. I	know a sweet	val - ley where	bright wa - ters	play,		
:d.r	m .f : m .f : m .f	m : d : m	s .f : m .r : d .t,	d : -		
:m.f	s .l : s .l : s .l	s : m : d'	t .l : s .f : m .r	d : -		
Where	eve - ning is	mild - er and	bright - er the	day;		
:d.r	m .f : m .f : m .f	m : d : m	s .f : m .r : d .t,	d : -		
:m	r .m : f .s : l .t	d' : s : m	r .m : f .s : l .t	d' : -		
A	grove, sweet - ly	whisp'ring, shades	val - ley and	spring,		
:d	t, .d : r .m : f .r	m : m : d	t, .d : r .m : f	m : -		
:m.f	s .l : s .l : s .l	s : m : d'	t .l : s .f : m .r	d : -		
Where	birds raise their	nest - lings, and	teach them to	sing.		
:d.r	m .f : m .f : m .f	m : d : m	r .f : m .r : d .t,	d : -		

2 There stands a neat cottage, with woodbines entwined,
And sweet honeysuckles and flowers to my mind;
There peace dwells with freedom; there foes are not feared,
There childhood is cherished and age is revered.

3 O that's the sweet valley where bright waters play,
Where evening is milder, and brighter the day:
There hearts true and humble, their thanksgiving raise,
And make of their hearthstone an altar of praise.

96.—Key B♭.

s, : m, : s,	l, : - : s,	d : m, : l,	s, : - : -	
f, : r, : m,	f, : - : m,	l, : t, : d	t, : - : -	
d : m, : f,	s, : - .l, : s,	l, : - .t, : d .r	m : - : -	
f : l, : t,	d : - .s, : s,	l, : - .r : t,	d : - : -	

97.—Key G.

s : m : r	d : - : s	l : d : r	m : - : -	
f : l, : t,	d : - .r : m	f : l, : r	t, : - : -	
d : m : s	l : - : l	d : r : m	f : - : -	
m : s .f : m .r	d : - .r : m	f : l, : t,	d : - : -	

GREETING SONG.

98.—Key D.

: s	d' : t : l	s : m : s	d' : t : l	s : -	
1 Good	morning dear	teacher, good	morning, to	you,	
r. We've	left our dear	homes, and the	loved ones all	there,	
: m	m : s : f	m : d : m	m : s : f	m : -	

D.C.

: s	s : s : s	l : l : l	t : l : t	d' : -
We	greet you a -	gain with our	friendship most	true,
To	meet you and	greet you in	fel - low - ship	here.
: m	m : m : m	f : f : f	f : f : f	m : -

CHORUS.

: s	s : m :	: : d'	d' : s :	:
Good	morning, good	morning, good	morning, good	morning,
:	: : m	m : d :	: : s	s : m

: s	m' : r' : d'	r' : d' : t.l	s : d' : t	d' : - ‖
Good	morning, good	morning, good	morning, to	all.
: m	s : f : m	f : m : s.f	m : m : r	m : - ‖

2 Good morning, companions, good morning to all,
We've come with a greeting at duty's glad call;
And we will endeavour, whatever we do,
In love and obedience our work to pursue.—Chorus.

3 We meet here this morning to study sweet song,
Our voices to train, while the notes we prolong;
And striving to follow the blest golden rule,
Too quickly will speed the bright hours of the school.—Chorus.

99.—Key C.

s : - : f	m : s : d'	m' : - : r'	d' : - : -	
d' : s : d'	m : m' : r'	d' : r'.d' : t.l	t : - : -	
d' : l : d'	f : -.s : l	t : d' : r'	m' : - : -	
f' : l : t	d' : -.s : s	l : r' : t	d' : - : -	‖

100.—Key D.

s : - | - :	d' : s | l :	l : - | - :	r' : l | t :		
d'.t:l.s | f :	l.s:f.m | r :	s : | s.f:m.r	d : - | - :	‖	

IN THE ROSY LIGHT.

101.—Key D. L. C. Everett.

:s.l | s :m | m :s.s | f :r | r :f.f | m :d | f :m | r :- | -
In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high;
:m.f | m :d | d :m.m | r :t, | t, :r.r | d :d | t, :d | t, :- | -

:m.f | s :s | s :d'.d' | t :l | s :d'.d' | t :d' | r' :t | d' :- -
Fr'mthe lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful echoes fly.
:d.r | m :m | m :m.m | r :d | t :d.m | r :m | f :r | m :- | -

CHORUS.

:d' | r' :-.t | s :s | s :-.d' | d' :d' | r' :- | t :- | d' :- | -
Sing prais - es, Glad prais - es, Sing chil - dren, sing
:m | f :- | f :f | m :- | m :m | f :- | s :f | m :- | -

:d'.t | l :l | l :r'.d' | t :l | s :s.s | l :l | t :t | d' :- | -
Let your songs a - rise to the lofty skies, And ex- ult in God our King.
:m.m | f :f | f :f.m | r :d | t, :d.m | f :f | r :r | m :- | -

2 As He looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled His eye;
And a world to save, His own Son He gave,
On the cruel cross to die.
Sing praises, &c.

3 Let His praise be spread for the Lamb who bled,
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss—
Let His praise forever flow.
Sing praises, &c.

4 Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends His gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

102.—Key D.

s :f :m.r | m.f :s :-.m | d :f :m | r :- :-

r.m :f.r :m.f | s : :l | s :l :f | m :- :-

m.r :d :r | m.f :s :- | l.s :f.s :l.t | d' : :-

d' :l :d' | s :-.f :m | l :d :-.r | d :- :-

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

103.—Key D. *Lightly.* G. F. Root.

: s .s	s : m : d'.d'	d' : s : s .s	l : -.l : l .l	s : -
C'tch the	sunshine! tho' it	flickers Thro' a	dark and dismal	cloud,
: m .m	m : d : m .m	m : m : m .m	f : -.f : f .f	m : -

: s .s	t : -.t : t .t	d' : s : d'.d'	t : -.t : l .l	s : -
Tho' it	falls so faint and	fee - ble On a	heart with sorrow	bowed;
: m .m	s : -.s : f .f	m : m : m .m	r : -.r : d .d	t_1 : -

: s .s	t : s : s .s	d' : s : s .s	r' : -.t : s .f	m : -
Catch it	quick-ly! It is	passing, Passing	ra - pid-ly a-	way;
: s .s	f : f : f .f	m : m : m .m	r : -.r : r .r	d : -

: s .s	d' : -.d' : d'.d'	m' : d' : d'.l	s : -.s : l .t	d' : -
It has	on - ly come to	tell you There is	yet a brighter	day.
: m .m	m : -.m : m .m	s : m : f .f	m : -.m : f .f	m : -

2 Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast,
Catch the little, hopeful straggler!
Storms will not forever last.
Don't give up and say, "forsaken!"
Don't begin to say, "I'm sad!"
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine!
Catch it! oh, it seems so glad.

3 Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there!
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them! do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine!
Waiting on the other side.

4 Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly!
Messenger in Hope's employ,
Sent thro' clouds, thro' storms and billows
Bringing you a cup of joy.
Don't be sighing, don't be weeping,
Life, you know, is but a span;
There's no time to sigh nor sorrow,
Catch the sunshine while you can.

104.—Key E♭.

m :	r :	d : -	- :	l :	s :	f : -	- :
r : r .m	f :	m : m .f	s :	d' : d	r .m : f .r	d : t_1	d : -

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

105.—Key D.

d .r : m .f	s : m .d	r : s	m : –
1.Jesus bids us	shine with a	pure, clear	light,
d .d : d .r	m : d .d	$t_{\mid}$: $t_{\mid}$	d : –
f .s : l .t	d' : s	l .d' : t l	s : –
Like a lit - tle	can - dle	burning [illegible] the	night;
r .m : f .f	m : m	f .m : r .d	$t_{\mid}$: –
r .r : m .m	f : m	r : m .d	s : –
In the world is	dark - ness,	so we must	shine—
$t_{\mid}$.$t_{\mid}$: d .d	r : d	$t_{\mid}$: d .d	$t_{\mid}$: –
l .d' : t .r'	d' : s .s	l : t	d' : –
You in your small	cor - ner, and	I in	mine.
d .m : s .f	m : m .m	f : r	m : –

2 Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it if our light be dim;
He looks down from Heaven to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around;
O, what depths of darkness in the world are found,
Sin, and want, and sorrow, so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

—Mrs. C. H. Miller.

THE DAISY.

106.—Key C. D. Batchellor.

m .m : m .f	s : d'	m .m : m .f	s : –
1.In the ear - ly	Spring - time	when the vio - lets	grow,
d .d : d .r	m : m	d .d : d .r	m : –
s .s : s .s	l .d' : t .l	s : m	r : –
When the birds sing	sweetly and the	soft winds	blow,
m .m : m .m	f .f : f .f	m : d	$t_{\mid}$: –
s .s : t .t	r' : s	s .s : d' .d'	m' : –
Comes the lit - tle	dai - sy,	blooming fresh and	fair,
$t_{\mid}$.$t_{\mid}$: r .r	f : f	m .m : m .s	d' : –
m' .m' : d' .d'	l .d' : t .l	s : t	d' : –
Springing light and	joy - ous in the	morn - ing	air.
s .s : s .s	f .l : s .f	m : r	m : –

2 Sunny little blossoms, on your slender stalk,
How much you would teach us if you could but talk,
Ever looking upwards all the livelong day,
Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

BETHLEHEM.

107.—Key G. MENDELSSOHN.

s, :d | d :-.t, | d :m | m :r | s :s | s :-.f | m :r | m :-
1. Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,
m, :m, | s, :-.s, | s, :d | d :t, | d :t, | l, :r | d :t, | d :-

s, :d | d :-.t, | d :m | m :r | s :r | r :-.t, | t, :l, | s, :-
Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled,
m, :m, | s, :-.s, | s, :d | d :t, | t, :t, | t, :-.s, | r, :r, | s, :-

s :s | s :d | f :m | m :r | s :s | s :d | f :m | m :r
Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
s, :s, | s, :d | r :d | d :t, | s, :s, | s, :d | r :d | d :t,

l :l | l :s | f :m | f :- | r :m.f | s :-.d | d :r | m :-
With th' angel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.
l, :l, :l, :l, | l, :l, | r :- | t, :s, | s, :-.m, | d :t, | d :-

l :-.l | l :s | f :m | f :- | r :m.f | s :-.d | d :r | d :-
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King!
l, :-.l, | l, :s, | f, :l, | r :d | t, :s, | s, :-.m, | d :t, | d :-

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings.
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!

108.—Key E♭.

s :d'.t | l :s | f :.m | r : | m :s.f | m :r | d :.r | m :-

m.s:f.m | r :.d | t, :.d | r : | r.f:m.r | d :.m | s :.t, | d :-

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

109.—KEY E. HANDEL.

m :r | d :r.m	f :m | m :r	s :-.l | s :m	f :r | m :-		
1. Little chil - dren	praise the Saviour,	He regards you	from a - bove;		
d :t, | d :t,.d	r :d | d :t,	m :-.f | m :d	t, :t, | d :-		
m :r | d :r.m	f :m | m :r	s :l | t :d'	m :r | d :-		
Praise Him for His	great sal - va - tion,	Praise Him for His	precious love.		
d :t, | d :t,.d	r :d | d :t,	d :f | f :m	d :t, | d :-		

CHORUS.

s :-.l | s :f.m	f :m.r | m :s	s :-.l | s :f.m	f :m.r | m :-		
Sweet hosannas,	sweet hosannas,	To the name of	Je - sus sing;		
m :-.f | m :r.d	r :d.t, | d :m	m :-.f | m :r.d	r :d.t, | d :-		
m :r | d :r.m	f :m | m :r	s :l | t :d'	m :r | d :-		
Sweet hosannas,	sweet hosannas,	To the name of	Jesus sing.		
d :t, | d :t,.d	r :d | d :t,	d :f | f :m	d :t, | d :-		

m 2 When He left His throne in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

m 3 When the anxious mothers round Him,
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

f 4 Little children, praise the Saviour;
Praise Him, your undying Friend;
Praise Him till in Heaven we meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.

110.—KEY C. BRANDENBURG.

d' :t :d'	s :- :d'	t :- :d'	r' :- :-	
d' :m' :d'	l :- :r'	d' :- :t	d' :- :-	
r' :- :r'	m' :- :d'	f' :- :m'	r' :- :-	
d' :m' :d'	l :- :r'	d' :- :t	d' : :	

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

111.—Key F. F. D. Allen.

:d .m | s :s | s :l .l | s :- .m | d
1. To the | great brown house where the | flow - ers dwell,

:d .t, | l, :t, .d | r :r | r :- |
Came the | rain with its tap, tap, | tap.

:t, .d | r :r .m | r :r .m | r :s | r
And | whis - pered "Vio - let, | Snow - drop, Rose,

:d .r | m :m .f | m :m .f | m :l | m
Your | pret - ty eyes you must | now un - close

:m .f | s :l | s :l | s :- | m
From your | long, long, win - try | nap,

:s, .s, | d :r | m :f | s :- |
From your | long, long, win - try | nap,"

:s .f | r :r .d | r :r | d :- |
Said the | rain with its tap, tap, | tap.

2 From the doors they peeped, with a timid grace,
Just to answer this tap, tap, tap;
Miss Snowdrop courtesied a sweet "Good-day,"
Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
And they said, "We've had our nap;
Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap."

112.—Key G.

: .s, | d :d.r | m : .s, | r :r.m | f : .m | r.m:r.d | t, :f | m :- | r

: .r | m.r:m.f | s : .m | f.m:f.s | l : .l | s.f:m.s | f :t, | r :- | d

113.—Key E♭.

:s.l | l :- | s. :s.d' | d' :- | t. : .l | s :f.m | r :l | s :- | m.

:m.s | s :- | f. :m.d' | d' :- | l. : .l | s :l.f | m :t, | r :- | d

114.—Key D.

:s | d :-.r | m : .s | r :-.m | f : .m | l.s:f.r | m :d | r : | r

m | f :-.s | l : .l | r'.d':t.l | s : .m | s.f:m.r | d :m | r : | d

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

Introducing the sharpened fourth *fe*.

KEY D.

{ d :-.m | s :f.m | r :s | f :m | l :s | d' :t.l | s :fe | s :- }

{ s :l.t | d' :s | f :m.r | s :f | m.f:s.f | m :d | r :r | d :- ||

KEY G.

{ m :r.m | d :s₁ | l₁ :d | s₁ :- | d :r.m | r :s | fe :fe | s :- }

{ s :d | f :f | m.r:m.f | r :- | d :r.m | r :d | t₁ :t₁ | d :- ||

THE PILOT.

KEY B♭. T. HAYNES BAYLY.

mf

{ :s₁ | s₁ :-.s₁ | s₁ :m | m :-.r | d :.d | l₁ :d | r.d :t₁.l₁ }
1. O pi - lot! 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the
:s₁.f₁ | m₁ :-.m₁ | m₁ :s₁ | s₁ :-.f₁ | m₁ :.m₁ | f₁ :m₁ | f₁ :r₁

p

{ s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :-.s₁ | s₁ :m | m :-.r | d :m }
deep; I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I
m₁ :- | - :m₁ | m₁ :-.m₁ | m₁ :s₁ | s₁ :-.f₁ | m₁ :s₁

rall. *f*

{ r :s₁.l₁ | t₁ :l₁.s₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | r :-.d | t₁.l₁ :s₁.f₁ }
do not dare to sleep. Go down, the sail - or
fe₁ :s₁ | s₁ :fe₁.s₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | f₁ :-.m₁ | r₁.f₁ :m₁.r₁

{ m₁ :-.f₁ | s₁ :d | l₁ :d | f :m.r | d :- | t₁ :s₁ }
cried, go down, This is no place for thee; Fear
d₁ :-.r₁ | m₁ :m₁ | f₁ :m₁ | l₁ :s₁.f₁ | m₁ :- | r₁ :s₁.f₁

dim.

{ s₁ :-.s₁ | s₁ :m | m :-.r | d :m | s₁.s₁:- | l₁ :t₁ | d :- | - ||
not! but trust in Prov-i-dence, Where- ev-er thou may'st be.
m₁ :-.m₁ | m₁ :s₁ | s₁ :-.f₁ | m₁ :s₁ | m₁.m₁:- | f₁ :r₁ | m₁ :- | -

2 Ah, pilot, dangers often met
We all are apt to slight, [waves,
And thou hast known these raging
But to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

3 On such a night, the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm:
And such perhaps may be my fate,
But still I say to thee:
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

KEY D. *Lively.* Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

s .s : s .s | l .l : l .l | s : m | s : d' | t : r | f : l
Merry, merry, merry, merry | Christmas | bells, O | sweet-ly, | sweet-ly
m .m : m .m | f .f : f .f | m : d | m : m | r : t, | r : f

l : – | s :
chime,
f : – | m :

s .s : s .s | l .l : l .l | s : m | s : d'
Let your happy music on the | breez-es | swell, O
m .m : m .m | f .f : f .f | m : d | m : m

ritard. *slower.*

t .t : t .t | t : l | s : – | – :
merry, merry Christ-mas | time.
r .r : r .r | r : d | t, : – | – :

f : r | t : – .l
Peace on | earth, good-
r : t, | s : – .f

s : d | m : – .m | m : r | r : – .f | l : s | s : – .s
will to | men, O | an - gel | sing - ers, | sing a - | gain, While
m : d | d : – .d | d : t, | t, : – .r | f : m | m : – .m

s : fe | fe : – .l | l : s | s : – .t | t : l | r' : – .fe
hearts and | voi - ces | here be - | low | Send | back the | glad re
m : r | r : – .d | d : t, | t, : – .s | s : s | fe : – .r

CHORUS. *Lively.*

s : – | s : – | s .s : s .s | l .l : l .l | s : m | s : d'
frain. | O | merry, merry, merry, merry | Christmas | bells, O
s : – | f : – | m .m : m .m | f .f : f .f | m : d | m : m

t : r | f : l | l : – | s : | s .s : s .s | l .l : l .l
sweet-ly, | sweet-ly, | chime, | Let your happy music on the
r : t, | r : f | f : – | m : | m .m : m .m | f .f : f .f

ritard.

s : m | s : d' | t .t : t .t | l : t | d' : – | – :
breez-es | swell, O | merry, merry Christmas | time.
m : d | m : m | r .r : r .r | f : r | m : – | – : –

2 Merry Christmas bells,
O sweetly chime,
Let your happy music on the breezes swell.
O merry Christmas time.
Banish every thought of care,
Let mirth and music fill the air,
Let words of cheer and smiles abound
And gladness ev'rywhere.
O merry, merry, etc.

STAR OF PEACE.

KEY F. LOWELL MASON.

d : -.d | d : d | r : r | m : r | m : -.m | m .fe
1. Star of peace to wand'rers wear-y, Bright the beams that
d : -.d | d : d | t, : t, | d : t, | d : -.d | d : d

f *dim.*

s : l | t : - | d' : -.d' | r'.d' : t .l | s : -.m | m : r
smile on me: Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion drear-y,
t, : l, | s, : - | m : -.m | f .m : s .f | m : -.d | d : t,

p *f*

d : - | r : -.r | m : - | - : - | d' : -.d' | r'.d' : t .l
Far, far at sea. Cheer the pi - lot's
l, : - | t, : -.t, | d : - | - : - | m : -.m | f .m : s .f

dim. *p*

s : -.m | m : r | d : - | m : -.r | d : - | - : -
vi - sion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
m : -.d | d : t, | l, : - | t, : -.t, | d : - | - : -

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wand'rer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

5 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

KEY F. MARINER'S HYMN.

s : l | s .f : m .f | s : l | s .f : m
1. Child - hood's years are pass - ing o'er us.
m : f | m .r : d .r | m : f | m .r : d

s : s | l : t .d' | t : l | s : -
Youth - ful days will soon be done,
m : r | d : r .m | r : d | t, : -

f .m : r .m | f : f | m .f : m .f | s : s
Cares and sor - rows lie be - fore us,
t, .d : t, .d | r : r | d .r : d .r | m : m

d' .t : l .s | d' .l : s .f | m : r | d : -
Hid - den dan - gers, Snares un - known.
d : d | d : d | d : t, | d : -

2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe;
Make us His and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me;"
Jesus keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

GLIDING THROUGH THE MEADOW.

KEY E. HAROLD B. ADAMS.

d' .d' : s .m | l .s : - | l .s : f .m | r : -
1. Gliding thro' the meadow, Dancing o'er the green,
m .m : m .d | f .m : - | f .m : r .d | t, : -

r' .r' : t .s | l .s : - | t .l : s .f | m : -
Runs the merry brooklet, With its sil-ver sheen;
f .f : f .f | f .m : - | s .f : m .r | d : -

d' .d' : s .m | l .s : - | l .s : f .m | r : -
Day and night un-ceasing, Swift its wa-ters flow,
m .m : m .d | f .m : - | f .m : r .d | t, : -

CHORUS.

r' .d' : t .l | s .f : m .f | s : t | d' : m .f
Hurrying quickly onward, Hum'ing as they go. Gliding
t .l : s .f | m .r : d .r | m : f | m : d .r
Gliding

s : - | d' : t .d' | r' : - | l : t .l
swift - ly thro' the mead - ow, Dancing
m .m : m .m | m .m : s .s | f .f : f .f | f .f : f .f
swiftly thro' the meadow, Gliding swiftly thro' the meadow, Dancing

t : - | f : l .s | s : - | m : m .f
gai - ly o'er its peb - bles, In the
s .s : s .s | r .r : f .m | m .m : m .m | d .d : d .r
gai-ly o'er its pebbles, Dancing gaily o'er its pebbles, In the

s : - | d' : t .d' | r' : - | l : l .t
sun - shine and the shad - ow, Hear the
m .m : m .m | m .m : s .s | f .f : f .f | f .f : f .s
sunshine and the shadow, In the sunshine and the shadow, Hear the

d' .d' : t .l | s : t | d' : | - : ||
murmur of the brook's sweet song.
l .l : s .f | m .m : r .r | m : f | m :
murmur, hear the murmur, of the brook's sweet song.

2 While it journeys onward,
Path by rocks beset,
Leaping quickly o'er them,
Bounding onward yet;
As its course grows shorter,
Waters slowly glide,
Till they reach the ocean
Mingling with its tide.

3 So this little streamlet,
Something like mankind,
Who whence first it bubbles,
'Tis like youth's young mind;
As the valley rushing,
Water quickly flows,
Manhood in his struggles
Quickly comes and goes.

OH, THE MERRY, MERRY BELLS.

KEY C.

: m	.f	s	: l	s	: d'	.r'	m'	.r'	: d'	.l	s				
1. Oh, the		mer	- ry	bells,	Oh, the		mer-ry		chim-ing		bells,				
: d	.r	m	: f	m	: m	.f	s	.f	: m	.f	m				

: s	.d'	t	: t	t	: l	.t	d'	.d'	: d'	.d'	d'				
Oh what		joy	- ful	words	Doth their		heavenly		music		tell,				
: m	.m	r	: r	r	: d	.r	m	.m	: m	.m	m				

: m	.f	s	: l	s	: d'	.r'	m'	.r'	: d'	.l	s				
As it		floats	a -	long,	On the		summer		evening		air,				
: d	.r	m	: f	m	: m	.f	s	.f	: m	.f	m				

: s	.d'	t	: t	r'	.d'	: t	.l	s	.s	: s	.s	s			
As we		rest	an	hour		From the		bu - sy		world of		care!			
: m	.m	r	: s	t	.l	: s	.fe	s	.s	: s	.s	s			

CHORUS.

:			:		:				:						
How we		love to	lis-ten	to	the	music		Floating		thro'		the air,			
: s	.s	r'	.d'	: t	.l	s	.f	: m	.r	m	.f	: s	.l	s	

: s	.s	f'	.m'	: r'	.d'	t	.l	: s	.f	m	.f	: s	.l	s	
And we'll		join a		hearty		chorus,		With its		melo	- dy	so		rare,	
:				:				:				:			

: s	.s	l	: l	l	: l	.l	t	.t	: t	.t	d'				
To the		mer	- ry	bells,	With those		merry		chiming		bells,				
: m	.m	f	: f	f	: f	.f	f	.f	: f	.f	m				

: d'	.d'	r'	: d'	t	: l	.l	s	.d'	: t	.r'	d'				
With those		mer	- ry	bells,	With those		gen-tle		chiming		bells.				
: m	.m	f	: l	s	: f	.f	m	.m	: r	.f	m				

2 Hear the merry bells,
'Tis the merry Christmas bells,
And their sound goes forth
Over every hill aud dell;
And we hear the song,
As it floats the air along,
'Tis the old refrain
That was heard on Bethlehem's plain. CHORUS.

As we listen to the music
Of the merry Christmas bells,
We will join a hearty chorus,
While the heart with rapture swells,
At the joyful song
Of those merry Christmas bells,
With those merry bells,
With those gentle chiming bells.
CHORUS.

KEY E♭.

s	: f.m	r	: l	s	: -	m	: -	m	: d.m	r	: s	fe	: -	s	: -

d'	: t.l	s.fe	: s	l	: s.f	m.r	: m	f	: s.l	d	: t₁	d	: -	-	: -

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

KEY A♭. *Tenderly.* E. G. B. HOLDER.

: s₁	s₁	: m	m	: -.f	m	: r	r	: -.d	t₁	: s	f	: -.r	m	: -	-								
1. I	miss them now-those				lit - tle feet, That				used to come so				oft;										
: m₁	m₁	: s₁	s₁	: -.l₁	l₁	: f₁	f₁	: -.l₁	s₁	: t₁	t₁	: -.t₁	d	: -	-								

: s₁	s₁	: m	f	: -.m	r	: l₁	r	: -.d	t₁.d: r.m		f	: t₁	d	: -	-								
The	lit - tle voice that				used to speak, So				sweet, so sil - v'ry				soft,										
: m₁	m₁	: s₁	l₁	: -.s₁	f₁	: f₁	f₁	: -.l₁	s₁.l₁:t₁.d		r	: s₁	m₁	: -	-								

: d	d	: l₁	l₁	: d	d	: -.s₁	s₁	: d	d	: -.d	d	: t₁.d	r	: -	-								
And	now, when I am				all a - lone, En-				gross'd in dai - ly				cares,										
: m₁	f₁	: f₁	f₁	: l₁	s₁	: -.m₁	m₁	: m₁	m₁	: -.m₁	m₁	: fe₁	s₁	: -	-								

: s₁	s₁	: m	m	: -.f	m	: r	l̇₁	: d.d	ṫ₁	: ṙ	s	: -.t₁	d	: -	-								
I	lis - ten but 'tis				all in vain, For the				"foot-steps on the				stairs."										
: f₁	m₁	: s₁	s₁	: -.l₁	l₁	: f₁	f₁	: l₁.l₁	s₁	: t₁	t₁	: -.s₁	m₁	: -	-								

p CHORUS.

: s₁	s₁	: d	d	: -.t₁	l₁	: -	-	: l₁	l̇₁	: ṙ	r	: -.d	t₁	: -	-								
"The	foot - steps on the				stairs, The				foot - steps on the				stairs,										
: m₁	m₁	: m₁	m₁	: -.m₁	f₁	: -	-	: f₁	fe₁	: fe₁	fe₁	: -.fe₁	s₁	: -	-								

: s₁	s₁	: m	m	: -.f	m	: r	l̇₁	: d.d	ṫ₁	: ṙ	*ad lib.* s	: -.t₁	d	: -									
I	lis - ten, but 'tis				all in vain, For the				foot - steps on the				stairs."										
: f₁	m₁	: s₁	s₁	: -.l₁	l₁	: f₁	f₁	: l₁.l₁	s₁	: t₁	t₁	: s₁	m₁	: -									

2 For when I read, or sing, or play,
Or join in pleasures sweet;
I seem to see her glad and gay;
And miss those little feet,
Oh, it is hard to think she's gone,
With all her winning airs,
To think I never more shall hear
Her "footsteps on the stairs."

3 Her golden hair still clusters round
Her brow so white and clear;
And on her face now pale and cold,
I've shed full many a tear;
The lids have droop'd o'er those blue eyes,
Death's icy seal is theirs;
'Tis He that has forever hush'd
Those "footsteps on the stairs."

4 I know her feet are walking now,
The shining streets of heav'n;
I know that to the dear one's brow
A golden crown is giv'n;
I'm thankful that she is at rest,
Safe from earth's sinful snares;
Yet still I weep and pause to hear
The "footsteps on the stairs."

KEY E. PALMER.

: s	m	: d'	t	: l	s	: -	-	: s	d'	: m	s	: f	m	: -	-								

: m	m	: d'	t	: l	s	: s	l	: t	d'	: m	r	: r	d	: -	-								

MORNING HYMN.

KEY E. A. T. C.

m : m | s : f.m | r : f | f : m | l : l | d' : t.l | s : m | r : -
1.Gracious God, our heavenly Father; Meet and bless our school we pray,
d : d | m : r.d | t, : r | r : d | f : f | m : r.d | t, : d | t, : -

m : m | s : f.m | r : f | f : m | l : s | fe : s.l | t : l | s : -
As in hum-ble trust we gather; Teachers, scholars, here to - day.
d : d | m : r.d | t, : r | r : d | f : m | r : s | s : fe | s : -

s : f.m | l : s | f : m.r | s : f | m : f.s | l : f | m : r | m : -
Ev - ery joy and ev - ery bless-ing From Thy bounteous hand we own;
m : r | d : d | r : d | t, : t, | d : r.m | f : r | d : t, | d : -

m : m | s : f.m | r : f | f : m | l : l | s.f : m.r | d : t, | d : -
May Thy love, our souls pos-sess-ing, Draw us near - er to Thy throne.
d : d | m : r.d | t, : r | r : d | f : f | m.r : d.s, | l, : s, | d : -

2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From Thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let Thy spirit from our wand'ring
Bring us back to Thine own way.

Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in Thee;
In Thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In Thy peace and purity.

TWO ROBIN REDBREASTS.

KEY A. *Beating twice.*

: s, | l, : s, | d : s, | l, : s, | d : s, | l, : f | m : r | d : - | -
1.Two rob - in redbreasts, in their nest Had lit - tle rob - ins three;

: s, | l, : s, | d : s, | l, : s, | d : s, | l, : f | m : r | d : - | -
The mother - bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer - ri - ly;

mf *dim.* *rall.*
: s | f : -.m | r : d | t, : l, | s, : f, | m, : f, | m, : f, | m, : - | -
And all the lit - tle robins said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee;"

mf *dim.* *rall.*
: s | f : -.m | r : d | t, : l, | s, : f, | m, : f | m : f | m : - | -
And all the lit - tle robins said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

2 One day the sun was warm and bright,
All shining in the sky;
The mother said, "My little ones,
'Tis time you learnt to fly."
And every little robin said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

3 I know some little children dear,
And oft it makes me sigh,
Who, when they're told "Do this or that,"
They say, "What for?" or "Why?"
O, how much better if they'd say,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

THE SWISS TOY GIRL.

KEY C. G. J. MARNET.

:s	d' :-.r' : m'.d'	s :(s)	:m	f :r	:s	m :d	
1. I've	come across the	sea,	I've	braved ev -	'ry	dan - ger,	
:m	m :-.s : d'.s	m :(m)	:d	r :t,	:t,	d :d	
:s .s	d' :-.r' : m'.d'	s :-	:m	f :r	:s	m :d	
For a	brother dear to	me,	From	Swissland	a	ran - ger.	
:m .m	m :-.s : d'.s	m :-	:d	r :t,	:t,	d :d	
:d'	t :-.d' : r'.t	d' :m'	:d'	r' :-.m'	: f'.r'	m' :d'	
Then	pit -	y, as-	sist, and	pro-	tect	a poor	stran-ger;
:m	s :.l	:f .s	m :s	:m	f :-.s	: l .t	d' :m
:d'	l :-.t : d'.l	s :d'	:m'	m'.r' : d'	:t	d' :.t	
And	buy a little	toy of	poor	Rose of	Lu-	cerne. A	
:m	f :-.f : f .f	m :m	:s	f :m	:r	m :.r	

p

:d' .l	s :.t	:d'.l	s :	:d'	l :- .t		
little	toy a	little	toy,	Come	buy a		
:m .f	m :.r	:m .f	m :	:m	f :- .f		
:d' .l	s d'	:m'	m'.r' : d'	:t	d' :-		
little	toy of	poor	Rose of	Lu -	cerne.		
:f .f	m :m	:s	f :m	:r	m :-		

2 Come round me, ladies fair,
I've ribbons and laces,
I've trinklets rich and rare,
I've toys for the babies;
You love the smile that dimples
Their sweet pretty faces,
Then buy a little toy
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

3 I've paint and I've perfume
For those who may choose them;
Young ladies, I presume
You all will refuse them:
The bloom on your cheek
Shows that you never use them;
Yet buy a little toy
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

KEY C. PRAISE.

s :s	d' :s	m' :r'	d' :-	t :d'	r' :m'	r'.d' : t.l	s :-	
s :s	d' :s	l :t.d'	r' :-	r' :r'	m' :r'	d' :t	d' :-	‖

KEY C. HENDERSON.

s :m.s	d' :s	l :t	d' :-	t :t.d'	r' :r'.d'	t :l	s :-	
m.r : m.f	s :m.s	d' :r'	m' :-	m' :m'.r'	d'.t : l.s	l :t	d' :-	‖

MORNING.

KEY G. *Allegro.* *p*

:d	d :-	:m.d	s :-	:m.d
1. How	sweet	the	dew ·	y
:m,	m, :-	:s,.m,	m, :-	:s,

t, :r	:f	m :-		
breath	of	morn!		
s, :t,	:r	d :-		

cres. *dim.*

:m	f :-.s	:l	s :m	:d
How	cheer ·	ing	blows	the
:d	d :-	:d	m :d	:s,

t, :-	:r	d :-		
gen ·	tle	gale!		
f, :-	:f,	m, :-		

cres. *f* *dim.*

:d	d :-	:m.d	s :-	:m.d
What	beau ·	teous	streaks	the
:m,	m, :-	:s,.m,	m, :-	:s,

t, :r	:f	m :-		
sky	a ·	dorn!		
s, :t,	:r	d :-		

p *pp*

:m	l, :-.d	:m	r :-.t,	:s,
What	o ·	dors	from	the
:s,	f, :-.l,	:s,	s, :-	:m,

fe, :-	:l,	s, :		
earth	ex ·	hale!		
r, :-	:fe,	s, :-		

ff

:(s,)	s, :t,	:r	f :-	:f
	Drow ·	sy	mor ·	tals
:(s,)	s, :-	:t,	r :-	:r

m :-	:m	r :-		
nev ·	er	know		
d :-	:d	t, :-		

ff

:r	s, :d	:m	s :-	:s
The	sweets	that	morn ·	ing
:t,	s, :-	:d	m :-	:m

f :-	:f	m :-		
can	be ·	stow;		
r :-	:r	d :-		

p *cres.*

:	m :-.s	:f.l	s :-	:l
	Drow ·	sy	mor ·	tals
:	d :-	:r	m :-	:d

t :-	:d'	l :-		
nev ·	er	know		
r :-	:m	f :-		

:l	l :t.l	:s.f	m :s	:d'
The	sweets	that	morn ·	ing
:f	f :s.f	:m.r	d :m	:m

m :-	:r	d :-		
can	be ·	stow.		
d :-	:t,	d :-		

2 Fair morning on her balmy wings,
From ev'ry flower that blows around,
To those a faithful tribute brings,
Who early tread th' enamelled ground,
But drowsy mortals never know
The sweets that morning can bestow;
Drowsy mortals never know
The sweets that morning can bestow.

COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHAS. WESLEY. GIARDINI.

KEY G.

s	:m	:d	r	:d	:t,	d	:-	:-			
1.Come,	Thou	Al -	migh	-	ty	King!					
m	:d	:d	l,	:-	:s,	d	:-	:-			
d	:r	:m	f .s	:f	:m	r	:-	:-			
Help	us	Thy	name		to	sing;					
d	:t,	:d	t,	:r	:d	t,	:-	:-			
s	:m	:d	s,	:-	:-	r	:m	:f			
Help	us	to	praise!			Fath -	er	all -			
s	:m	:d	s,	:-	:-	s,	:s,	:s,			
m	:- .r	:d	r	:m	:f	m	:- .r	:d			
glo	- ri	- ous	O'er	all	vic -	to	- ri	- ous,			
d	:- .t,	:d	s,	:s,	:s,	d	:- .t,	:d			
d	:d	:d	s	:- .l	:s	f	:m	:r	d	:-	:-
Come	and	reign	o	-	ver us,	An -	cient	of	Days.		
d	:d	:d	d	:- .d	:d	r	:d	:t,	d	:-	:-

2 Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
By Heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy children bless
Give Thy good word success;
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart;
Rule Thou in every heart.
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see!
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

KEY G.

:m	d	:s	f	:m	r	:-	d	:m	r	:d	t, :d
r	:-	-	:m	f .s: l	s	:f	m	:-	r	:r	m :f
m	:r	-	:d	m	:-	-	:r	:r	d	:-	-

KEY C.

:		:	s	:t	r' :d'	t	:l.t	d' :t	l	:-	r' :-
d	:m	s :f	m	:r.m	f :m	r	:-	s :-	l	:s	fe :-
m'	:r'	d' :-	r'	:-.d'	t :r'	d'	:t	l.t:d'.l	s	:t	d' :-
s	:-.f	m :s	f	:m	r.m:f.r	m	:s	f.r:m.f	s	:f	m :-

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

KEY B♭.

:s₁	s₁ :d	|d :d	|d :d	|d :t₁.d	|r :r	|r :r	|r :- |-
1. A	wet sheet and a		flow-ing sea, A		wind that fol-lows		fast,
:s₁.f₁	m₁ :m₁.r₁	|d₁ :l₁	s₁ :f₁	|m₁ :s₁	f₁ :m₁	|r₁ :fe₁	s₁ :- |-

:d.r	m :m	|m :m	|f :f	|f :r	|d :d	|t₁ :t₁	|d :- |-
And	fills the white and		rust-ling sail, And		bends the gal-lant		mast;
:m₁.f₁	s₁ :l₁.t₁	|d :s₁	l₁ :l₁	|l₁ :f₁	m₁ :m₁	|s₁ :s₁.f₁	m₁ :- |-

:8:

:d.t₁	l₁ :l₁	|f₁ :f₁	|m₁ :s₁	|d :t₁.d	|r :r	|r :r	|r :- |-
And	bends the gal-lant		mast, my boys, While		like the ea-gle—		free—
r.Old	Eng-land on the		lee, my boys, Old		Eng-land on the		lee.
:m₁.s₁	f₁ :f₁	|r₁ :r₁	d₁ :m₁	|m₁ :s₁	f₁ :m₁	|r₁ :fe₁	s₁ :- |-

D.S. fine.

:d.r	m :m	|m :m	|f :f	|f :r	|d :d	|t₁ :t₁	|d :- |- ‖
A	way the good ship		flies and leaves Old		Eng-land on the		lea.
:m₁.f₁	s₁ :l₁.t₁	|d :s₁	l₁ :l₁	|l₁ :f₁	m₁ :m₁	|s₁ :s₁.f₁	m₁ :- |- ‖

2 Oh for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

3 There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

KEY F. CAITHNESS.

:d	m :f	|s :d	|t₁ :d	|r :m	|f :s	|l :l	|s :- |-
:s	l :t	|d' :m	|f :s	|l :s	|f :m	|r :r	|d :- |- ‖

KEY C.

m :f	|s :l	|l :-	|s :-	|l :s	|fe.s:l.t	|d' :-	|t :-
d :r	|m :f	|f :-	|m :-	|r :-	|r.m:fe.s	|l :fe	|s :-

r' :d'	|t :l	|s :-	|d' :t	|l :s.f	|m :r	|r :-	|d :- ‖
f :m.f	|s :f	|m :f	|m :r	|d :-	|- :t₁.l₁	|t₁ :-	|d :- ‖

SPRING SONG.

KEY C. *Allegro.* *mp*

:s	s	:s	:s	s	:s	:s	s	:s	:d'	d'	:t				
1. The	spring	breathes	a-	round	us	so	soft	and	so	warm,					
:m	m	:m	:m	m	:m	:m	m	:m	:m	m	:r				

:f	f	:f	:f	f	:f	:f	f	:f	:r'	r'	:d'				
And	bears	her	young	chil -	dren	with	care	on	her	arm;					
:r	r	:r	:r	r	:r	:r	r	:r	:f	f	:m				

:d'	d'	:t	:l	s	:s	:d'	d'	:t	:l	s	:-				
She	tends	and	sus -	tains	them	with	ten -	der -	est	care,					
:m	m	:s	:f	m	:m	:m	m	:s	:f	m	:-				

:s	s	:s	:s	s	:s	:s	s	:m'	:r'	d'	:-				
With	soft	rain	and	sun -	shine	and	sweet	balm -	y	air.					
:m	m	:m	:m	m	:m	:m	m	:s	:f	m	:-				

CHORUS. *Quickly.*

:d'.r'	m'	:-	:-	-	:r'	:d'	l	:-	:-	-	:t				
La la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la				
:	s	:s	:s	s	:	:	f	:f	:f	f	:				

:d'	r'	:-	:-	-	:d'	:l	s	:-	:-	-	:d'				
la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la				
:	f	:f	:f	f	:	:	m	:m	:m	m	:				

cres.

:r'	m'	:-	:-	-	:r'	:m'	f'	:-	:-	-	:m'				
la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la				
:	s	:s	:s	s	:	:	l	:l	:l	l	:s				

:r'	d'	:t	:d'	m'	:-	:r'	d'	:-	:-	-	:-				
la	la	la	la	la		la	la	la	la	la.					
:f	m	:r	:m	s	:-	:f	m	:m	:m	m	:-				

2 The brook she crowns over with arches of blue,
The meadows and flowers are made bright to the view,
The birds and the bees, and the emmets so small,
She feeds and protects them, and nourishes all.

3 At evening she hushes and leads them to rest,
And lays them to sleep on her motherly breast;
She closes their eyes with the curtain of night,
And wakes them at morn with the rose-colored light.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

KEY A. *mp*

d : d : r	t_1 :- d : r	m : m : f
1. God save our	gra - cious King,	Long live our
2. Thy choic - est	gifts in store	On him be
m_1 : m_1 : f_1	s_1 :- .l_1 : t_1	d : d : l_1
	< < <	
m_1 :- .r : d	r : d : t_1	d :- :-
no - ble King,	God save the	King.
pleased to pour,	Long may he	reign.
s_1 :- .f_1 : m_1	f_1 : m_1 : r_1	m_1 :- :-
mf		
s : s : s	s :- .f : m	f : f : f
Send him vic -	to - ri - ous,	Hap - py and
May he de -	fend our laws,	And ev - er
m : m : m	m :- .r : d	r : r : r
	f	
f :- .m : r	m : f .m : r .d	m :- .f : s
glo - ri - ous,	Long to reign	o - ver us,
give us cause	To sing with	heart and voice
r :- .d : t_1	d : r .d : t_1 .l_1	s_1 :- .f_1 : m_1
ff		
l .s ,f : m : r	d :- :-	
God save the	King.	
God save the	King.	
d .,l_1 : s_1 : f_1	m_1 :- :-	

KEY G.

m : d | r : m.f	s :- | f :-	m : l | s : fe	s :- | - :-
: | :	t_1 : d | r : t_1	d : d | m : r.d	t_1 : s_1 | l_1 : t_1
l : s | f : s	l : s.f | m :-	s : f.m | r : f	m :- | - :-
d : r.m | f : m	r : t_1 | d : l_1	t_1 : s_1.l_1 | t_1 : r	d :- | - :-

KEY C.

:s | l :- | s :d'.r' | d' :- | t : .l | s. : d'. | m.s: f .m | r :- | -
:m | f :- | l :t .d' | r' :- | d' : .d' | t. : l. | s .m: f .r | d :- | -

THERE CAME A LITTLE CHILD.

KEY G.

M	m :r	|d :-	F	f :m	|r :-		
There came a little	Child to	earth	Long	a -	go;		
D	d :t,	|l, :-	L,	s, :d	|t, :-		

S	s :f	|m :-	R	r :-	|d :-		
And the angels of God pro-	claimed His birth,		High	and	low.		
M	m :r	|d :-	F,	f, :-	|m, :-		

2 Out in the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

3 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white.

4 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And, that they might His crown of glory share,
Wore a crown of thorn;

5 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might in glory reign
With Him on high.

6 And for evermore, in their robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

KEY E.

s :f :- .m	|l :s :	|s :r :- .s	|fe :s :				
l :s .f :m .r	|m :d :f	|r :s :t,	|d :- :-				

KEY E♭. BARROW.

:s	|m .f :s :d'	|t .l :s :l	|s .f :m :r .d	|r :-			
:s	|m .f :s :d'	|t .l :s :m	|s .f :m :r	|d :-			

ADESTE FIDELES.

KEY A. READING.

.l	d :-	|s, :d	r :-	|s, :-	|m :r	:m :f
l.O	come,	all ye	faith -	ful,	Joy-ful-ly	tri-
|m :-	|r					
um -	phant,					

:d	d :-	|t, :l,	t, :d	|r :m	t, :-	|l, :-
To	Beth -	le - hem	hasten now with		glad	ac -
|s, :-	|-					
cord;						

:	|s :-	|f :m	f :-	|m :-	r :m	|d :r
	Lo!	in a	man -	ger	Lies the	King of
|t, :-.l,	|s,					
an -	gels;					

:d	d :t,	|d :r	d :-	|s, :m	m :r	|m :f
O	come,	let us a-	dore	Him, O	come,	let us a-
|m :-	|r					
dore	Him,					

:m	f :m	|r :d	t, :-	|d :f	m :-	|r :-
O	come,	let us a-	dore	Him,	Christ	the
|d :-	|-	‖				
Lord.						

2 Though true God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
Our lowly nature He hath not abhorred;
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Thro' heaven's high arches be your praises poured.
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy name adored.
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

KEY B♭.

m :r	|d :t,.l,	|t, :-	|s, :-	|f, :m,	|l, :s,	|fe, :-	|s, :-	s,.l, :t,.d	|r :s,	s,.fe, :s,.l,	|t, :s,	|l, :t,.d
|r :s,	|d :-	|- :-	‖									

KEY E. LAUDER.

:s	|l :t	|d' :m	|f :-	|- :f	|m :d	|s :d'	|t :-	:-	‖			
:t	|d' :d	|r :m	|f :s	|l :l	|s :d'	|m' :r	|d :-	|	‖			

THE MILL BY THE RIVULET.

KEY G.

:s,	s, :d :d	d :r :m	m :r :r	r :- :s	m :- :	|
1.The	mill by the	ri - vu - let	e - ver - more	sounds clip,	clap!	
:s,	s, :m, :s,	l, :t, :d	d :t, :r	s, :l, :t,	d :- :	| :

:s,	s, :d :d	d :r :m	m :r :r	r :- :s	m :- :	| :
By	day and by night	goes the	mill - er	his rounds, clip,	clap!	
:s,	s, :m, :s,	l, :t, :d	d :t, :r	s, :l, :t,	d :- :	| :

:m	m :s :s	s :l :s	s :f :f	f :- :f	m :m :m	s :f
He	grinds us the wheat to make		nour-ish - ing	bread, And	when we have that we	
:d	d :m :m	m :f :m	m :r :r	r :- :t,	d :d :d	m :r

rall - en - tan - do.

:m	m :r :r	r :- :s	m : :m	r : :r	d :- :	| :
are	daint - i - ly	fed, Clip,	clap,	clip, clap,	clip, clap!	
:d	d :t, :t,	t, :- :t,	d : :s,	s, : :s,	m, :- :	| :

2 The wheel quickly turns and then round goes the stone, clip, clap!
And grinds up the wheat which the farmer has sown, clip, clap!
The baker then bakes us fine biscuit and cake,
Oh, darling good baker, such nice things to make! clip, clap!

3 And when the rich harvest is safely got in, clip, clap!
Then quickly the sounds of the mill-wheels begin, clip, clap!
And tell me, ye children, what more need ye want,
So long as good bread our kind Father will grant? clip, clap!

—MRS. DANA SHINDLER.

KEY D.

d :m.f	s :m	f :-	m :s	d' :-	d' :t	l :-
d :-	t, :d	r :d.t,	d :-	m :f.s	l :s	fe :-

d' :-	| - :t	r' :d'.t	l :s	f :m.f	s :f	m :-
l :s.f	m :r	r :m	f :m	r :d	t, :r	d :-

KEY E.

m :s	f :m	r :-	s :f	m :l	s :fe	s :-
d :m	r :d	d :t,	t, :-	d :l,	r :r.d	t, :d

m :s	d' :t	l :s	s :f	m :f	s :s.f	m :-
d :d.r	m :s	fe :s.f	m :r	d :l,	t, :r	d :-

LO, THE GLAD MAY MORN.

KEY D. GERMAN.

:d .m | s :s | s :l .s | s .f :f .m | f .f
1. Lo, the glad May morn, With her ros-y light is breaking
:d .d | m :m | m :f .m | m .r :r .d | r .r

:s .f | m :m | s :f .m | r :- | -
O'er the hills so love - ly and fair;
:m .r | d :d | m :r .d | t, :- | -

cres.

:d .m | s :s | s :l .s | s .f :f .m | f .f
And the pure young buds From their dew-y sleep a-wak-ing
:d .d | m :m | m :f .m | m .r :r .d | r .r

:s .f | m :m | s :f .m | r :- | -
Mirth and mu - sic float in the air,
:m .r | d :d | m :r .d | t, :- | -

CHORUS. *mf*

:d .m | s .s :s .s | s :d' .t | l .l :l .l | l
Then a- way, a - way, a - way, Then a - way, a - way, a - way,
:d .d | m .m :m .m | m :m .s | f .f :f .f | f

Repeat chorus. *pp*

:r' .d' | t .s | s :l .t | d' :- |
And a May - ing we will go.
:f .f | f :m | f :f | m :- |

2 O'er the rustic wild,
When the idle winds are blowing,
We will roam with pleasure to-day;
On the mossy bank,
Where the crystal brook is flowing,
We will crown our queen of the May.
Then away, etc.

3 Oh, the glad May morn,
Like a child she comes to meet us,
With her brow all cover'd with flow'rs;
And she calls the birds,
All the merry birds to greet us,
And the laughing, bright summer hours.
Then away, etc.

KEY E.

d .t, : d :r | m .d : r :s | s .fe : s :l | t .l : s :-

f .m : f :l | s .f : m :d' | s .f : m :r | d :- :-

DIBDIN. **THE BAY OF BISCAY.** JOHN DAVY.

KEY B♭. *Andante.* *dim.*

: s₁	s₁	: – .d	d	: m	d	: –	l₁	: t₁.d	r	: – .m	r .d	: t₁.l₁
1.Loud	roars	the	migh -	ty	thun	-	der,	The	rain	a	del -	uge
: m₁	m₁	: – .m₁	m₁	: s₁	l₁	: –	f₁	: r₁	s₁	: – .s₁	f₁	: f₁

cres. >

s₁	: –	– .f₁	: m₁.f₁	s₁	: d	d	: m	d	: –	l₁	: t₁ .d
show'rs,			The	clouds	are	rent	a -	sun	-	der	By
m₁	: –	– .r₁	: d₁.r₁	m₁	: m₁	m₁	: s₁	l₁	: –	f₁	: r₁ .m₁

stac.

r	: – .m	r .d	: t₁.l₁	s₁	: –		: d .t₁	l₁	: s₁	f₁	: m₁
light	- ning's	viv -	id	pow'rs,			The	night	is	drear	and
r₁	: – .d₁	r₁	: r₁	s₁	: –		: d .t₁	l₁	: s₁	f₁	: m₁

rall. ⌒ *a tempo.*

r₁	: –		: l₁	r	: – .m	f .m	: r .d	d	: t₁	s₁	: l₁.t₁
dark,			Our	poor	de -	vot -	ed	bark,		Till	next
r₁	: –		: f₁	f₁	: – .s₁	l₁.s₁	: f₁.m₁	m₁	: r₁	f₁	: f₁

m f *rall.*

d	: –	l₁	: t₁.d	r	: –	d	: r.m	s.f	: m.f	m	: r	d	:		
day		there	she	lay,		In	the	Bay	of	Bis -	cay	O!			
m₁	: –	f₁	: s₁.d	t₁	: –	m₁	: s₁.d	m.r	: d.l₁	s₁	: f₁	m₁	:		

2 Now dash'd upon the billow,
Her op'ning timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

3 At length the wish'd for morrow,
Breaks through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaves a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Strikes horror to the crew;
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

4 Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent,
A sail in sight appears!
We hail her with three cheers:
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

P. LIVINGSTONE. **A GUID NEW YEAR.** ALEX. HUME.

KEY D. CHORUS.

: s	d'	: m'	d'	: –.s	f.m	: r.d	s	: –.s	l.f	: –	d'	: –.m	m	: r	
1. A	guid	new	year	to	ane	an'	a',	An'	mony		may	ye	see;		
: s	m	: s	m	: –.m	r.d	: t₁.l₁	t₁	: –.d	f.f	: –	m	: –.d	d	: t₁	

FINE.

: s	d'	: m'	d'	: –.s	f.m	: r.d	s	: –.s	l.d'	: –	t	: r'	d'	: -	
An'	dur -	ing	a'	the	years	to	come,	Oh,	happy		may	ye	be!		
: f	m	: s	m	: –.m	r.d	: t₁.l₁	t₁	: –.d	f.l	: –	s	: f	m	: –	

p

:t	d' :-.t | l :s	f :-.f | m :-.m	l :-.t | d' :t	l :- |			
An'	may ye ne'er hae	cause to mourn, To	sigh or shed a	tear;			
:r	m :-.r | d :m	r :-.r | m :-.r	d :-.r | m :r	d :- |			

mf *D.C.*

:t	d' :-.t | l :s	fe :l | r' :-.d'	t.r' :- | r'.d' :l.t	s :- | -			
To	ane an' a', baith	great an' sma', A	hearty guid New	Year.			
:r	m :-.r | d :m	r :d | t, :-.m	r.s :- | fe :fe	s :- | f			

Repeat first four lines as Chorus.

2 Oh, Time flies fast, he winna wait,
My friend, for you or me;
He works his wonders day by day,
And onward still doth flee.
Oh, wha can tell gin ilka ane
I see sae happy here
Will meet again an' merry be,
Anither guid New Year.

3 Now let us hope our years may be
As guid as they ha'e been,
An' trust we ne'er again may see
The sorrows we ha'e seen.
And let us wish that ane an' a',
Our friends baith far and near,
May aye enjoy in times to come
A hearty guid New Year.

OUR FATHERLAND.

KEY B♭.

dim.

.m :m .r	d :- .d :t, .l,	s, :- .s, :d .m	r :- .t, :d .l,				
1.OurFath'r-	land!	who names the	name	of Father-	land	without a	
.s, :s, .f,	m, :- .m, :s, .f,	m, :- .m, :m, .s,	f, :- .f, :m, .fe,				

cres.

l, :s, .s, :l, .t,	d :- .s, :r .f	m :- .m :f .m					
tear?	The voice of	love,	the voice of	fame,	The voice of		
fe, :s, .s, :fe, .f,	m, :- .s, :t, .r	d :- .d :r .d					

r .d :t, :l,	s, :- .s, :m, .f	s, :- .s, :l, .r					
all we hold most	dear.	Tell us to	love	our Father-			
t, .l, :s, :fe,	s, :- .m, :d, .r,	m, :- .m, :f, .f,					

rall.

d :t,	.m :r .r	d .s, :l, :t,	d : .				
land,	Tell us to	love our Fa -	ther -	land.			
m, :r,	.s, :s, .f,	m, .m, :f, :r,	m, : .				

2 Th' aspiring hills that look on heaven,
The streams that wander to the sea,
The song of birds at morn, at ev'n,
The forests' choral minstrelsy,
Tell us to love our Fatherland,
Tell us to love our Fatherland.

3 Whose is the heart that will not beat
More proudly on the ocean wave,
Nor feel his life's blood back retreat,
Into its mystic crimson cave,
As thinks he of his Fatherland,
As thinks he of his Fatherland?

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

KEY C. Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

mf

:s | s :-.m | m :d' | d' :-.l | f :m | f :s | t :-.l | s :- | -
1. Oh, | Can - a - da, my | Can - a - da, my | thought is all of | thee,
:m | m :-.d | d :m | m :-.f | f :d | r :m | r :-.d | t, :- | -

cres.

:s | s :-.m | m :d' | d' :-.t | t :t | m' :r' | d' :l | s :- | -
Thy | mountain chains and | smil - ing plains that | stretch from sea to | sea,
:m | m :-.d | d :m | r :-.r | r :r | d :r | m :fe | s :- | -

p

:s | .s :l | t :-.l | l :s | s :s | s :l | t :-.l | s :- | -
The | sun-light gleams on | murm' ring streams and | sweet-est mel - o- | dy
:m | f :f | f :-.f | f :m | m :m | r :r | r :-.d | t, :- | -

cres. *f*

:se | l :t | d' :r' | m' :d' | t :l | s :l | t :r' | d' :- | -
Pour | from the feathered | song-sters in | the | spread-ing ma - ple | tree.
:t, | d :r | m :r | d :m | s :f | m :m | r :f | m :- | -

CHORUS.

:s .,s | d' | :d' .,d' | d' .s :m .s | l | :t | d'
Oh, the | land | of the | ma - ple is the | land | for | me,
:f .,f | m | :m .,m | m .m :d .m | f | :f | m

: .d' | t | :t .d' | r' .t | :s .d' | t | :l .,s | s
The | home | of the | stal - | wart, the | brave | and the | free,
: .m | r | :r .m | f | :m .m | s | :fe .,s | s

:s | d' | :d' .,t | t .l :- .l | r' | :r' .,d' | t
The | Rose | and the | Thistle, the | Sham - | rock and | "Lis"*
:f | m | :m .,m | f .f :- .f | fe | :fe .,fe | s

:t | m' | :t .d' | r' .d' :t .l | s | :r' | d' ||
All | bloom | in one | gar - den 'neath the | ma - | ple | tree.
:s | d | :r .m | f .m :r .f | m | :f | m

2 Oh, Canada, my Canada, none can compare with thee;
'Neath sunny skies the Earth replies and laughs with harvest glee;
Thy winters cheer with air so clear but best of all to me,
The summer and the sunshine and the spreading maple tree.—CHORUS.

3 Oh, Canada, my Canada, all dwell in unity,
The Saxon, Gaul and Celt agree with Scots to keep us free.
Though we be four, yet are we one if danger chance to be,
Thus may it be forever 'neath the spreading maple tree.—CHORUS.

*The word "Lis" is the French word for Lily and is pronounced "Lee."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Mason & Risch.)

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

Introducing three-quarter and quarter pulse-divisions *taa-fe*.

KEY A♭.

: s₁ | l₁ : t₁.,d | r : m | f : -.m | r : s | m : f.,m | r : m.,d | t₁ : - | - }

: d | r : m.,f | s : l | s : f.,m | r : s | s.,f : m.,r | d : t₁ | d : | - ||

KEY F.

: d | m : r.,d | s : l | s : -.f | m : s | d : r.,m | f : m | r : - | - }

: m | l : s.,f | m : r | d : -.r | m : f | s : f.,m | r : m | d : | - ||

SUMMER MORNING.

KEY B♭.

s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : m₁ .,f₁ | s₁ : d | m : - | r : r | r : m .,r
1. Who can tell how the morn - ing breaks? Who has seen how the
m₁ : m₁ | m₁ : d₁ .,r₁ | m₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - | f₁ : f₁ | f₁ : s₁ .,f₁

d : m₁ | s₁ : - | s₁ : s₁.,fe₁ | s₁ : d | m : - .m | r : d
day - light wakes Up - on the si - lent hills? Up - on the
m₁ : d₁ | m₁ : - | m₁ : m₁.,re₁ | m₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - .s₁ | s₁ : l₁

t₁ : - | l₁ : - | s₁ : - | - : | s₁.f₁ : m₁.f₁ | s₁ : d(.d)
si - lent hills? Ov - er their heads the
s₁ : - | fe₁ : - | s₁ : - | - : | m₁.r₁ : d₁.r₁ | m₁ : m₁(.m₁)

t₁ : r | r : - | s₁.f₁ : m₁.f₁ | s₁ : d .d | t₁ : r | r : -
mists are rolled, Stained with pur - ple and cleft with gold,
s₁ : t₁ | t₁ : - | m₁.r₁ : d₁.r₁ | m₁ : m₁.m₁ | s₁ : t₁ | t₁ : -

m : m .r | d : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ | r : -
Down from the cliffs of gra - nite cold.
d : s₁ .f₁ | m₁ : m₁ | f₁ : f₁ | f₁ : -

t₁ : t₁ .d | r : t₁ | d : - | - : ||
Slow - ly the sun - shine thrills.
r₁ : r₁ .m₁ | f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : - | - :

2 Who can tell how the day comes down
O'er the mountains bare and brown,
Into the village green?
Into the village green?
Out of the shadows cool and sweet,
Birds go singing the morn to greet:
Wood, and meadow, and springing wheat,
Glisten with dewy sheen.

3 Who can tell how the day is born?
Who has watch'd for the gleaming morn
Out on the lonely seas?
Out on the lonely seas?
Pearl and ruby and sapphire blue,
Flooding the waves with a glory new,
Like the flow'rs of tropic hue,
Sway'd by a summer breeze.

DRUMMER BOY.

KEY C. *(In Marching Time.)*

s .s : s	m .m : m	s : l .t	d' : d'
1.Drummer boy,	drummer boy,	where are you	speed - ing,
m .m : m	d .d : d	m : f .r	m : m

r' : r' .,r'	r' .d' : t .d'	t : l .,l	s : (.f)
Roll - ing so	gai - ly your	bold rat - a -	plan? I
f : f .,f	f .m : r .d	s : f .,f	m : (.r)

m : s .,s	m' : d' .,f	m : s .,s	m' : d'
go where my	coun - try my	ser - vice is	need - ing,
d : m .,m	s : m .,r	d : m .,m	s : m

r' .d' : t .l	s : d' .d'	r' : s .,s	m' : –
Roll - ing so	gai - ly my	bold rat - a -	plan.
f .m : r .d	t₁ : d .m	s : s .s	s : –

m' .r' : d' .l	s : m .,s	s : l .,t	d' : –
Roll - ing so	gai - ly my	bold rat - a -	plan.
s .f : m .f	m : d .,m	m : f .,r	m : –

2 Color boy, color boy, where are you nieing,
Waving your banner of red, white, and blue?
I go where the flag of the free should be flying,
Waving my banner of red, white, and blue.

3 Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly your knapsack and gun?
I go where my country my duty is showing,
Bearing so proudly my knapsack and gun.

4 When will you come again, soldier-boys, playing,
Drumming, and waving, and bearing the gun?
Not while our country shall bid us be staying,
Drumming, and waving, and bearing the gun.

5 Rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan no "white feather" showing,
Follow the glorious red, white, and blue;
Sing us a song as we gaily are going,
Sing us a song, then, adieu, boys, adieu!

KEY D.

:m.,f	s : d'	t : –.l	s.,l: s.,f	m : d.,r	m : s	l :s.,fe	s : – | –
:l.,t	d' : s	l.s : f.m	r : –.m	f :m.,f	s : d'	t : r'	d' : – | –

WHO IS A BRAVE MAN?

KEY D. *f*

d .,r : m .,f | s : m	l : – | – :	s .,l : t .,d' | r' : t	
1. Who is a brave man,	who?	Who is a brave man,	
d .,t₁ : d .,r | m : d	f : – | – :	t₁ .,d : r .,m | f : r	
d' : – | – :	m : m | m : – .r	m .,f : s .,l | s : s	
who?	He who dares de-	fend the right When	
m : – | – :	d : d | d : – .t₁	d .,r : m .,f | m : m	
l : – .l | d' : l	s : – | – :	m : m | m : – .r	
right is mis - called	wrong:	He who shrinks not	
f : – .f | l : f	m : – | – :	d : d | d : – .t₁	
m .,f : s .,l | s : s	l : – .l | d' : l	s : – | – : d'	
from the fight When	weak con-tend with	strong; Who,	
d .,r : m .,f | m : m	f : – .f | l : f	m : – | – : m	
t : – .d' | r' : f	m : – .f | s : d'	t : – .d' | r' : f	
fear - ing God, fears	none be - side, And	dares do right what-	
r : – .m | f : r	d : – .r | m : m	r : – .m | f : r	
m : – .f | s :	l : l .,l | l : l	s : – | – :	
e'er be - tide;	This man hath courage	true,	
d : – .r | m :	f : f .,f | f : f	m : – | – :	
s .,l : t .,d' | r' : t	d' : – | – :		
This man hath cour - age	true.		
t₁ .,d : r .,m | f : r	m : – | – :		

2 Who is a freeman, who?
Who is a freeman, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands;
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bonds,
From ev'ry law but one set free,—
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true,
This man hath freedom true.

3 Who is a nobleman?
Who is a nobleman?
He who scorns all words or deeds
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suffering bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do;
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treach'rous acts towards foe or friend:
This is a nobleman,
This is a nobleman.

KEY E.

: s.,f	m : –.r | d : s.,f	m.,f : m.,r | d : m	r : s | fe : s.,l	s : – | –			
: s.,f	m : –.r | d : r.,m	f.,m : f.,s | l : d'	s : s.,f | m : r	d : – | –			

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

KEY F. *Moderato.* MOORE.

s :s :m | s :- :m | s :- :m | r :- :r
1. Faintly as tolls the ev - 'ning chime, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There
3. Ot - ta - wa tide, this trem - bling moon Shall
m :m :d | m :- :d | m :- :d | t, :- :t,

d :m :r | m :- :f .s | l :- :s | m .r :d :r
voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
see us float ov - er thy sur - ges soon, Shall
d :d :t, | d :- :r .m | f :- :m | d .t, :d :t,

d :m :r | m :- :f .s | l :- :s .m | s :- :
voi - ces keep tune, and our oars keep time.
is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
see us float ov - er thy sur - ges soon.
d :d :t, | d :- :r .m | f :- :m .d | m :- :

s :s :m | s :- :l | l :s :m | r :- :r
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,
Saint of this isle, O, hear our pray'r,
m :m :d | m :- :f | f :m :d | t, :- :t,

t :s :r | s :- :l | t :- :l | s - :
sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn.
sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar.
Grant us cool haven and fav - 'ring air.
r :t, :t, | t, :- :d | r :- :d | t, :- :

CHORUS.

s :s :m | s :- :m | s :- :m | r :- :r
Row, broth-ers, row, the stream runs fast, The
m :m :d | m :- :d | m :- :d | t, :- :t,

d .m :- :r | m :- :f .s | l :- :s | m :- :r
rapids are near and the day - light's past, The
d .d :- :t, | d :- :r .m | f :- :t, | d :- :t,

slow.

d .m :- :r | m :- :f .s | l :- :s .m | s :- :
rapids are near and the day - light's past.
d .d :- :t, | d :- :r .m | f :- :m .d | m :- :

JOY IS ROUND US.

KEY E♭. REICHARDT.

s :- :s | s :- :m | s :- :m | f :m :r | d :- :- | - :- :-
1. Joy is round us, hov - 'ring ev - 'ry- where!
m :- :m | m :- :d | m :- :d | r :d :t, | d :- :- | - :- :-

m :- :m | m :r :m | f :- :m | m :- :r | m :- :m | m :r :m
On the hills and riv - ers smil - ing, Ev - 'ry hu - man
d :- :d | d :t, :d | r :- :d | d :- :t, | d :- :d | d :t, :d

s :f :m | m :- :r | s :- :s | s :- :m
care be - guil - ing, Joy is round us,
t, :r :d | d :- :t, | t, :- :s, | d :- :d

d' :- :s | f :m :r | d :- :- | - :- :
hov - 'ring ev - 'ry - where.
m :- :d | r :d :t, | d :- :- | - :- .

2 Love is ruling, working everywhere!
In the forest-cottage hiding,
In the hall of state presiding,
Love is ruling, working everywhere!

3 Joy is sounding, sounding far and near;
O'er the hills and meadows straying,
Lambs are grazing, children playing,
Joy is sounding, sounding far and near.

4 Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown;
See the buds their leaves unfolding,
Love her festival is holding;
Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown!

—MRS. DANA SHINDLER.

INDIAN SONG.

KEY C. IROQUOIS.

: .s | s :r' :- .de' | r' :- :- .l | l :d' :- .s
Wen nen go hi ah, Wen nen go hi

s :s . : .,d' | d' .l :l :d' .l | l .t, :l .s :s .,s
ah, ha, Wen nen go hi ah, ha, ha, Wen

s :s :- .s | s .r :r :- .r | r :s :- .l
nen go hi ah, ha, Wen nen go hi

s :- :-.fe | fe :l :-.s | s :- : .s | s :s : | s .d :-
ah, Wen nen go hi ah, Wen nen go hia.

KEY D. **CHRISTMAS DAY.** FRANZ ABT.

m : - .m | s : - | d' : - .l | s : s | f : - .m | f : l
1. Christ - mas day, Ho - ly day, Glad day of all the

s : - | - :(s) | s : - .s | l : l | t : - .t | r' : (r')
year, Green with hol - ly, glad with smiles,

r' : - .d' | t : l | s : - | - : s | f : - .f | f : r'
Full of hu - man cheer. The sun goes down, Love

d' : t | l : s | s : d' | t : l | s : - | m : m
ris - es high, Cold is the moth - er earth; But

f : - .f | s : s | l : - .t | d' : l | s : m' | r' : t
ten - der thoughts and fra - grant deeds, And fresh hopes have their

CHORUS.

d' : - | - : - | m : | s : s | s : f | r' :
birth. Hail! mer - ry Christ-mas day!

r : | f : f | f : m | d' : | d'.d' : d'.d' | d' : d'
Hail! mer - ry Christ-mas day! Merry, merry Christ - mas

r' : d' | t : l | s.s : s.s | l : t | d' : - | - : -
day; We hail thee, Merry, merry Christ-mas day.

2 Christmas day, holy day,
We welcome once again;
With gifts and garlands, songs and bells
We usher in thy reign;
But under all our careless mirth
We think of what we owe
To Him who came that Christmas day
Long centuries ago.—CHORUS.

3 Christmas day, holy day,
Thy gifts have little worth,
If we, with outward sign of joy,
Forget that wondrous birth.
The world breaks out in Winter bloom
To make for Him a crown,
Who left the realm of truth and peace,
And to our world came down.—CHORUS.

4 Christmas day, holy day,
Thy voice says far and wide,
All who have wealth or love, some part
Of what thou hast, divide.
Bound to the poor is bound to Christ;
"The poor ye have alway"—
He maketh thus to hearts that love,
All time a holy day.—CHORUS.

—MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

EASTER HYMN.

LATIN. LYRA DAVIDICA.

KEY D.

d : m | s : d | f : l | l : s
1. Jes - us Christ is risen to - day,
2. Hymns of prais - es let us sing,
3. But the ang - uish He en - dured,
d : d | t_1 : d | d : f | f : m

m .f : s .d | f : m .f | m : r | d : -
Hal - - le - lu - . jah.
d : - | - .t_1 : d | d : t_1 | d : -

f : s | l : s | f : m | m : r
Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day,
Un - to Christ our heaven - ly King,
Our sal - va - tion hath pro - cured,
d : d | d : d | d .t_1 : d | d : t_1

m .f : s .d | f : m .f | m : r | d : -
Hal - - le - lu - - jah.
d : - | - .t_1 : d | d : t_1 | d : -

t : d^1 | r^1 : s | d^1 : r^1 | m^1 : -
Who did once up - on the cross,
Who en - dured the cross and grave,
Now a - bove the sky He's King,
r : m | fe : s | s : s | s : -

t .d^1 : r^1 .s | d^1 : t. d^1 | t : l | s : -
Hal - - le - lu - jah.
s : - | - .fe : s | s : fe | s : -

s .l : t .s | d^1 : m | f : l | l : s
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss,
Sin - ners to re - deem and save,
Where the an - gels ev - er sing,
s : s | m : d | d : f | f : m

d^1 .t : d^1 .s | l .t : d^1 .r^1 | d^1 : t | d^1 : -
Hal - - le - lu - jah.
m .f : s .d | f : m .f | m : r | d : -

4. Sing we to our God above,
Hallelujah.
Praise eternal as His love,
Hallelujah.
Praise Him all ye heavenly host.
Hallelujah.
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah.

STAND FIRMLY, STAND!

KEY C. (or B♭.) *Boldly.*

d' : d'.,d' | d' : – .s | m .d : m .s | d' : – .d' | r'.,r' : r'.r' | m' : d'
1.Stand, firmly stand, A noble valiant band, For Fatherland and right, Your
d' : d'.,d' | d' : – .s | m .d : m .s | d' : – .d' | t .,t : t .t | l : l

t .r' : r'.r' | r' : – .r' | t .s : t .r' | s' : t .d' | r'.,r' : r'.r' | s : –
forces all u - nite, And cast into the strife The strength of all your life.
s .s : s .s | f : – .f | f .f : f .f | m : m | r .,r : r .r | s : –

CHORUS.

d' : m .,s | d' : | r' : s .,t | r' : | m' : d'.,m' | s' : m'.,d'
Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly stand, firmly
| m : s .,d' | t : | s : t .,r' | d' : | d' : d'.,d'
Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly

r' : r'.,r' | r' : | d' : m .,s | d' : | r' : s .,t | r' :
stand for the right! On, bravely on! On, bravely on!
s : s .,s | s .t : r'.,t | d' : | m : s .,d' | t : | s : t .,r'
stand, firmly stand for the right! On, bravely on! On, bravely

m' : d' .,m' | s' : m' .d' | r' : r' .,r' | d' : –
on. Bravely on, bravely on in your might.
d' : m .,s | d' : s .m | f : f .,f | m : –

2 Stand, firmly stand!
United hand and hand,
Press nobly, boldly on,
Till victory is won;
Till notes of triumph thrill
O'er every dale and hill.
CHORUS.

3 Stand, firmly stand!
Defend our blessed land,
From every subtle foe,
From every tide of woe;
Stand bravely in your might,
Stand bravely for the right.
CHORUS.

KEY F.

: m | f : – | m : l.,s | s : – | f : m | r : – | l : s.,fe | fe : – | s

: s | l : s.,f | m : r.,m | f.m : f.l | s : m | f : l.,t | d : r | d : – | –

KEY C.

: m.,f | s : –.d' | t.,d' : r'.,t | d' : – | s : l.,s | f : –.m | r.,m : f.,l | s : – | –

: m.,f | s : –.d' | m'.,r' : d'.,s | t : – | l : s.,f | m : –.l | s.,f : m.,r | d : – | –

WELCOME, THE SPRING TIME.

KEY C.

:s | d' :s | m :s | d.r :m.f | s :-.s | d' :-.d | r' :-.r'
1. Oh! We'll come with me at morn-ing light: Oh! come and we will
:s | m :m | d :t, | d.t, :d.r | m :-.s | m :-.d' | t :-.t

m' :- | :m.f | s :s | d' :s | d'.r' :m'.r' | d' :-.d'
go, Where 'neath the skies so blue as they bright, The
long, Its sing-ing wa-ters as glide Will
d' :- | :d.r | m :m | m :m | m.f :s.f | m :-.m

D.C. CHORUS.

t :l | m :fe | s :- | :- | s :- | s :-.s
sil-ver wa-ters flow. Wel-come the
join us in our song.
r :r | d :d | t, :- | :- | m :- | m :-.m

s :d' | - :- | r' :- | r' :-.r' | m' :d' | - :-
spring-time! wel-come the spring-time!
m :m | - :- | r :- | s :-.s | s :m | - :

d' :- | d' :-.l | l :s | :- | :d' | m' :r' | d' :t | d' :- | :-
Wel-come the spring-time, the blithe and mer-ry May.
l :- | f :-.f | f :m | :- | :m | s :f | m :r | m :- | :-

2 We'll go to seek the flowers of Spring,
Upon the hill-sides green,
Where violets are blossoming
The mossy rocks between.
Beneath the last year's withered leaves,
The May flowers we shall find,
While overhead the maple flowers
Are singing to the wind.

CHORUS.

3 Look up against the azure sky,
And see upon the wing,
How silently the swallows fly,
How sweet the blue birds sing.
We'll sit beneath the maple trees,
And hear the robin's song;
And mingling with it, on the breeze,
We'll send our own along.

CHORUS.

KEY D. *Beating twice.*

:s | s :-:l | s :-f.m | r :-:s | m :-:s | d' :-:t.l | s :-:fe | s :-:-|-:-

:l.t | d' :-:s | t :-:s | r' :-:d'.t | d' :-:l | s :d' :m | r :-:m.f | m :-:-|-:-

GOOD NIGHT.

KEY F. A. T. CRINGAN.

:s | m :- | - :m | d :- | - :s.s | l :l | l :l | r :- | -
1.Good night! good night! We have fought our dai - ly fight.
:m | d :- | - :s, | m, :- | - :m.m | f :f | r :r | t, :- | -

:s.l | s :m | f :s | m :m | - :m.f | m :d | r :m | d :d | -
Peace of mind and rest from heav'n, To re- ward our toil are giv - en.
:m.f | m :d | r :m | d :d | - :s,.l, | s, :m, | f, :s, | m, :m, | -

:m.m | r :-.r | m :fe | s :- | - :s | m :- | -
Noisy day has ta - ken flight, Good night!
:d.d | t, :-.t, | d :l, | t, :- | - :s, | d :- | -

:s | d' :- | - : | s :- | s :f | m :- | -
good night! Friends, good night!
:s | m :- | - : | m :r.m | f :r | d :- | -

2 Good night! good night!
May the starry splendor bright
Cheer the eye that sick with sorrow,
Weeping waiteth for the morrow,—
Starry splendor soft and bright.
Good night! good night!
Friends, good night!

3 Good night! good night!
There's an Eye that knows no night;
Child of man, while thou are sleeping
Faithful watch and ward 'tis keeping:
There's an Eye that wakes all right.
Good night! good night!
Friends, good night!

4 Good night! good night!
Heav'nly Father with Thy might
Bless and strengthen and restore us
For the new day's work before us,
Heav'nly Father with Thy might!
Good night! good night!
Friends, good night!

THE DIAMONDS GLEAM.

[Let the silences be exactly attended to.]

KEY G. *Allegretto.*

:s, | d :d | d :d.d | r :r | r :r | m.m :r | d :t,
1.The dia - monds gleam in the sun's bright beam, As mer-ri-ly forth we
:s, | m, :m, | m, :m,.m, | s, :s, | s, :s, | s,.s, :f, | m, :r,

d :- | - :s, | d :d | d :d.d | r :r | r :r.r
go: With eyes whose light from the heart is bright, As we
m, :- | - :s, | m, :m, | m, :m,.m, | s, :s, | s, :s,.s,

CHORUS.

m :r.r | d :t, | d :- | - : | :r | m :
ride o'er the pure white snow. Yo ho! yo ho! yo
s, :f,.f, | m, :r, | m, :- | - :s, | d : | :s,

:r | m :s | d.d :d | r :r | m :- | s :
ho! yo yo! All mer-ri-ly forth we go: Yo
d : | :s, | m,.m, :m, | s, :s, | d :- | m :s,

:r | m : | :r | m :s.f | m :m.m | r :r | d :- | -
ho! yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! For a ride o'er the pure white snow.
d : | :s, | d : | :m.r | d :d.d | t, :t, | d :- | -

2 Our sleigh-bells sing,
With a silvery ring,
A melody well we know,
Our steeds keep time
To each merry chime,
As we dash o'er the field of snow.
CHORUS.

3 The trees fly past,
And the wintry blast
With icicle breath may blow;
From fur's warm fold
We defy the cold
As we glide o'er the clear white snow
CHORUS.

THOS. MOORE. **THE HARP THAT ONCE.** IRISH MELODY.

KEY E♭. *Adagio. mp*

:d | s :-.l | s :m | l :-.t | d' :l | s :-.m | r :-.m | d :- |
1.The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's hall, The soul of mu - sic shed,
:d | m :-.f | m :d | d :-.r | m :f | m :-.d | t, :-.t, | d :- |

p

:s | d' :-.t | d' :r' | d' :t | l :s | l :s | d' :m | s :- |
Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled:
:m | d :-.r | m :f | m :s | f :m | f :f | m :d | t, :- |

cres.

:s | d' :-.t | d' :r' | d' :t | l :s | l :s | f :m | l :- | -
So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
:f | m :-.r | m :f | m :r | d :m | f :m | r :d | f :- | -

mf *p* *rit.*

:t | d' :-.t | l :s | l :-.t | d' :l | s :m | r :-.m | d :- | -
And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
:r | m :-.m | f :m | f :-.f | m :f | m :d | t, :-.t, | d :- | -

2 No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells;
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

KEY D.

:d | m :-.r | d.,r:m.,f | s :- | m :r | l :-.s | fe.,s:l.,t | s :- | -

:s | r' :-.d' | t.,l:s.,f | m :-.f | s :l | s.d' :m.f | m :r | d :- | -

HAIL TO THE LAND!

DR. HARPER. A. T. C.

KEY G.

: .(s$_1$)	d	: –	: s$_1$.,s$_1$	d	: –	: d.,d	r	: r	: r	m	: d
	1.Hail		to the	land		of our	fa	- thers,	God	bless	it,
: .(s$_1$)	d	: –	: s$_1$.,s$_1$	m$_1$	: –	: m$_1$.,s$_1$	t$_1$	: t$_1$	: t$_1$	d	: m$_1$

: .(m)	m	: –	: d.,t$_1$	d	: l$_1$	: r	s$_1$	: –	: –	–	:
	Hail		to the	land	of	the	free,				
: .(d)	d	: –	: l$_1$.,f$_1$	m$_1$	: f$_1$	: fe$_1$	s$_1$	: –	: –	–	:

: s$_1$.,s$_1$	d	: d	: r	m	: –	: r.,m	f	: f	: fe	s	: –
As its	flag	we	sa -	lute,		Let no	voi	- ces	be	mute,	
: s$_1$.,f$_1$	m$_1$	: s$_1$	: t$_1$	d	: –	: t$_1$.,d	r	: r	: d	t$_1$	: –

: l	s	: –	: m.,s	f	: r	: s	m	: –	: l	s	: –
To	swell		from the	sea	to	the	sea		The	song	
: d	t$_1$	: –	: d.,t$_1$	l$_1$	: t$_1$	: s$_1$	d	: –	: d	t$_1$	: –

	Verses 1, 2, 3						Last Verse,				
: m.,f	s	: f	: r	d	: –	:	s	: l	: t	d^1	: –
of the	land	that	is	free.			free	at	its	birth.	
: d.,l$_1$	s$_1$	: s$_1$	: f$_1$	m	: –	:	s$_1$	: f	: f	m	: –

2 Hail to the blending of races, God bless it,
Hail to the nation new-born,
Let the Saxon and Celt
With a triumph heartfelt
The hopes of our nation adorn,
The strength of a nation newborn.

3 For God and their country our fathers fought bravely,
For God and our country shall we
Defend what is right
Repressing the might
And the pride that oppresses the free,
That threatens the land of the free.

4 Wave we our banners while greeting our kindred!
Hail to the nations of earth!
Cheers one, two, and three,
From the flag that is free,
From the banner whose welcome is mirth.
From the flag flaunted free at its birth.

KEY D.

: s	m.,f : s.,l	s	: d^1	d^1	: –	t	: l	s.,l : s.,f	m	: fe	s	: –	–

: s	d.,t : l.,s	fe	: s	f	: –	m	: l	s.,l : s.,f	m	: r	d	: –	–

SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

Introducing the flat 7th, *ta*.

KEY C.

:d | m :s | d' :t | l :- | s :d' | t :l.t | d' :r' | t :- | - |

:l | r' :d' | t :s | d' :ta | l :s | l :t.d' | r' :t | d' :- | - ||

KEY C.

:s | d' :t | l.d' :t.r | d' :-.s | m :l | s :d'.l | t :d' | r' :- | - |

:s | d' :ta | l :l | r' :d' | t :l | s.d' :t.l | s :r' | d' :- | - ||

KEY C.

:s | d' :t | d' :s | l :ta | l :s | f :m.f | s :f | m :- | - |

:s | s :f | m :d' | d' :ta | l :r' | d' :t.l | t :r' | d' :- | - ||

EVENING.

KEY E♭. *Andantino.*

:m | m :- :d | m :- :f | m :- :- | d :- :s |
1. The love - ly moon has ris - en, The
:d | d :- :d | d :- :l_1 | d :- :- | d :- :m |

s :- :m | s :- :l | s :- :- | m :- :m | r :- :s | s :- :fe |
gold - en stars now glis - ten A - long the clear blue
m :- :d | m :- :f | m :- :- | d :- :d | t_1 :- :r | r :- :d |
dim.

s :- :- | - :- :m | f :- :s | l :- :t | d' :- :- | s :- :m |
skies: The wood, in lof - ty sha - dow, Stands
t_1 :- :- | - :- :d | l_1 :- :m | f :- :r | m :- :- | m :- :d |

r :- ;s | l :- :t | d' :- :- | s :- :m | r :- :- | d :- :-
breath - less o'er the mea - dow, The slow - ly
l_1 :- :m | f :- :r | m :- :- | m :- :d | t_1 :- :- | d .- :-
dim.

s :- :- | - :- :f | m :- :- | r :- :- | d :- :- | - :- ||
cur - - ling va - pors rise.
ta_1 :- :- | l_1 :- :l_1 | s_1 :- :- | t_1 :- :- | d :- :- | - :- ||

2 How still the world reposes,
While friendly o'er it closes
The twilight's mantle gray;
It seems a quiet chamber,
Where free from fear and danger,
Ve sweetly sleep our griefs away.

3 Then peacefully reclining,
To God our souls resigning,
Sleep on, sleep safely on!
Sweet slumber is a token,
Of purer rest unbroken,
When this our earthly race is run.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

KEY A. *Andante.* IRISH AIR.

:s .,f	m	:-.r	:d	d	:l₁	:s₁	s₁	:l₁	:d	d	:-
There is	not	in	the	wide	world	a	val -	ley	so	sweet,	
:m .,r	d	:-.s₁	:m₁	m₁	:f₁	:m₁	m₁	:f₁	:l₁	l₁	:-
:r .,m	f	:f	:m.r	r	:m	:d	s	:m	:d	r	:-
As that	vale	in	whose	bo -	som	the	bright	wa -	ters	meet:	
:t₁ .,d	r	:r	:d.t₁	t₁	:d	:l₁	t₁	:d	:l₁	s₁	:-
:r .m	f	:f	:m.r	r	:m	:d	s	:m	:d	m	:r
Oh! the	last	rays	of	feel -	ing	and	life	must	de -	part,	
:ta₁.ta₁	l₁	:l₁	:t₁	t₁	:d	:m₁	m₁	:s₁	:d	d	:t₁
:d .,r	m	:-.r	:d	d.l₁	:-	:s₁	s₁	:l₁	:d	f	:-
Ere the	bloom	of	that	val-ley		shall	fade	from	my	heart!	
:m₁ .,s₁	d	:-.s₁	:m₁	f₁.f₁	:-	:m₁	m₁	:f₁	:l₁	r	:-
						slow.					
:f .m	m	:r	:d	d.l₁	:-	:s₁	s₁	:l₁	:d	d	:-
Ere the	bloom	of	that	val-ley		shall	fade	from	my	heart!	
:r .d	d	:t₁	:l₁	l₁.f₁	:-	:m₁	s₁	:f₁	:m₁	m₁	:-

2 Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

3 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made ev'ry scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

KEY G.

:m	f	:m	:r .,m	d	:-	:s₁	l₁.,t₁	:d .,r	:m .,f	m	:-
:r	d	:-.t₁	:l₁	r	:-.d	:t₁	d	:-.r	:m.fe	s	:-
:s	f	:d	:r	m	:-	:s	s₁	:l₁	:ta₁	l₁	:-
:s₁	d	:-.ta₁	:l₁	s₁	:d	:m	l₁	:r	:-.t₁	d	:-

I'LL TRY AGAIN.

KEY F. *With spirit.* W. O. PERKINS.

:m.f | s :s | s :s | l :s | m :m | r :m | f :s | m :- | -
1. A lit - tle in - sect in a cell The lone - ly cap - tive taught,
:d.r | m :m | m :m | f :m | d :d | t, :d | r :t, | d :- | -

:m.f | s :s | s :s | l :s | m :m | r :r | m :fe | s :- | -
As climb-ing still, tho' oft it fell, It gain'd the height it sought.
:d.r | m :m | m :m | f :m | d :d | t, :t, | d :r.d | t, :- | -

:r.m | f :f | f :m.r | m :m | m :s | l :s | f :m | r :- | -
"I'll not re - pine at my dis-tress, Nor of de - feat com- plain,
:t,.d | r :r | r :d.t, | d :d | d :m | f :m | r :d | t, :- | -

:f | m :s | s :m | f :l | l :l | s :f | m :r | d :- | -
'Tis pa - tient toil in - sures suc-cess, And so I'll try a - gain."
:r | d :m | m :d.ta, | l, :f | f :f | m :r | d :t, | d :- | -

CHORUS.

:m.f | s :- | - :s | l :- | - :d' | t :- | - :l | s :- | -
"I'll try a - gain, I'll try a - gain.
:d.r | m :m | m :m | f :f | f :m | s :s | s :fe | s :f | m
I'll try a - gain, I'll try

:f | m :s | s :m | f :l | l :l | s :f | m :r | d :- | -
'Tis pa - tient toil in - sures suc-cess, And I must try a - gain."
:r | d :m | m :d.ta, | l, :f | f :f | m :r | d :t, | d :- | -

2 The soldier on the battlefield
May feel his courage fail,
And still the foe refuse to yield,
And send their deadly hail;
But if he falters he is lost,
The strife must not be vain;
A nation's honor it may cost,
And so he tries again.
CHORUS.

3 The farmer sows the furrowed field
With faithfulness and care,
And hopes the mellow soil will yield
A harvest rich and rare.
Should storms arise and tempests blight
The still ungarnered grain,
He may be troubled as the sight,
But says, "I'll try again."
CHORUS.

4 And thus should we with cheerfulness
Our daily work perform,
Though fortune fail to smile or bless,
And disappointments swarm.
The clouds will vanish by and by,
The sun dispel the rain,
And we must never mope and sigh,
But try and try again.
CHORUS.

KEY D.

:m.f | s :d | f :m.r | m :-.l | s :f.,m | r :s | fe :s.,l | s :- | f

:m.f | s :m | l :s | d' :ta | l :s.,f | m :-.r | d.m :r.,t, | d :- | -

THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

KEY A.

d	:-	:d	m	:-	:m	r	:d	:r	d	:-	:
1.See!		the	sun		is	sink	-	ing	fast.		
m_1	:-	:m_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	f_1	:m_1	:f_1	m_1	:-	:
m	:-	:m	s	:-	:s	f	:m	:f	m	:-	:
For		the	bus	-	y	day		is	past;		
d	:-	:d	m	:-	:m	r	:d	:t_1	d	:-	:
r	:-	:r	f	:-	:f	r	:m	:f	s	:-	:-
Man		from	la	-	bor	now		doth	haste,		
t_1	:-	:t_1	r	:-	:r	t_1	:d	:r	m	:d	:ta_1
f	:m	:r	d	:-	:d	t_1	:-	:t_1	d	:-	:-
Peace	-	ful	joys		of	home		to	taste.		
l_1	:s_1	:f_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	r_1	:s_1	:f_1	m_1	:-	:-

2 Angels watching o'er us now,
Heavenly Father sendest thou!
Guarded by their pow'r and might,
We shall safely rest at night.

3 He whose eyes in sorrow weep,
By sweet dreams is lulled to sleep;
Angels kind in visions bright,
Lead him to the realms of light.

HARVESTING.

KEY A.

:s_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:-	:-	m_1	:-
1. Thro'	lanes		with	hedge	-	rows	pearl		-	y,	
:m_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	m_1	:-	:-	d_1	:-
:s_1	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	m	:-	:r	d	:t_1
Go	forth		the	reap	-	ers	ear		-	ly,	
:m_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	s_1	:-	:f_1	m_1	:r_1
:l_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:l_1	:t_1	d	:-	:-	-	:
A -	mong		the	yel	-	low	corn;				
:f_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	f_1	:-	:f_1	m_1	:-	:-	-	:
Echo pp											
:l_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:l_1	:t_1	d	:-	:-	-	:
A -	mong		the	yel	-	low	corn;				
:f_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	m_1	:-	:f_1	m_1	:-	:-	-	:
f											
:s_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:-	:s_1	s_1	:-	:m	d	:-
Good	luck		be	tide		their	shear		-	ing,	
:m_1	m_1	:-	:m_1	m_1	:-	:f_1	m_1	:-	:s_1	m_1	:-
:ta_1	l_1	:-	:l_1	l_1	:-	:l_1	l_1	:-	:f	r	:-
For	win	-	ter	now		is	near		-	ing,	
:m_1	f_1	:-	:f_1	f_1	:-	:f_1	f_1	:-	:l_1	f_1	:-

:d	t,	:-	:t,	| t,	:d	:r	| m	:-	:-	| f	:m				
And	we		must	fill		the	barn.								
:l,	s,	:-	:s,	| s,	:l,	:t,	| d	:-	:ta,	| l,	:s,				

:r	d	:-	:d	| t,	:-	:t,	| d	:-	:-	| -	:				
And	we		must	fill		the	barn.								
:f,	m,	:-	:m,	| r,	:-	:f,	| m̂,	:-	:-	| -	:				

p

:s,	s,	:m,	:s,	| d	:-	:d	| d	:s,	:d	| m	:-				
The	har	-	vest	time,		the	har	-	vest	time,					
:s,	s,	:m,	:s,	| d	:-	:d	| d	:s,	:d	| m	:-				

:m	r	:-	:r	| t,	:-	:t,	| d	:-	:-	| -	:				
The	bu	-	sy	har	-	vest	time—								
:m,	f,	:-	:f,	| s,	:-	:f,	| m,	:-	:-	| -	:				

ff

:s,	s,	:m,	:s,	| d	:-	:d	| d	:s,	:d	| m	:-				
The	har	-	vest	time,		the	har	-	vest	time,					
:s,	s,	:m,	:s,	| d	:-	:d	| d	:s,	:d	| m	:-				

:m	r	:-	:r	| t,	:-	:s	| d	:-	:-	| -	:				
The	bu	-	sy	har	-	vest	time.								
:m,	f,	:-	:f,	| s,	:-	:f,	| m,	:-	:-	| -	:				

2 At noon they leave the meadow,
Beneath the friendly shadow
Of monarch oak to dine;
And 'mid his branches hoary,
Goes up the thankful story,
The harvest is so fine.
The harvest time, the harvest time,
The blessed harvest time.

3 And when the west is burning,
From shaven field returning,
In merry train they come;
When all their hamlet neighbors
Rejoice to end their labors,
With merry harvest home.
The harvest time, the harvest time,
The joyous harvest time.

KEY C.

s	:s	| d'	:-.d	| d'	:ta	| ta	:-	| l	:l	| r'	:-.r'	| r'	:d'	| d' :-
t	:t	| m'	:-.m'	| m'	:r'	| r'	:-	| r'	:s	| d'	:-.d'	| d'	:t	| d' :-

KEY D.

s	:m	| f	:-.f	| f	:r	| m	:-	| m	:m	| d'	:-.d'	| t	:l	| s :-
s	:-.s	| m	:r	| d	:d'	| ta	:-	| l	:-.l	| t	:-	| t	:-	| d' :-

MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA.

KEY E♭. R. S. AMBROSE.

:d | d :-.d | f :m | m :-.r | d :d | l :l | s :f | f :m |
1.May God preserve thee, Can - a - da, Tho' child a - mong the nations,
:d | d :-.d | l, :s, | d :-.t, | d :d | d :d | t, :r | r :d |

:m | m :m | m :m | s :s | s :s | s :l.t | d' :fe | l :s |
'Mid proud - est lands, strong hearts and hands Shall claim for thee a sta - tion.
:d | d :d.r | d :d | s, :s, | s, :s, | t, :d.r | m :r | d :t, |

CHORUS.

: | t :l.s | d' :s | s :f | m :-. | t :l.s | d' :m | m :r |
Land of the for-est and the lake, Land of the rushing riv - er,
: | r :f.f | m :m | m :r | d :-. | r :f.f | m :r | d :t, |

:r | m :r | d :r.m | f :m | r :s | d' :d | r :m | r :- | d ||
Our prayers shall rise for thy dear sake, For- e - ver and for - e - ver.
:s, | d :t, | d :t,.d | l, :d | s, :m | m :d | s, :d | t, :- | d ||

2 Tho' we may never read the page
That tells thy deeds of glory,
When nations now in prime of age
Have with the years grown hoary.
CHORUS.

3 In springtide flush, thro' summer's glow,
When autumn winds are singing,
In winter's snow, thro' weal or woe,
This song shall still be ringing.
CHORUS.

KEY F.

m :r.d | r :s | m :- | r :- | m :s.f | m :l | s :fe | s :-
d :t,.l, | t, :s, | d :t,.l, | t, :- | d :t,.r | d :d | r :r.d | t, :-

m :f.s | l :s.f | m :-.r | d.r :m.f | s :f.m | f :r | m :- | - :- ||
d :r.m | f :t, | d :-.t, | l,.t, :d.l, | s, :- | l, :t, | d :- | - :- ||

KEY F.

d :-.r | m :f | s :- | f :m | f :-.s | l :s.f | m.r :m.fe | s :-
: | : | s, :-.l, | t, :d | r :- | d :t, | d :-.r | m :r d

s :f.m | f :r | f :m.r | m :d | m.f :s.l | s :m | f :r | m :- ||
t,.l, :t,.d | r :- | r :d.t, | d :l, | d :t,.l, | t, :s, | l, :t, | d :- ||

PULSE-DIVISION.

Half and two quarters *taa-te fe.*

KEY G.

{ : s, | d : t,.d,r | m : r .d | t, : l,.t,,d | r : s | m : f .m,r | r }

{ : l | s : fe | s : .s | l : s .f ,m | f : m .f | s : f .m,r | r }

{ : .r | d : t, .d ,r | m : r .d ,t, | l, : t, | d ||

KEY D.

{ : s | f : m | l : s .f,m | r : - .m | d : .m | r .s : fe.s | l }

{ : s .f | m : - | r : m | r : m | f : m .f,s | l : - .l | r' }

{ : .d' | t .r' : d' .s | l : - .t ,d' | r' : - | d' ||

KEY D.

{ : s | m : s .,m | d : r .m | f : - .s | m : s | s : l.t,d' | r' }

{ : d' | t : - | - : d' | s : l | ta : l .s | f : r.m,f | s }

{ : l | s : r .m,f | m : r | d : - | - ||

LOVELY SPRING.

KEY C.

{ : s .,f | m : d : d' .,l | s : m : l .,s | f : r : s .,f | m : - }
1. Lovely | Spring, O come thou | hith - er, Spring be- | loved, O come a- | gain,
{ : m .,r | d : d : m .,f | m : d : f .,m | r : t, : t, .,t, | d : - }

{ : m' .,r' | d' : s : d' .,l | s : m : l .,s | f : r : s .,f | m : - }
Bring us | blossoms, leaves and | sing - ing, Deck a- | gain the field and | plain.
{ : d .,r | m : m : m .,f | m : d : f .,m | r : t, : t, .,t, | d : - }

CHORUS. *f*

{ s : - .f' : m' .r' | d' .,m : s : - | s .,t : r' : r' | d' .,r' : m' : m' }
la la la la | la la la | la la la la | la la la la
{ s : s : s | m : m : m | r : f : f | m .,f : s : s }
la la la | la la la | la la la | la la la la

Repeat pp

{ s : - .f' : m' .,r' | d' .,m : s : - | s .,t : r' : t | d' : - : ||
la la la la | la la la | la la la la | la.
{ s : s : s | m : m : m | r : f : f | m : - : ||
la la la | la la la | la la la | la

2 To the mountain would I hasten,
Revel in the valleys green;
On the grass and flowers reclining,
There enjoy the sunlit scene.
CHORUS.

3 I would hear the shepherd piping,
I would hear the herd-bells ring;
And rejoicing on the meadow,
I would hear the sweet birds sing.
CHORUS.

THE VILLAGE CHORISTER.

W. Ball. J. Moscheles.

Key B♭.

: s,	d : s,	d .m : r .t,	d :	
1. Come	bro - thers,	tune the	lay Come,	
2. Now	we with	Pri - mo	start, We'll	
:	:	:	: s,	
:	: .d	d : r	m : d .l,	
bro - thers, tune the	lay, For	all who	can must	
take the Se - cond	part, The	rest will	try their	
d .s, : m, .s,	d, : .m,	m, : s,	s, : m, .d,	
s, : l,	t, : s,	d : s,	d .m : r .t,	
sing to -	day, Ye	jo - vial	sons of	
cho - ral	art. Now	you, sirs,	mind what you're a -	
r, : fe,	s, :	:	:	
d :	:	. : .(d)	d : m	
song! Ye	jo - vial sons of	song!	Here at	
bout. Mind,	mind what you're a-	bout, Keep	time or	
: s,	d .s, : m, .s,	d, : .(m,)	m, : s,	
s : m .d	r .d : r .m	d : .s,	s, .s, : m, .s,	
plea - sure's	sum - mons	throng. Now	pray let all be	
else you'll	all be	out Now	pray let all be	
m, : – .m,	f, : – .f,	m, : .m,	m, .m, : d, .m,	
s, .s, : m, .s,	l, : – .s,	l, : – .r	r .r : t, .r	
har - mon - y, Be -	ware! be -	ware! Now	pray let all be	
m, .m, : d, .m,	f, : – .m,	f, : – .t,	t, .t, : s, .t,	
r .r : t, .r	m : – .r	m : – .s	f .m : r .d	
har - mon - y, Take	care, take	care! That	all who hear may	
t, .t, : s, .t,	d : – .t,	d : – .m	r .d : t, .l,	
t, .l, : s, .s,	d .m : r .r	d :	s, .s, : s,	
praise the strain a -	gain and yet a -	gain.	Tra la la,	
s, .f, : m, .m,	m, .s, : f, .f,	m, :	m, .m, : m,	
l, .l, : l,	t, : r .d .t,	d .d : d	s, .s, : s,	
la la la,	Tra la ra la	la la la,	Tra la la,	
f, .f, : f,	r, : f, .f, .f,	m, .m, : m,	m, .m, : m,	

D.C. v. 2.

l₁ .l₁ : l₁	t₁ : r .d ,t₁	d : –	: 3.
tra la la,	Tra la la ra	la.	3. So
f₁ .f₁ : f₁	r₁ : f₁ .f₁ ,f₁	m₁ : –	:

d : s₁	d .m : r .t₁	d :	:
far there's	no - thing	wrong, So	far there's nothing
:	:	: s₁	d .s₁ : m₁ .s₁

: .d	d : r	m : d .l₁	s₁ : l₁
wrong, For	ev - er	live the	soul o'
d₁ : .m₁	m₁ : s₁	s : m₁ .d₁	r₁ : fe₁

t₁ : .s₁	d : s₁	d .m : r .t	d :
song! Let	all the	bur - then	share, Let
s₁ :	:	:	: .s₁

:	: .s₁	d : m	s : m .d
all the bur-then	share, And	Mu - sic's	glo - rious
d .s₁ : m₁ .s₁	d₁ : .m₁	m₁ : s₁	m₁ : – .m₁

r .d : r .m	d : .s₁	s₁ .s₁ : m₁ .s₁	s₁ .s₁ : m₁ .s₁
praise de -	clare, Bra-	vis - si - mo! what	har - mo - ny! A -
f₁ : – .f₁	m₁ : .m₁	m₁ .m₁ : d₁ .m₁	m₁ .m₁ : d₁ .m₁

l₁ : – .s₁	l₁ : – .r	r .r : t₁ .r	r .r : t₁ .r
ha! A -	ha! Sweet	har - mo - ny! Brave	har - mo - ny! A -
f₁ : – .m₁	f₁ : – .t₁	t₁ .t : s₁ .t	t₁ .t₁ : s₁ .t₁

m : – .r	m : – .s	f .m : r .d	t₁ .l₁ : s₁ .s₁
ha! A -	ha! Vic -	to - ri - a, a	no - ble strain, We'll
d : – .t₁	d : – .m	r .d : t₁ .l₁	s₁ .f₁ : m₁ .m₁

:S:

d .m : r .r	d : –	s₁ .s₁ : s₁	l₁ .l₁ : l₁
have it yet a -	gain!	Bravo all!	Bravo all!
m₁ .s₁ : f₁ .f₁	m : –	m₁ .m₁ : m₁	f₁ .f₁ : f₁
		Tra la la,	tra la la,

t₁ .t₁ : r .d ,t₁	d ,d .d ,d : d	s₁ .s₁ : s₁	
Bra - vo all! my	merry, merry men!	This will do,	
r₁ : f₁ .f₁ ,f₁	m₁ ,m₁ .m₁ ,m₁ : m₁	m₁ .m₁ : m	
Tra la ra la,	tra la la la la.	Tra la la,	

D.S.

l₁ .l₁ : l₁ .,l₁	t₁ .t₁ : r .d ,t₁	d .	
this will do, a -	gain and yet a -	gain.	
f₁ .f₁ : f₁	r₁ : f₁ .f₁ ,f₁	m₁ .	
tra la la,	tra la la ra	la.	

THE GROVE.

KEY C. WEBER

f *Echo pp*

: s	d'	: –	|	: s	d'	: –	|	
1. The	grove,			*the*	*grove,*			
2. The	world,			*the*	*world,*			
: s	m	: –	|	: s	m	: –	|	

f *Echo pp*

: s	r'	: –	|	: s	r'	: –	|	
the	grove,			*the*	*grove,*			
the	world,			*the*	*world,*			
: s	t	: –	|	: s	t	: –	|	

f

: d'	t .l	: s .f	| m	: l	s	: –	| –	
The	fresh and love-ly		grove,	the	grove,			
The	great and spa-cious		world,	the	world,			
: d'	t .l	: s .f	| m	: l	s	: –	| –	

Echo pp *f*

: l	s	: –	| –	: s	s	: d'	| r'	
the	*grove,*			Where	ech -	oes	sound	
the	*world,*			Is	our	a -	bode,	
: l	s	: –	| –	: s	m	: s	| t	

Echo pp *f*

: .s	s	: d'	| r'	: .s	m' .,m'	: r' .s	| d'	
where	*ech - oes*		*sound,*	The	grove where echoes		sound,	
is	*our a -*		*bode,*	The	world is our a -		bode,	
: .s	m	: s	| t	: .s	s .,s	: s .s	| m	

Echo pp

: .s	m' .,m'	: r' .s	| d'	: .s	s .s ,s	: s .s ,s	| d' .s	
the	*grove where echoes*		*sound,*	We	hark to the note of the morning			
the	*world is our a -*		*bode,*	We	wander away thro' the fields so			
: .s	s .,s	: s .s	| m	: .s	m .m ,m	: m .m ,m	| s .m	

m f *Echo pp*

: s .s	s .s ,s	: s .s ,s	| t .s	: s .d'	m	: – .d'	| m	
horn Where	flow-ers and roses the grove adorn, The				grove,	*the*	*grove,*	
fair, Our	chor-us is mer-ri-ly sounding there, The				world,	*the*	*world,*	
: m .s	r .r ,r	: r .r ,r	| s .r	: r .d'	m	: – .d'	| m	

f *Echo pp* *f*

: – .m'	s	: –	.m'	| s	: –	.d'	| d' .,d'	
the	grove,		*the*	*grove.*		The	grove where	
the	world,		*the*	*world,*		The	world is	
: – .d'	m	: –	.d'	| m	: –	.m	| m .,m	

Echo pp

.d' .,d'	| m'	: –	.,d'	| d' .,d'	: d' .,d'	| m'		
ech - oes	sound,		*The*	*grove where ech - oes*		*sound.*		
our a -	bode,		*The*	*world is our a -*		*bode.*		
: s .,s	| d'	: –	.,m	| m .,m	: s .,s	| d'		

IN THE SUMMER MORNING FAIR.

KEY B♭. *Brightly.*

: s₁	.s₁	d	.t₁	: d	.r	m	: s₁	.s₁	d	.t₁	: d	.r	m	: –	.m
1. In	the	sum-mer	morn-ing	fair,		In	the		balmy,	breezy	air,		We		
: s₁	.s₁	m₁	.r₁	: m₁	.f₁	s₁	: s₁	.s₁	m₁	.r₁	: m₁	.f₁	s₁	: –	.d

r	: –	.m	r	.d	: t₁	.l₁	s	: –		m	: s₁	.s₁			
hast	-	en	to	the	fields a -		way.				Where the				
t₁	: –	.d	t₁	.l₁	: s₁	.f₁	m	: –		d	: m₁	.m₁			

d	.t₁	: d	.r	m	: s₁	.s₁	d	.t₁	: d	.r	m	: –	.m	.m	
ra -	diant	hill -	tops	glow,	And the		ris -	ing	sun, be -		low,		Gaily		
m₁	.r₁	: m₁	.f₁	s₁	: m₁	.m₁	m₁	.r₁	: m₁	.f₁	s₁	: –	.d	.d	

r	: –	.m	r	.d	: t₁	.l₁	s	: –	.t₁,l₁	s₁	: –				
smiles		a	welcome	to	the		day.								
t₁	: –	.d	t₁	.l₁	: s₁	.fe	s	: –		–	: f				

f

d	: –		m	: –	.m		s	: –		m	: –				
Hail!			hail		the		morn	-	-	ing!					
m₁	: –		s₁	: –	.d		m	: –		d	: –				

r	.,d	: t₁	.,d	r	: m		d	: –		s₁	: –				
Hail the		morn so		bright -	ly		shin	-	-	ing!					
t₁	.,l₁	: s₁	.,m₁	f₁	: s₁		m	: –		m	: –				

d	: –		m	: –	.m		s	: –		m	: –				
Hail!			hail		the		morn	-	-	ing!					
m₁	: –		s₁	: –	.,d		m	: –		d	: –				

r	.,d	: t₁	.,d	r	: m		d	: –		–					
Greet with		joy the		ear -	ly		dawn!								
t₁	.,l₁	: s₁	.,m₁	f₁	: s₁		m	: –		–					

Now the bees and blossoms wake,
Merry birds their nests forsake.
The sun to span the zenith strives;
All the throbbing life we see
Has a voice for you and me.
As we reach the hey-day of our lives.
Work in the noon-day;
Use the hours so brightly glowing;
Work in the noon-day!
Fill with work life's radiant hours.

But all nature, toiling, sings
Of the rest which toiling brings.
Till twilight shadows softly fall;
All the rovers seek their bow'rs,
And the birds, and bees, and flow'rs
Gladly answer ev'nings gentle call!
Welcome the ev'ning!
Sweet its quiet rest and gladness;
Welcome the ev'ning!
Blessed season of repose!

CROW CALCULATIONS.

KEY C. *Cunningly.*

s .s,l : s .m	s .d',r' : m'	m' .r' : r' .d'	t .l : l .s	s .s,l : s .m	s .d',r' : m'	r' .d' : t .l,t	l .s : – .
1.I can see with	eye a - slant,	How the farmer	goes to plant,	How the farmer	goes to plant,	Ha, ha, ha, I'll	gather!
m .m,f : m .d	m .s : d'	s .f : f .m	r .f : f .m	m .m,f : m .d	m .s : d'	t .l : s .fe	fe .s : – .

s .s : s .s	s,l .t,d' : r'	s .s : s,l .t,d'	r' .m' : d'	d' .d' : d' .s	s .ta : l	s .t : r' .m'	r' .d' : – .
He's a corn crop	in his eye,	While I'm wait-ing	on the sly,	I've a corn crop	by and by,	Ha, ha, ha, I'll	gather!
s .s : f .f	m .m : f	f .f : m,f .r,m	f .s : m	m .m : m .m	m .d : f	s .s : f .s	f .m : – .

2 Let him early rise and till,
He will never go to mill,
Ha, ha, ha, I'll gather!
Ere a precious seed will spout,
Down I'll go and dig it out,
Ere he knows what I'm about,
Ha, ha, ha, I'll gather!

3 While his crowship plann'd the game
Slyly up the hunter came,
Pop, pop, pop, his rifle!
When the smoke had cleared away,
On the ground a cripple lay;
One wing gone, which, sad to say,
Changed his plans a trifle!

SNOW-WHITE SAILS.

KEY C (or B♭). A. T. CRINGAN.

: s	d'	: s .,s | m	: l	s : m	| d
1. Now	ho!	for the lake	where	white - caps	break,
: m	m	: m .,m | d	: f	m : d	| d
: m	f	: m .r | d	: l	s : –	| –
And	seat -	ter their foam	a -	far.	
: d	r	: d .t, | d	: f	m : –	| –
: s	d'	: s | m	: l .l	s : l	| t
While	swift	we glide	o'er the	seeth - ing	tide,
: m	m	: m | d	: f .f	m : r	| r
: d' .d'	t	: l .t | d'	: fe	s : –	| –
In the	light	of the eve -	ning	star.	
: m .m	r	: r .r | r	: r .d	t, : –	| –

REFRAIN.

: s .l,t	d'	: s | d'	: – .t,d'	r' : s	| r'
Then	yo!	heave, ho!	and a-	way we	go,
: f	m	: m | m	: – .r,m	fe : s	| s

:-	.r'	m'	:l	r'	:l	t	:-	-			
	No	thought	of	dan	- ger	nigh,					
:-	.s	s	:fe	fe	:fe	s	:-	-			
:s		d'	:t	.,d'	r'	:-	.s	m'	:r'	.,m'	f'
We		fly	to	the	gale,		our	snow	-	white	sail,
:f		m	:s	.,s	s	:-	.s	d'	:ta		l
:l		s	:d'	.,m'	s'	:t		d'	:-	-	
And		o -	ver	the	wa -	ters		fly.			
:f		m	:m	.,s	f	:f		m	:-	-	

2 Oh, a joyful crew are our boys in blue,
And sweetly our voices ring,
As we cleave our way thro' the snowy spray,
And gaily, gaily sing.
REFRAIN.

3 So thro' the night we speed our flight,
As swift as the whistling wind,
And still our song rings clear and strong
As we leave the shore behind.
REFRAIN.

—MAUD HORNER.

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

KEY F. A. T. CRINGAN.

s,	:m	:m	m	:-.r: d	s,	:f	:f	f	:-.m: r	r	:s
1.Ho	for	us!	Hey	for us!	Please	clear	the	way	for us,	Please	clear
s,	:d	:d	d	:-.t,: l,	s,	:r	:r	r	:-.d: t,	t,	:t,

:l	s	:f	:f	f	:-.m: r	r	:s	:l	s	:-.f: m	
the	way	for	us,	Please	clear the way for us,						
:d	t,	:-.l,: s,									

r	:l,	:r	s,	:-	:-	s,	:m	:m	m	:-.r: d	s,
las -	sie	and	lad,			Here	are	no	weary	ones,	Here
s,	:fe,	:fe	s,	:-	:-	s,	:d	:d	d	:-.t,: l,	s,

:f	:f	f	:-.m: r	r	:s	:l	t	:-	.l	:s	s
are	no	dreary	ones,								
:r	:r	r	:-.d: t,								

:l	s	:fe	s	:-	:-	r	:s	:l	t	:-	.l
Christ-mas	has	come	and we			chil -	dren	are	glad.		
:t,	d	:d	r	:-	.d	:t,	d	:d	d	:t,	:-

:s		:l	.s	:f	.m	r	:s	:f	m	:s,	:r
Christ-mas		has		come		and	we		chil -	dren	are
m		:f	.m	:r	.d	t,	:t,	:l,	s,	:f,	:f,

d	:-	:-			
glad.					
m,	:-	:-			

2 Shout it out, sing it out, clear voices ring it out,
Ring out your glee, ev'ry lassie and lad,
Under the holly now sing and be jolly now
Christmas has come and we children are glad.

3 Hurry all, scurry all, we're in a hurry all,
We're in a flurry, with happiness mad,
Gaily we sing to you, welcome we bring to you,
Christmas has come and we children are glad.

Introducing pulse-division two-quarters-and-half, *tafa-tai*

KEY E.

d : r | m : f | s,f.m : r .f | m : - | s : l | t : d'

t,l.s : l .fe | s : - | s : r | f,m.r : m | l : m | s,f.m : f

m : s | r,m.f : m .r | d : $t_{,}$ | d : - ||

KEY E.

m : s | d : r,m.f | m : d | r : - | m : fe | s : l,t.d'

t : l | s : - | l : s,f.m | f : m,r.d | r : m | f : -

r : m .f | s : l,s.f | m : r | d : - ||

KEY C.

d' : t,l.s | l : s | d : - .r | m : - | l : s,f.m | f : m

r : m.fe | s : - | s : m,f.s | l : s | d' : - .ta | l : -

s : l,t.d' | s : d' .m' | r' : - .r' | d' : - ||

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

KEY C.

d' .t ,l : s .d' | m : - . | s .m' : m' .r'
1.Come to the wood-y | dell, | Night birds are
m .s ,f : m .m | d : - . | m .s : s .f

r' .d' : - . | d' .t ,l : s .d' | m : - .
sing - ing; | Come, while the flow-er | bells
f .m : - . | m .s ,f : m .m | d : - .

f : r .f | f .m : - . | s .m ,f : s .d'
Soft - ly are | ring - ing; | Come, in the moon - beam's
r : $t_{,}$ .r | r .d : - . | m .d ,r : m .m

s : - . | r' .t ,s : d' .m' | r' : - .
light, | Come, while the spray is | white,
m : - . | f .f ,f : m .d | s : - .

m .,r' : d' | d' .,t : l | s .s ,s : s
Fair - ies! | fair - ies! | hast - en to - night!
s .,f : m | l .,s : f | m .f ,f : m

m' .,r' : d'	d' .,t : l	s .l .t : d' .
Fair - ies!	fair - ies!	hast - en to - night!
s .,f : m	l .,s : f	m .f ,f : m .

CHORUS.

s .m ,f : s .d'	s : - .	r' .t ,s : d' .m'
Come, in the moonbeam's	light,	Come, while the spray is
m .d ,r : m .m	m : - .	f .f ,f : m .s

r' : - .	m' .,r' : d'	d' .,t : l
white;	Fair - ies!	Fair - ies!
s : - .	s .,f : m	l .,s : f

s .s ,s : s .	m' .,r' : d'	d' .,t : l
hast - en to - night,	Fair - ies!	fair - ies!
m .f ,f : m .	s .,f : m	l .,s : f

s .l ,t : d'	s ,s .s : l	l ,l .l : t .s
hast - en to - night,	hast-en, hast - en	to-night, hast-en to .
m .f ,f : m	m ,m .m : f	fe,fe.fe : s .s

d' : - .r'	m' : r'	d' : -	- :
night, to -	night, to .	night.	
m : - .f	s : f	m : -	- : ‖

2 Mortal eye seeth not
Our midnight dances,
Mortal eye hath forgot
All, in sleep's trances!
Bright as the fountain's jet,
Fairies together met,
Lightly trip we merrily yet,
Lightly trip we merrily yet.
CHORUS.

3 Come, on the zephyr's wing!
Come from the roses!
Sweets from the lily bring,
Ere its cup closes!
Come, in the moonbeam's light,
Come, while the spray is white,
Fairies! fairies! hasten to-night!
Fairies! fairies! hasten to-night!
CHORUS.

KEY E♭.

d : d	m : s	f : r	l : s	s : m	r : l	f : r	m : -
m : d	s : m	d : ta	ta : l	l : d'	s : m	r : s	d : - ‖

KEY E♭.

s : s	s : f.s	l : f	s : -	m' : m'	m' : r'.m'	f' : r'	m' : -
s.l : ta	ta : l.s	l : t	d' , -	l.t : d'	d' : t.l	t : r'	d' : - ‖

DOWN FROM THE SKIES.

KEY D. *Allegretto.*

s :s .s | s :l .s | f :s .f | m :d
1.Down from the skies bend-ing low o'er the man - ger,
m :m .m | m :f .m | r :m .r | d :d

d' :d' .d' | d' :d' .d' | r' :d' .t | d' :–
White - robed ce- les - tials a - dor - ing - ly throng,
m :m .m | s :l .s | f :m .r | m :–

s :s .s | s :l .s | f :s .f | m :d
Hark! for they her - ald a heav - en - ly stran - ger,
m :m .m | m :f .m | r :m .r | d :d

CHORUS.

d' :d' .d' | d' :d' .d' | r' :d' .t | d' :d' .t
Hast - en, ye mor - tals, to join in their song. Lit - tle
m :m .m | m :l .s | f :m .r | m :m .m

l .l :l .l | l :d' .l | l .s :s .s | s :f .m
chil-dren lisp his grace, Youthful voi - ces sound his praise, Men and
f .f :f .f | f :f .f | f .m :m .m | m :r .d

r .d :r .m | f .s :l .t | d' :t .d' | r' :d' .t
an - gels raise your loud ho - san - nas to his name, Oceans
t, .l, :t, .d | r .m :f .r | m :s | s :m .m

l .l :l .l | l :d' .l | l .s :s .s | s :m .f
with your ful - ness roar, Earth re- sound from shore to shore, Hal - le -
f .f :f .f | f :f .f | f .m :m .m | m :d .r

s :d' | r' :t | d' :–
lu - jah to the Lamb.
m :m | f :r | m :–

2 Hail him ye shepherds, adore him ye sages,
Ho! waiting Israel, still faithful, though few,
Gentiles, oh list to the voice of the ages,
Lo! a deliv'rer is coming to you.
CHORUS.

3 Dark is the pathway before him and dreary,
Onward it leads to the cross and the grave,
Cheerful he treads it though fainting and weary,
Thus, only thus, he his loved ones can save.
CHORUS.

4 Weep not, O stricken ones, when shall enfold him
All the deep darkness of Calvary's gloom,
Soon, soon your tear-blinded eyes shall behold him
Walking a God from the gates of the tomb.
CHORUS.

O WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE?

KEY F. *Lightly.* Sir H. R. BISHOP.

1. O where do fairies hide their heads When snow lies on the hills, When frost has spoiled their mossy beds And crys - talized their rills? Be - neath the moon they can - not trip In cir - cles o'er the plain, And draughts of dew they can - not sip, Till green leaves come a - gain.

CHORUS. *f*

cres.

2 Perhaps in small blue diving bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

CHORUS.

3 When they return there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No keyhole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

CHORUS.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

KEY E.

m *p*

m : - | r .d : m .r | d : d' | l .d' : - | s : - | m : d
1. Way down upon the Swa - nee River, Far, far a -
d : - | t, .l, : s, .t, | d : m | f .f : - | m : - | d : d

m

r : - | - : | m : - | r .d : m .r | d : d' | l .d' : -
way, There's where my heart is turn - ing ev-er,
t, : - | - : | d : - | t, .l, : s, .t, | d : m | f .f : -

pp *mp*

s : m .d | r : r | d : - | - : | m : - | r .d : m .r
There's where the old folks stay. All up and down the
m : d .d | d : t, | d : - | - : | d : - | t, .l, : s, .t,

pp

d : d' | l .d' : - | s : - | m : d | r : - | - :
whole ere - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
d : m | f .f : - | m : - | d : d | t, : - | - :

p

m : - | r .d : m .r | d : d' | l .d' : - | s : m .d | r : r .r
Still longing for the old plan - ta-tion And for the old folks at
d : - | t, .l, : s, .t, | d : m | f .f : - | m : d .d | d : t, .t,

CHORUS. *p* < >

d : - | - : | t : - .d' | r' : s | s : - .l | s : d'
home. All the world is sad and drear - y,
d : - | - : | r : - .m | f : f | m : - .f | m : m

m

d' : l | f : l | s : - | - : | m : - | r .d : m .r
Ev - 'ry - where I roam; Oh, darkeys, how my
l : f | f : f | m : - | - : | m : - | r .d : m .r

p

d : d' | l .d' : - | s : m .d | r : r .r | d : - | - :
heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.
d : m | f .f : - | m : d .d | d : t, .t, | d : - | - :

All round the little farm I wander'd,
When I was young,
There many happy days I squander'd
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

CHORUS.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see the bees a-humming
All round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

Introduction of pulse-division, thirds *taa-tai-tee.*

KEY G.

{ :m.f | s :f | m :f.s.l | s :-.m | d :r.m | f :m.r.d | r }

{ :s | m :- | - :s | l :s.f.m | f :r | m :r.d.t$_l$ | d }

{ :l$_l$ | s$_l$:f | m :r.d.t$_l$ | d :- | - ||

KEY D.

{ :s | f :m | r :s | s.f.m : r.-.s | m :s | d' :t.l.s | l }

{ :fe | s :- | - :m | r.m.f : s.-.l | s :f | m.f.s : l.-.ta | l }

{ :s | d' :s.f.m | r :m | d :- | - ||

KEY D.

{ :m | r :-.m | f :m | m.r.d : s.f.m | r :s | l :s.fe.s | l }

{ :t | s :- | - :s | f :-.m | r :d | r.m.f : m.f.s | l }

{ :s | d' :m.f.s | f :r | d :- | - ||

KEY G.

{ :m | s :- | r :-.m | f :- | d :- | l$_l$:t$_l$.d.r | s$_l$ }

{ :f | m :- | - :s | l :- | s :-.m | fe :- | s }

{ :l.s.f | m :f.m.r | d :t$_l$ | d :- | - ||

KEY G.

{ | s :-.f | m :r.d.t$_l$ | l$_l$:- | f :- | f :-.m | r :d.t$_l$.l$_l$ }

{ | s$_l$:- | m :- | r :m.f | s :d | l :s.f.m | fe :s }

{ | f :m.f.s | r :m | d :- | - :- ||

KEY B♭. **MERRILY SINGS THE LARK.** BRADBURY.

s, .,s, : s, .,s, | d : s, .,s, | d : r | m : m .m .m
1.Mer-ry sings the lark at the break of day, Tra la la
m, .,m, : m, .,m, | m, : m, .,m, | s, : t, | d : d .d .d

r : | : r .r .r | d : | :
la Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la.
t, : s, .s, .s, | s, : t, .t, .t, | d : d, .d, .d, | d, :

s, .,s, : s, .,s, | d : s, | d : r | m : m .m .m
Hear her as she sings her mer - ry lay, Tra la la
m, .,m, : m, .,m, | m, : m, | s, : t, | d : d .d .d

r : | : r .r .r | d : | :
la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la,
t, : s, .s, .s, | s, : t, .t, .t, | d : d, .d, .d, | d, :

:S:

r .r .r : r .– .r | f :– | d .d .d : d .– .d | m :
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,
s, .s, .s, : s, .– .s, | s, :– | m, .m, .m, : m, .– .s, | d :

s .s .s : m | f .f .f : r | d .d .d : t, .t, .t, | d :–
Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la.
m .m .m : d | l, .l, .l, : f, | m, .m, .m, : s, .s, .s, | m, :–

2 Rouse ye, rouse ye now at the morning call,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Rouse, ye idle dreamers, one and all.
Tra la la la, tra la la.
Tra la la, etc.

3 Health and strength are found in the morning air,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Beauty, youth and life in nature fair,
Tra la la la, tra la la.
Tra la la, etc.

PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING ON THE OCEAN.

KEY C (or B♭). (From "The Pirates.") STORACE.

: : | d' :– : m' | s' : m' : d' | l :– : d' | s :– : m | s :–.l: t
1. Peace - ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men
: : | m :– : s | m : s : m | f :– : f | m :– : d | m :–.f: r

d' :– : r' | m' : r' : d' | r' :– : s | d' :– : m' | s' : m' : d' | l :–.t: d'
fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle
m :– : s | d' : s : m | f :– : m | m :– . s | m : s : m | f :–.r: m

s :– : m | s :–.l: t | d' :– : f' | m' :– : r' | d' :– :– | d'.r': m' :–
mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul-la-by,
m :– : d | m :–.f: r | m :– : l | s :– : f | m :– :– | m.f: s :–
Lul-la-by,

r'.t : s :– | d'.l : f :– | : : | t : r' : f'
lul-la - by, lul-la - by, Soothe them
f .r : t, : | : : | s .m : d :– | r : f : l
lul-la - by, lul-la - by, Soothe them

m' : d' : l | s :– : s | m :– : | : :
with their lul - la - by.
s : m : f | m :– : m | d :– : | : :
with its lul - la - by.

2 Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no dangers they descry;
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

KEY C. *Lively.* A. T. CRINGAN.

m
d' : t | l : s | f : m | r : d | d' : t | l : s
1.O, the bell - chimes sweet - ly peal - ing, Gent - ly on the
d' : t | l : s | f : m | r : d | l : s | f : m

f : m | r : s | *mf* s .s : fe.s | l : s | s :– | d' :–
air they're steal - ing, Merry, merry Christ-mas bells,
r : d | t, : s | m .m : r .m | f : f | m :– | l :–

f m'.r' : d'.m' | r' : t | d' :– | – : | *m* m :–.m | f : m
Merry, merry Christ-mas bells. Joy and love they're
s .s : s .s | f : f | m :– | – : | d :–.d | t, : d

l :–.s | f : m | *cres.* r :–.m | f : s | t :–.l | s : d'
now re - veal - ing, Pul - ses throb in hope - ful feel - ing,
f :–.m | r : d | t, :–.d | r : m | f :–.f | f : m

mf d' .t : l .s | d' : r' | m' :– | – :
Mer-ry, mer-ry Christ - mas bells,
m .r : d .r | m : fe | s :– | – :

m' .r' : d' .m' | r' : t | d' :– | – :
Mer-ry, mer-ry Christ - mas bells.
s .s : s .s | f : f | m :– | – :

Hark! a simple lay they're chiming,
Hear the wild confusion rhyming;
Merry, merry Christmas bells.
Now in scale melodious climbing,
Then a low and silv'ry timing,
Merry, merry Christmas bells.

List! again their tongues are seeming
With a thousand voices teeming,
Merry, merry Christmas bells.
Telling that a star is gleaming,
And on Judah's plains is beaming,
Merry, merry Christmas bells.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

KEY A. *mf* — H. H. GODFREY.

: s, .(s,)	s,	: m, .,s,	d	: s, .,d	m	: r .,d	r
1. Un -	furl	to the	breeze,	let the	em -	blem float	free,
: s, .(s,)	s,	: m, .,s,	d	: s, .,d	d	: t, .,l,	s,
: d .t,	l,	: l, .d	s,	: d .r	m	: r .d	r
'Tis the	flag	with the	beav -	er in	splen -	dour you	see,
: m, .m,	f,	: f, .f,	m,	: m, .f,	s,	: fe, .l,	s,
: s,	m	: r .r	d	: s, .s,	f	: m .,m	r
As	high	o'er the	hills	and	o -	ver the	sea
: s,	s,	: f, .f,	m,	: m, .m,	l,	: t, .,d	t,
: s,	t,	: t, .,d	r	: d .,d	t,	: l, .,l,	s,
It's	borne	by the	hands	of the	brave	and the	free,
: s,	s,	: f, .,m,	f,	: l, .,l,	s,	: fe, .,fe,	s,
rall.							
: s, .s,	s	: m .d	l,	: f .m	r	: l, .t,	d
As a	sign	to the	world	that u -	ni -	ted we'll	be.
: s, .f,	m,	: m, .m,	f,	: l, .s,	f,	: f, .f,	m,
CHORUS. *f*							
: s, .,s,	d	: m .,r	d	: – .t,	l,	: l, .d	s,
'Tis the	flag	I'll de-	fend	where-	e'er	I may	be,
: s, .,s,	d	: s, .,f,	m,	: – .m,	f,	: f, .f,	m,
: .s,	d	: d .,d	d	: r	m	: r .d	r
The	flag	I'll de-	fend	by	land	or by	sea;
: .s,	d	: l, .,l,	l,	: fe,	s,	: s, .l,	t,
: s, .,s,	d	: m .,r	d	: d .,t,	l, .t,	: d .r	m
'Tis the	flag	of the	North	and the	sweet	ma - ple	tree,
: s, .,s,	d	: s, .,f,	m,	: m, .,m,	f, .s,	: l, .t,	d
rall.							
: .m	s	: m .d	l, .f	: – .m	r	: l, .t,	d
The	flag	of my	country	so	dear	un - to	me.
: .d	t,	: d .m,	f, .l,	: – .s,	f,	: f, .f,	m,

2 'Tis the flag that has waved o'er each action of fame—
On the heights of Quebec and at old Lundy's Lane.
Where'er it is planted there freedom shall reign,
While valor and vigor our sons shall retain;
No sign of dishonor that banner shall stain.—CHORUS.

3 'Tis the flag of a nation whose pride it shall be,
To maintain its Dominion from sea unto sea;
Yes, free are her people, and ever shall be,
For over each mountain and river and plain,
That flag in its freedom shall ever remain.—CHORUS.

—JAMES CONMEE, M.P.P.

(By kind permission of the author.)

NOW THE EVENING FALLS.

KEY B♭. (Canon.) BEETHOVEN.

m : r | d : t₁ | l₁ : – | – : t₁.d | r : d | t₁ : l₁
1.Now the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light
: | : | l₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : – | – : m₁.f₁
Now the eve - ning falls, The

s₁ : – | – : l₁.t₁ | d : t₁ | l₁ : – | – : l₁ | r : d
calls Our foot - steps home, No long - er
s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : – | – : r₁.m₁ | f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : –
bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home,

t₁ : – | – : d.r | m : r | d : t₁ | l₁ : – | – : t₁.d
roam, For now the eve - ning falls, The
– : r₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : – | – : f₁.s₁ | l₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁
No long - er roam, For now the eve - ning

r : d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : – | – : l₁.t₁ | d : t₁ | l₁ : –
bird of twi - light calls Our foot - steps home.
r₁ : – | – : m₁.f₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : – | – : r₁.m₁
falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our

– : l₁ | r : d | t₁ : – | – : d.r | m : r | d : t₁
No long - er roam. For now the eve - ning
f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : – | – : r₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : – | – : f₁.s₁
foot - steps home, No long - er roam, For

l₁ : – | – : t₁.d | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : – | – : l₁.t₁
falls, The bird of twi - light calls Our
l₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : – | – : m₁.f₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : r₁
now the eve - ning falls, The bird of twi - light

d : t₁ | l₁ : – | – : l₁ | r : d | t₁ : – | – : d.r
foot - steps home, No long - er roam, For
d₁ : – | – : r₁.m₁ | f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : – | – : r₁ | s₁ : f₁
calls Our foot - steps home, No long - er

m : r | d : t₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : – | – : –
now the eve - ning falls, No long - er roam.
m₁ : – | – : f₁.s₁ | l₁ : s₁ | f₁ : – | m₁ : – | – : –
roam, No long - er roam.

KEY E♭. *Beating twice.*

:m | m : r : d | f : – : m | t₁ : – : – | d : – : m | s : fe: s | l : – : fe | s : – : – | – : –

:s | l : f : l | d' : – : ta | l : – : s | f : – : m | r : s : m | f : – : t₁ | d : – : – | – : –

JOHN BULL'S CHILDREN.

KEY C. *m f* — H. H. GODFREY.

:m .f	s : - .s	| l	: d'	| s	: –	| –
1. As you	wan -	der round	the	world,		
2. We are	all	John's chil -	dren	true,		
:m .f	s .l	: s .f	| m	: d	r	: – | –
Just you	keep the	Brit-ish	flag	in	sight,	
We are	read-y	aye to	die	or	do;	
:m .f	s .l	: s .f	| m	: d' .d'	t .d'	: t .l | s
And if	trou-ble	should ap-pear		It will	soon be	joi - ly clear
May our	spir-its	nev-er	lag	As we	ral - ly	round the flag
	f					
:l .t	d'	: l	| m	: fe	s	: – | –
That John	Bull's	a	man	of	might;	
Be our	num -	bers	great	or	few;	
:s	l	: – .l	| t	: – .t	d'	: d | –
For	John	guards well		his	chil -	dren,
Though	we	but guard		the	out -	posts,
	rall.					
:s	l	: – .l	| t	: d'	r'	: – | –
And	though	he's slow		to	fight,	
Far	from	the dear		old	home,	
tempo.						
:d' .r'	m' .r'	: d' .t	| d' .t	: l .s	l .s	: f .m | f .r
He's an	arm-y	and a	na - vy,	And where	e'er the	flag may wave he
We in	thought may hear the		drumming	Of John's	gal - lant	sol - diers com-ing,
rall.						
:m .f	s	: d'	| m'	: – .,r'	d'	: – | –
Al - ways	stands	up	for	the	right.	
While his	na -	vy	rules	the	foam.	
CHORUS.						
:m' .,r'	d' .,t	: d' .,t	| d'	: s	t	: – | –
You can	hear the	Brit-ish	bu -	gles	blow,	
:r .,m	f .,m	: f .,s	| l	: t	s	: – | –
You can	hear the	Brit-ish	drums	beat	so,	
:l .,s	f .,m	: r .,m	| f	: s	m	: – | d'
You can	see the	Brit-ish	flag	un -	furled,	As
:– .d'	t	: s	| m	: fe	s	: – | –
you	wan -	der	roun	the	world,	
	cres.					
:s .,s	l	: – .l	| t	: – .t	d'	: – | –
And where	e'er	you	hear	that	sound,	

:d' .t	l :-	.l	t :d'	r' :-	:-		
And where	e'er	that	flag is	found,			
ff				*rall.*			
:s	m' :-	.m'	r' :t	r' :d'	t		
There	Jus -	tice,	Peace, and	Li -	ber -	ty	
rit.							
:l	s .m :s	.d'	m' :r'	.,d'	d' :-	:-	‖
In	full -	ness	all	a -	bound.		

(By kind permission of Messrs. J. L. Orme & Son, Ottawa.)

HOME, HOME.

KEY G.

m :- :-	m :- :-	m :r :m	s :- :f	r :- :-	r :- :-	
1.Home,	home!	name how en -	dear - ing;	Home,	home!	
d :- :-	d :- :-	d :t_1 :d	t_1 :- :r	t_1 :- :-	t_1 :- :-	
r :d :r	m :- :-	m :- :-	m :- :-	m :r :m	s :- :f	
shrin'd in my breast,		Home,	home!	to my heart cheer -	ing	
t_1 :l_1 :t_1	d :- :-	d :- :-	d :- :-	d :t_1 :d	t_1 :- :r	
				CHORUS.		
r :d :r	s :f :r	d :- :-	: :	l :- :-	s :- :-	
Still in thy	bo - som I'll	rest,		Home,	home!	
t_1 :l_1 :s_1	s_1 :l_1 :t_1	d :- :-	: :	f :- :-	m :- :-	
f :- :-	m :- :	r :d :r	s :f :r	m :- :-	- :- :	
sweet	home!	Still in thy	bo - som I'll	rest.		
r :- :-	d :- :	t_1 :l_1 :s_1	s_1 :l_1 :t_1	d :- :-	- :- :	
l :- :-	s :- :-	t :- :-	d' :- :-			
Home,	home!	sweet	home!			
f :- :-	m :- :-	r :- :-	m :- :-			
r :d :r	s :f :r	d :- :-	- :- :			
Still in thy	bo - som I'll	rest.				
t_1 :l_1 :s_1	s_1 :s_1 :f_1	m_1 :- :-	- :- :			

2 Home, home! happiest of places,
Home, home! thee I desire;
Home, home! kind were the faces,
That I have met round the fire.—CHORUS.

3 Home, home! to thee united;
Home, home! for thee I burn;
Home, home! with thee delighted
Back to thy joys I'd return!—CHORUS.

KEY B♭.

:s_1	d :t_1	:l_1	s_1 :-.f_1	:m_1	l_1 :-.t_1	:d
:l_1	s_1 :d	:ta_1	l_1 :-.t_1	:d	s_1 :fe_1.s_1	:l_1.t_1

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

KEY A. MORLEY MCLAUGHLIN.

: s₁	d : -.t₁ | l₁ : s₁	l₁ : t₁ | d : s₁	f : -.m | r : d	r : - |		
1 Tho'	oth - er skies may	be as bright, And	oth - er lands as	fair;		
: s₁	m₁ : -.m₁ | f₁ : m₁	f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : s₁	s₁ : -.d | t₁ : l₁	t₁ : - |		
: s₁	r : -.m | f : r	m : -.f | s : m	r : -.d | t₁ : l₁	s₁ : - |		
Tho'	charms of oth - er	climes in - vite My	wand'ring footsteps	there,		
: s₁	t₁ : -.d | r : t₁	d : -.r | m : d	t' : -.l₁ | s₁ : fe₁	s₁ : - |		
: s₁	s : -.f | m : r	d : t₁ | l₁ : l₁	f : -.m | r : d	t₁ : - |		
Yet	there is one, the	peer of all, Be-	neath bright heaven's	dome;		
: s₁	m₁ : -.f₁ | s₁ : f₁	m₁ : m₁ | f₁ : f₁	l₁ : -.s₁ | fe₁ : fe₁	s₁ : - |		
: s₁	m : -.f | s : s₁	l₁ : t₁ | d : f	m : -.d | r : -.d	d : - | -		
Of	thee I sing, O	hap - py land, My	own Ca - na - dian	home.		
: s₁	s₁ : -.f₁ | m₁ : m₁	f₁ : r₁ | m₁ : l₁	s : -.s₁ | f₁ : -.m₁	m₁ : - | -		

2 Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice
Of many waters" raise
To Him who planned their vast ex-
A symphony of praise. [tent
Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—
They pierce the azure skies;
They bid thy sons be strong and true—
To great achievements rise.

3 A noble heritage is thine,
So grand and fair and free;
A fertile land where he who toils
Shall well rewarded be,
And he who joys in nature's charms,
Exulting here may roam
'Mid scenes of grandeur which adorn
My own Canadian home.

4 Shall not the race that tread thy plains
Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with thy tides—
Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
Inspire to actions high?
'Twere easy such a land to love,
Or for her glory die.

5 And doubt not should a foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated be!
As bravely as on Queenstown's Heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights
And freedom's cause maintain.

6 Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy waters' flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home!

—E. G. NELSON.

(By kind permission of the author.)

KEY D.

: s	l : t | d' : d'	d' : t | d' : s	d' : t | l : l	s : - | -		
: s	s : l | ta : ta	l : l | s : m.f	s : l.t | d' : r'	d' : - |		

THE MAPLE LEAF.

KEY B♭. Words and Music by ALEX. MUIR, B.A.

: s,	m, : s, | m : -.d	l, : d | s, : -	t, : -.d | r : d	
1. In	days of yore the	he - ro Wolfe,	Bri - tain's glo-ry	
2. On	ma-ny hard-fought	bat - tle - fields,	Our brave fathers	
3. God	bless our loved Can-	a - dian home,	Our Do-min-ion's	
4. On	Mer - ry Eng-land's	far - famed land,	May kind heav-en	

t, : l, | s, : -.f,	m, : s, | d : d	m : d | l, : t,.d	
did main-tain, And	plant-ed firm Bri-	tan - nia's flag, On	
side by side, For	free-dom, homes, and	lov'd ones dear, Firmly	
vast do-main; May	plen-ty ev - er	be our lot, And	
sweet-ly smile; God	bless old Scot-land	ev - er - more, And	

r .r : d | t, : l,.s,	s, : - | : s,	l, : s, | d : - .s,	
Cana-da's fair do-	main, Here	may it wave, our	
stood, and no - bly	died; And	those dear rights which	
peace hold an end-less	reign; Our	U - nion bound by	
Ire-land's Em' - rald	Isle! Then	swell the song both	

l, : d | s, : - .s,	l, : l, | f : - .m	m .r : - | : s,	
boast, our pride, And	joined in love to-	gether, With	
they main-tained, We	swear to yield them	never! We'll	
ties of love, That	dis - cord can - not	sever, And	
loud and long, 'Till	rocks and for - ests	quiver; God	

s : m | d : t,	l, : d | s, : - .s,	l, : f | m : - .r	
Li - ly, This - tle,	Sham-rock, Rose, The	Ma - ple Leaf for-	
ral - ly round the	U - nion Jack, The	Ma - ple Leaf for-	
flour-ish green o'er	Free-dom's home The	Ma - ple Leaf for-	
save our King, and	hea - ven bless The	Ma - ple Leaf for-	

CHORUS.

r .d : - | : s,	m, : s, | d : - .s,	l, : d | s, : - .s,	
ever. The	Ma - ple Leaf our	em - blem dear, The	
ever. : m,	d, : m, | m, : - .m,	f, : m, | s, : - .s,	
ever.			

s, : s, | f : - .m	m .r : - | : s,	s : m | d : t,	
Ma - ple Leaf for-	ever. God	save our King, and	
m, : m, | s, : - .d	d .t, : - | : s,	s, : d | l, : s,	

l, : d | s, : - .s,	l, : f | m : - .r	r .d : - |	
heav-en bless The	Ma - ple Leaf for-	ever.	
f, : m, | s, : - .s,	f, : l, | s, : - .f,	f, .m, : - |	

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RULE BRITANNIA.

KEY B♭.

: .s₁ | d : d | d,r.m,f : s .d | r : r .m,f | m : - .s₁
1. When | Bri - tain first at | heav'ns com - mand, A -
2. The | na - tions not so | blest as thee, Must
3. The | mu - ses still with | free - dom found, Shall

F.t.

d,r.d,r: m,f.m,f| s .r : m .r | ᵈf .s,l : s .f | m : - .d
rose from out the | a - zure main, A -
in their turn to | ty - rants fall, Must
to thy hap-py | coast re - pair, Shall

m .d : s .m | d' .t,l : s .f | m : r .,d | d . - .
rose A - rose from out the | a - zure main;
in Must in their turn to | ty - rants fall,
to Shall to thy hap-py | coast re - pair,

f.B♭.

ᶠd : d .,s₁ | l₁ .f₁ : .d | f .m : r .d | t₁ : - .r
This was the char-ter, the | char-ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt | flour-ish great and free, The
Blest Isle with beau-ty, with | match-less beau-ty crowned, And

s : f | m,r.m,f: s .f | m : r | d : .
guard - ian an - gels | sang this strain:
dread and en - vy | of them all.
man - ly hearts to | guard the fair.

CHORUS. *ff*

m : - .m | f .f : .m | f .m : r .d | t₁ : - .r
"Rule Bri - tan - nia, Bri- | tan-nia rule the waves,
d : - .d | l₁ .l₁ : .m₁ | l₁ .s₁ : f₁ .r₁ | s₁ : -

s : f | m,r.m,f: s .f | m : r | d : - .
Bri - tons nev - er | shall be slaves."
s₁ : t₁ | d,t₁.d,r: m .r | d : t₁ | d : - .

KEY C.

s : l | t : d' | t : - | - : - | d' : m'.r' | d' : t | l : - | - : -
: | : | s : f.m | r : f | m : - | - : - | f : r.m | f : f

s : l.s | fe : fe | s : - | f : - | m : s.f | m : f.m | r : - | d : -
m : - | r : d | t₁ : d | r : t₁ | d : m.r | d : - | d : t₁ | d : -

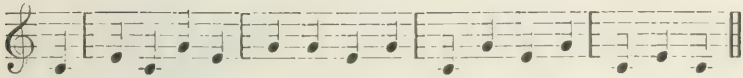
SIGHT-SINGING STUDIES.

These exercises should be sung to the Tonic-Solfa syllables and then to the syllable *laa*. The position of DOH should be indicated by the teacher.

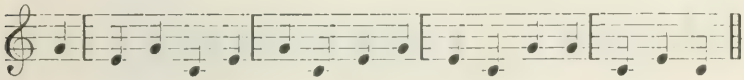
CHAPTER I.

THE TONIC CHORD.

Ex. 1.



Ex. 2.



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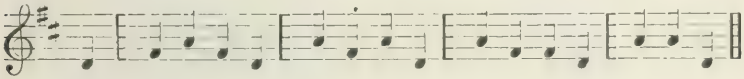

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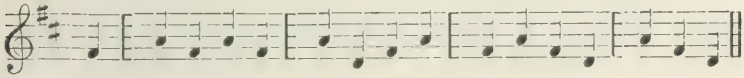

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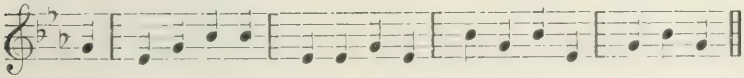

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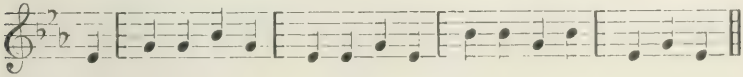

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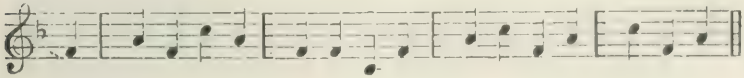

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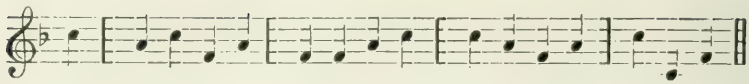

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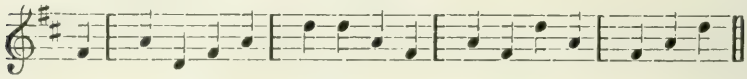
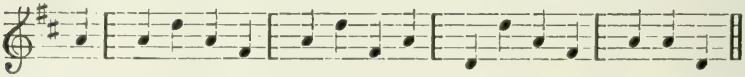
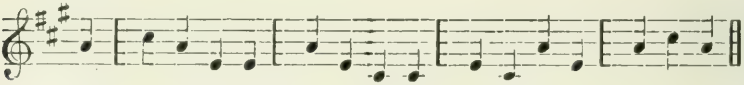


Ex. 10.



Ex. 11.



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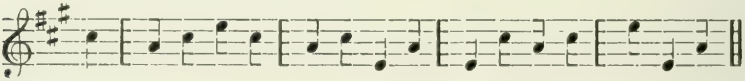
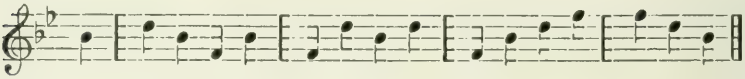


Ex. 13.



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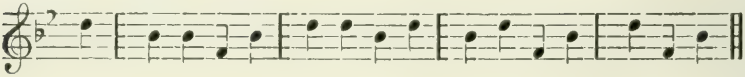
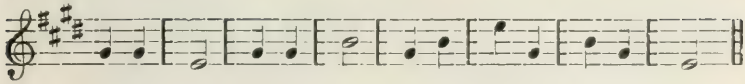


TWO-PULSE MEASURE.

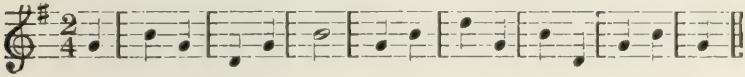
(Duple Time)

Ex. 15.

Ex. 16.



Ex. 17.



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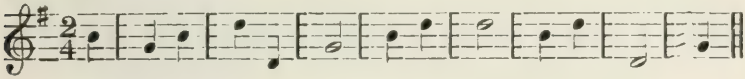
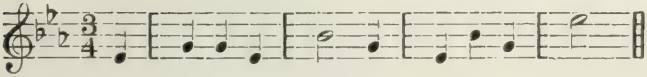


THREE-PULSE MEASURE.

(Triple Time.)

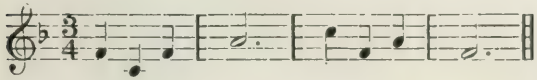
The dot increases the length of a note by one-half.

Ex. 19.



Ex. 20.

Ex. 21.



Ex. 22.

CHAPTER II.

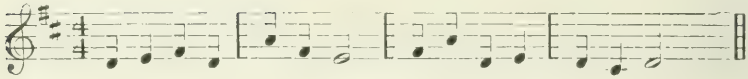
THE TONIC AND DOMINANT CHORDS.

Doh Me Soh and Soh Te Ray.

FOUR-PULSE MEASURE.

(Quadruple Time.)

Ex. 23.



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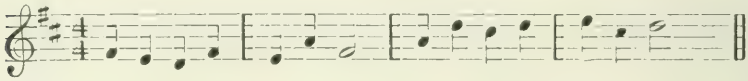

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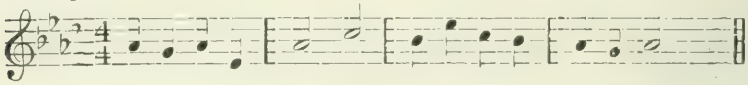

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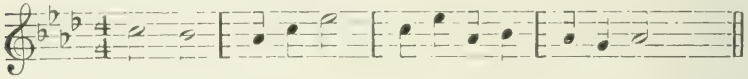

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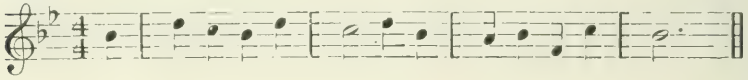

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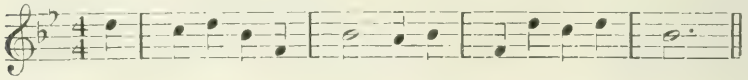

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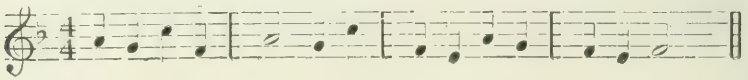

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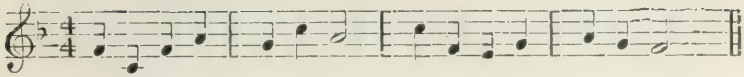
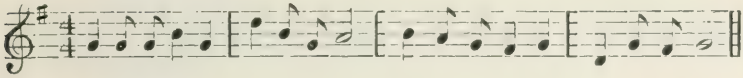


HALF-PULSES.

Ex. 31.



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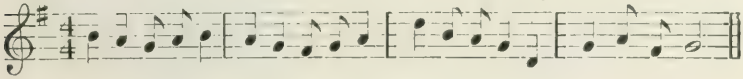

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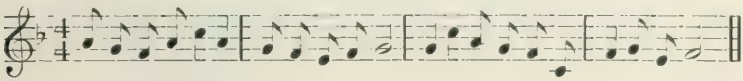

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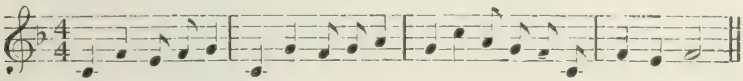


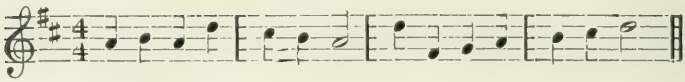
CHAPTER III.

THE TONIC DOMINANT AND SUB-DOMINANT CHORDS.

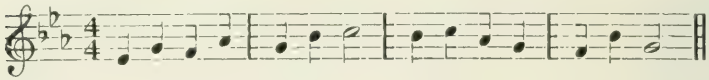
Doh, Me, Soh; Soh, Te, Ray; Fah Lah, Doh.

Ex. 35.

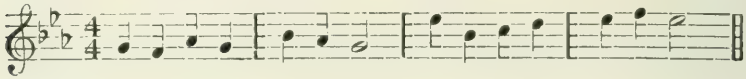
Ex. 36.



Ex. 37.



Ex. 38.



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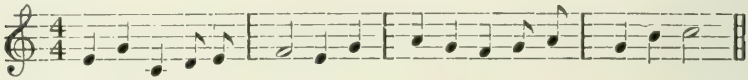

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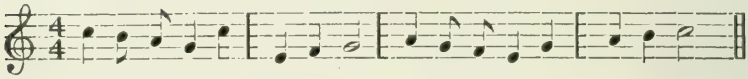
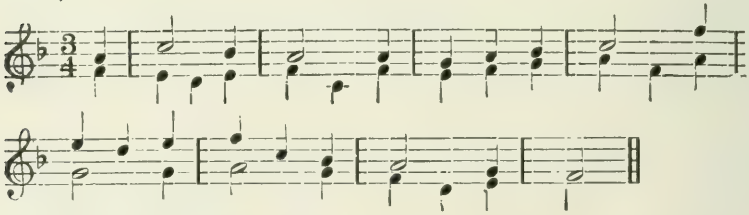
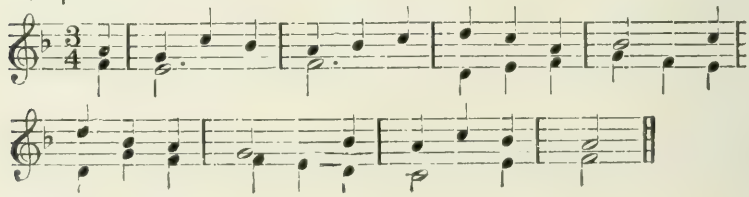


TWO-PART STUDIES.

Ex. 41.

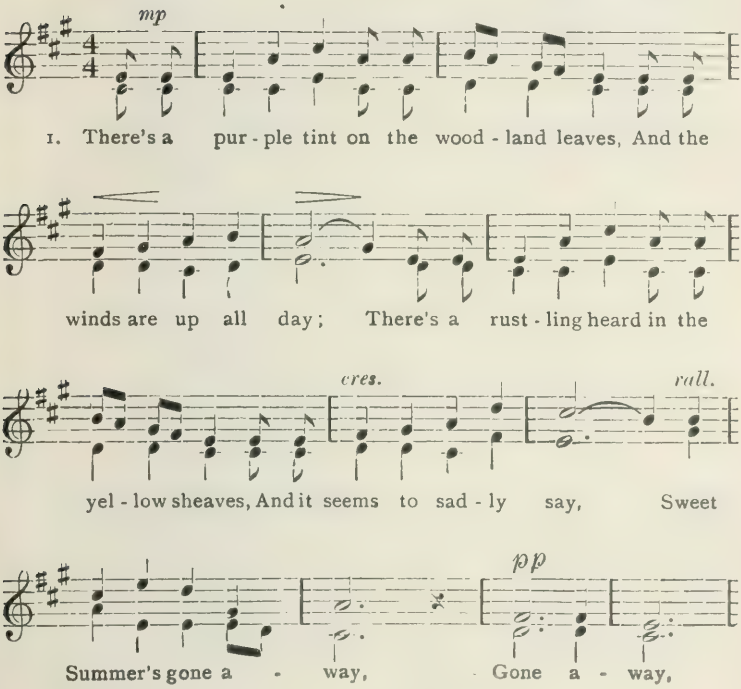


Ex. 42.



THERE'S A PURPLE TINT.

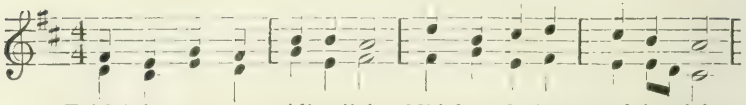
E. C. POLLOCK.



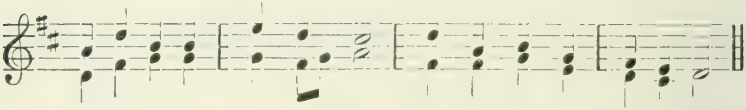
2. In the wrinkled brook no roses peep,
   And the bees no longer stray;
   And the butterflies have gone to sleep,
   And the locust trills all day,
   Sweet-summer's gone away, gone away.

3. O'er the browning fields the spider spins,
   Where the lambs no longer play;
   And the cricket now his chirp begins,
   And the quail is whistling gay,
   Sweet summer's gone away, gone away.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.



1. Faith! thou art our guiding light, Mid deep darkness of the night;

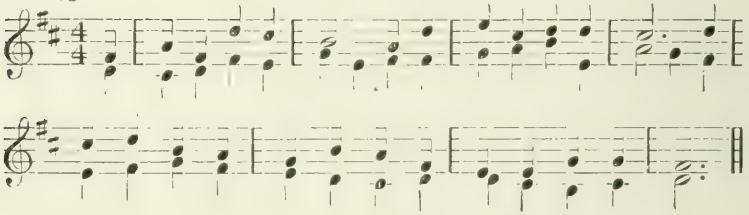


Let us keep thee e'er in sight, Burn-ing ev - er burn-ing bright

2. Hope! thou art our anchor strong,
On a sea of woe and wrong;
Hold us surely, hold us long,
Though the storms around us throng.

3. Love! thou art God's smiling face,
Present here, in every place;
May we never miss thy grace
While our earthly path we trace.

Ex. 43.



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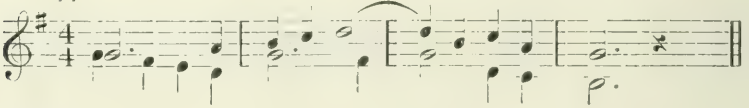

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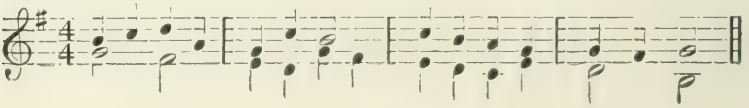
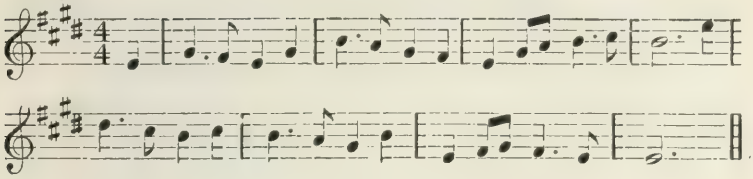


CHAPTER IV.

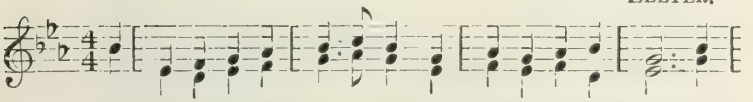
(Dotted notes ♩ . ♪)

Ex. 46.

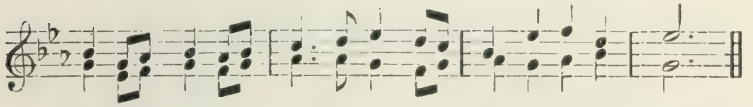


CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

ZELTER.



1. The sun is sink-ing in the west, The time for la-bour goes; And



slow - ly come the hours of rest, Of qui - et and re - pose.

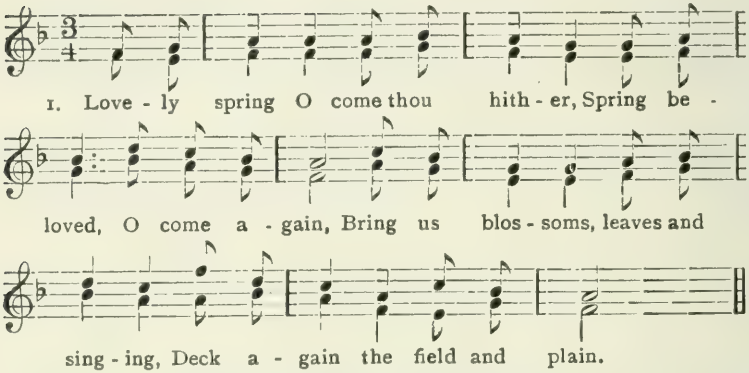
2. Ere yet the morning Zephyrs bland,
   Had dried the sparkling dew,
   We gather'd here, a cheerful band,
   Our studies to pursue.

3. The day has passed in peace and love
   The fading sunbeams glow,
   Now let us look to God above,
   To bless us ere we go.

4. His love has watched our early days,
   Wherever we have been;
   May He protect our future ways,
   From sorrow and from sin.

LOVELY SPRING.

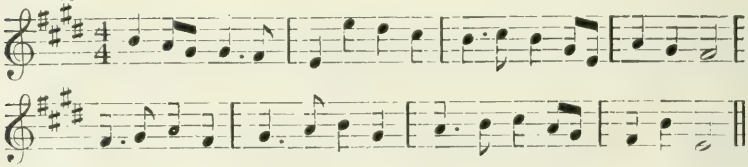
RICHTER.



2. To the mountains would I hasten,
Revel in the valleys green;
On the grass and flowers reclining,
There enjoy the sunlit scene.

3. I would hear the shepherd piping,
I would hear the herd-bells ring;
And rejoicing in the meadow,
I would hear the sweet birds sing.

Ex. 47.



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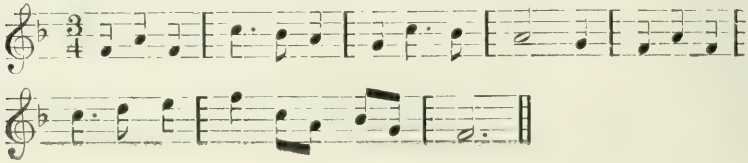

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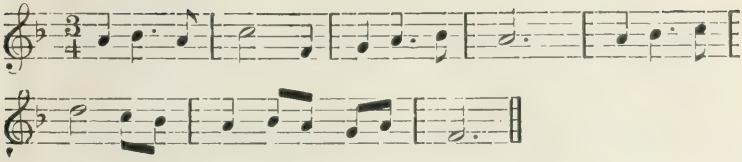
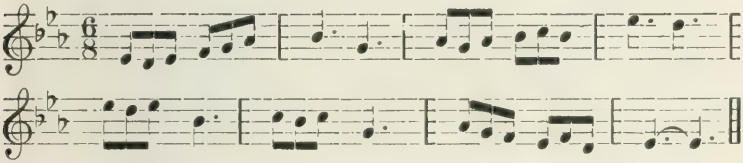


SIX-PULSE MEASURE.

Ex. 50.



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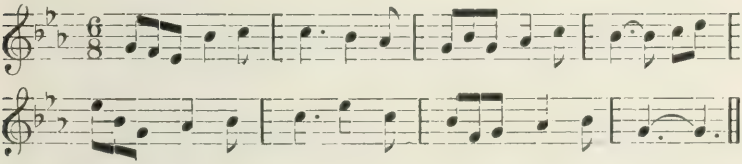

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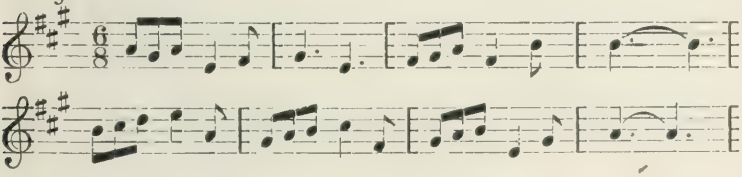

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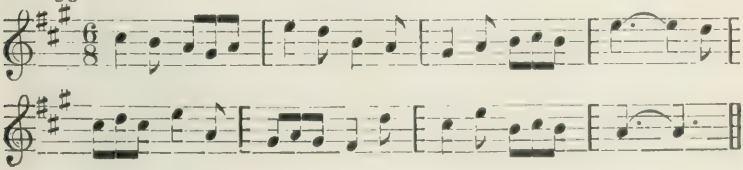
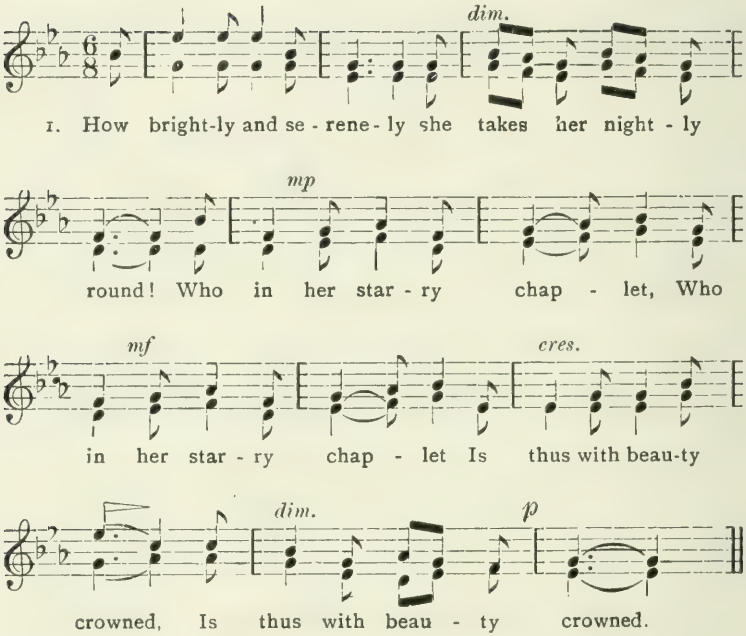


THE MOON.

GERMAN.



2. How modestly she wanders,
Her face concealed from sight!
Yet spreads around her gladness,
Yet spreads around her gladness,
With soft and beaming light,
With soft and beaming light.

3. Day's labour she rewardeth,
And bids the eye-lids close,
The sons of earth inviting,
The sons of earth inviting,
To silent nights' repose,
To silent nights' repose.

SONG OF THE REAPERS.

OLD ENGLISH

mf

1. Through lanes with hedgerows pear - ly Go forth the reap-ers

p

ear - ly, a - mong the yel - low corn, A - mong the yel - low

mf

corn, Good luck be-tide their shear - ing, For Win - ter now is

near - ing, And we must fill the barn, And we must fill the barn.

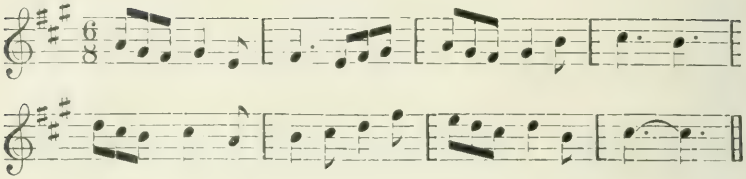
Refrain. cres *f*

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The bu - sy harv-est time.

2. At noon they leave the meadow,
Beneath the friendly shadow
Of monarch oak to dine,
Of monarch oak to dine.
And 'mid the branches hoary,
Goes up the thankful story,
The harvest is so fine,
The harvest is so fine.

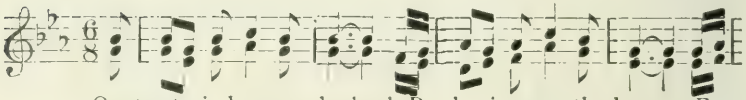
3. And when the west is burning,
From shaven field returning,
In merry train they come,
In merry train they come.
When all their hamlet neighbors,
Rejoice to end their labours,
With merry harvest home,
With merry harvest home.

Ex. 54.

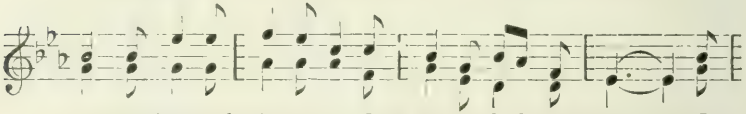


TRUE HAPPINESS.

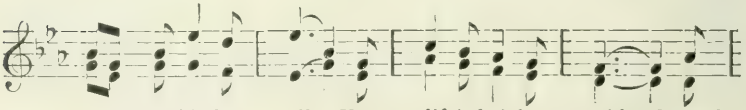
KIEFFER.



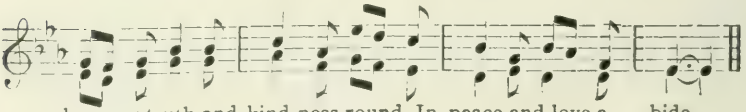
On streets, in home, and school, Be lov-ing, gen-tle, brave; Be



to yourselves and others true, From wrong God's creatures save. Be



cour-teous, kind to all, Keep on life's bright, true side; Spread



hon-our truth and kind-ness round, In peace and love a - bide.

2. Stand by the weak and small,
   And stand up for the right,
Be as God's sunbeams everywhere,
   And make the world more bright.
Bless all within your sphere,
   In thought and word be true;
And do to others as you would
   That they should do to you.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

NAGELI.

Refrain. *mf* *dim.*

Taste life's glad moments While the wasting tap - er glows,

m *dim* *Fine*

Pluck, ere it with-ers The quick-ly fad - ing rose.

1. Man blind-ly fol - lows grief and care; He

seeks for thorns and finds his share, While vio - lets to the

dim e rall *D.C.*

pass - ing air Un - heed - ed shed their blos - som.

2. When tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then Oh, how sweet when lulled the storm,
The sun shines forth at even.

3. And when life's path grows dark and straight,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

4. She dries our tears, she strews our way,
Even to the grave with flowerets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
With pleasures still increasing.

THE ROSE.

WERNER.

Andante.

1. Once I saw a sweet-briar rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing

dim.

Bathed with dew and blushing fair; Gently waved by balm - y air,

cres.

All the air per - fum - ing, Gent - ly waved by

dim.

balm - y air. All the air per - fum - ing.

2. "Rose" said I "thou shalt be mine
All so freshly blooming,"
Rose replied, "Nay let me go,
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming,
Or thy blood shall freely flow,
For thy rash presuming.

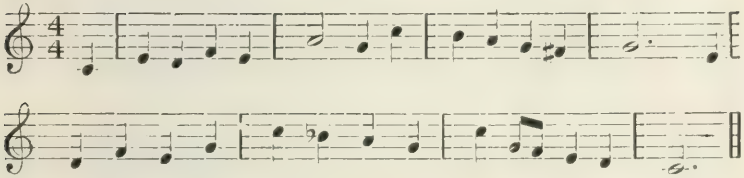
3. Woe is me, I broke the stem,
Life and fragrance dooming;
Soon the lovely flower was gone.
And the thorns remained alone,
Vanished all its blooming,
And the thorns remained alone,
Vanished all its blooming.

4. Had I left thee, lovely flower,
In thy beauty blooming;
Bathed with dew and blushing fair;
Thou wouldst still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming,
Thou wouldst still have filled the air
With thy sweet perfuming.

CHAPTER VI.

SHARP FOURTH **FE**; FLAT SEVENTH **TA**.

Ex. 55.



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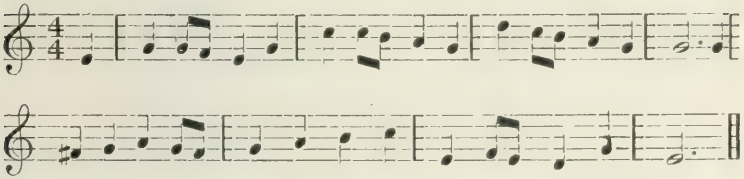

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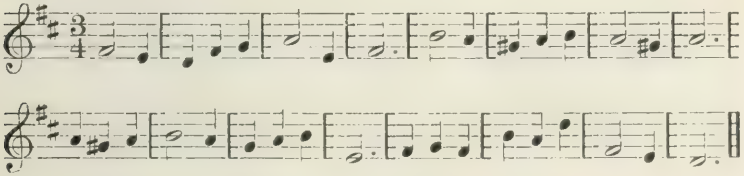

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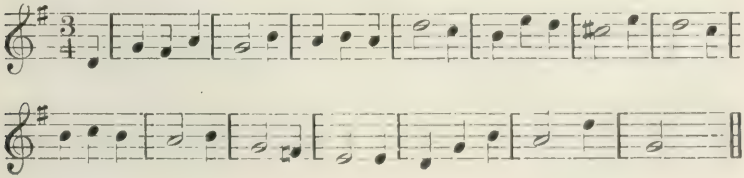

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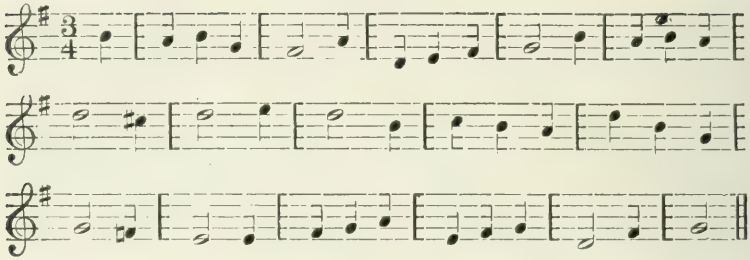

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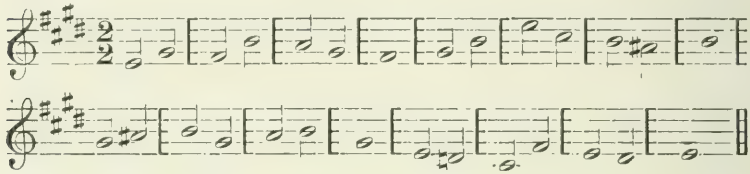
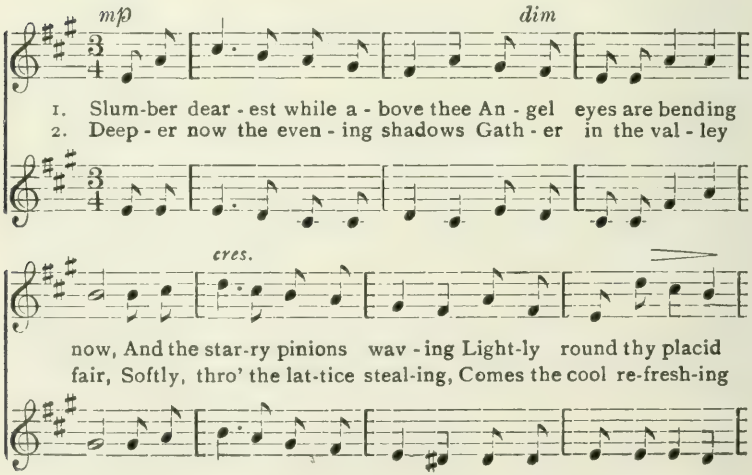


SLUMBER DEAREST.



p *mp*

brow, All is hushed and still a - round thee, While my
air, Till the ros - y light of morn - ing Spark-les

All is hushed and still a - round thee,
Till the ros-y light of morn - ing,

cres.

lone - ly watch I keep; Thou art dream - ing, sweet - ly
o'er the crys - tal deep, Till the birds their songs a

While my lonely watch I keep;
Spark-les o'er the crystal deep,

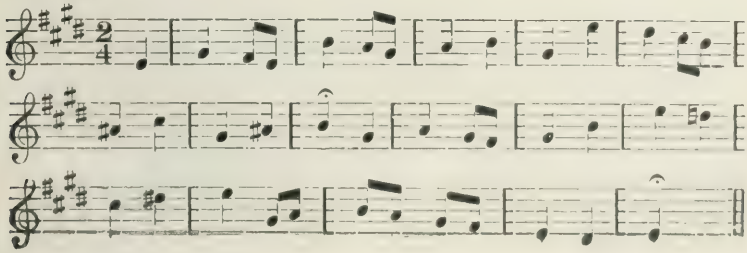
Thou art dreaming, sweetly
Till the birds their songs a -

dim. *rall*

dream - ing; Sleep on, dar-ling, peaceful be thy sleep.
wak - en Sleep on, dar-ling, peaceful be thy sleep.

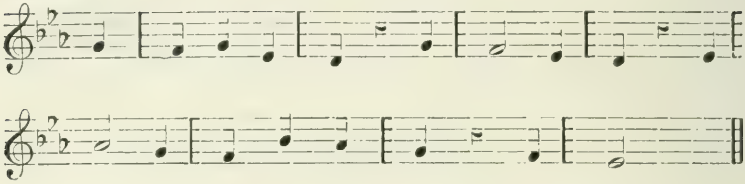
dream - ing.
wak - en.

Ex. 61.



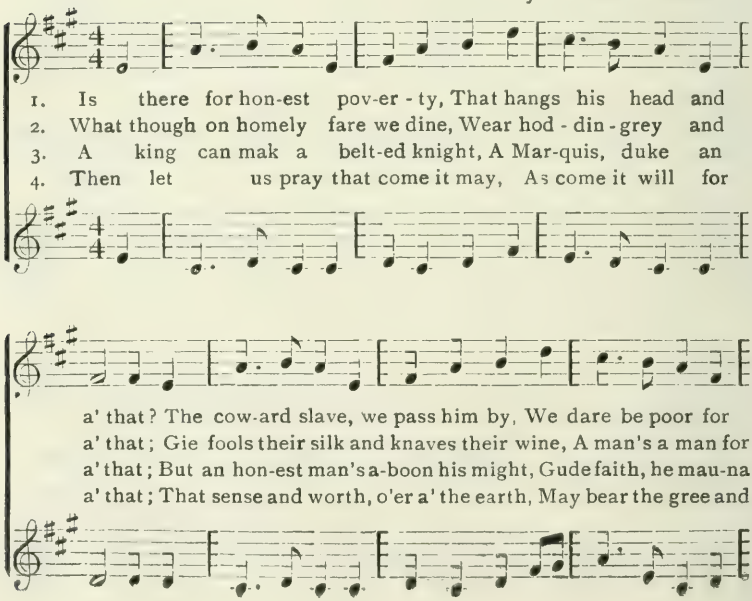
SILENT PULSES. (Rests)

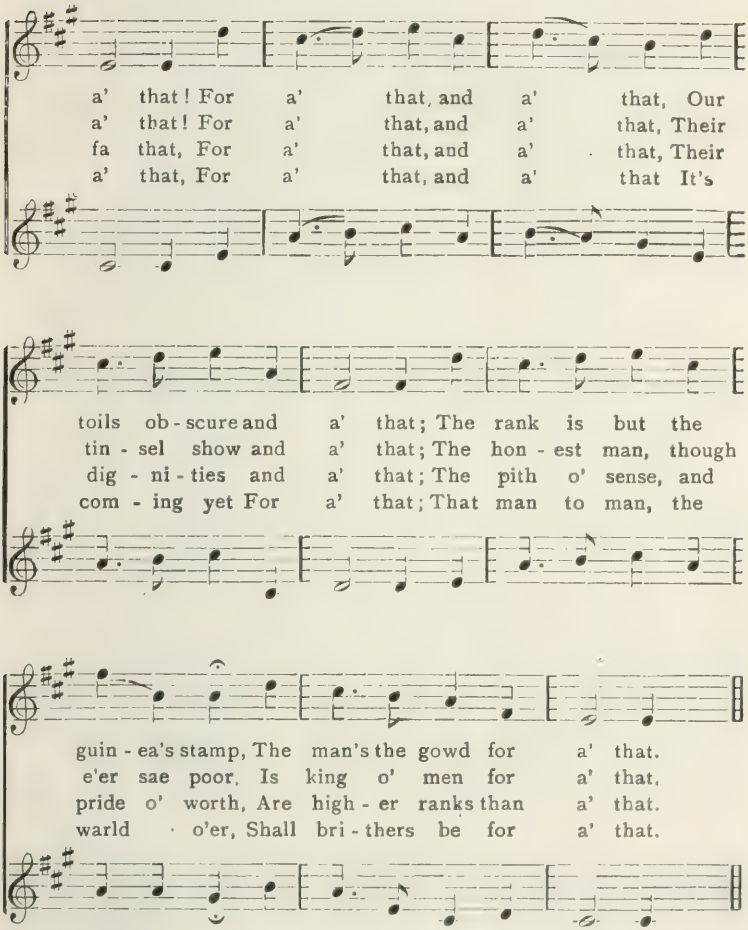
Ex. 62.



A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

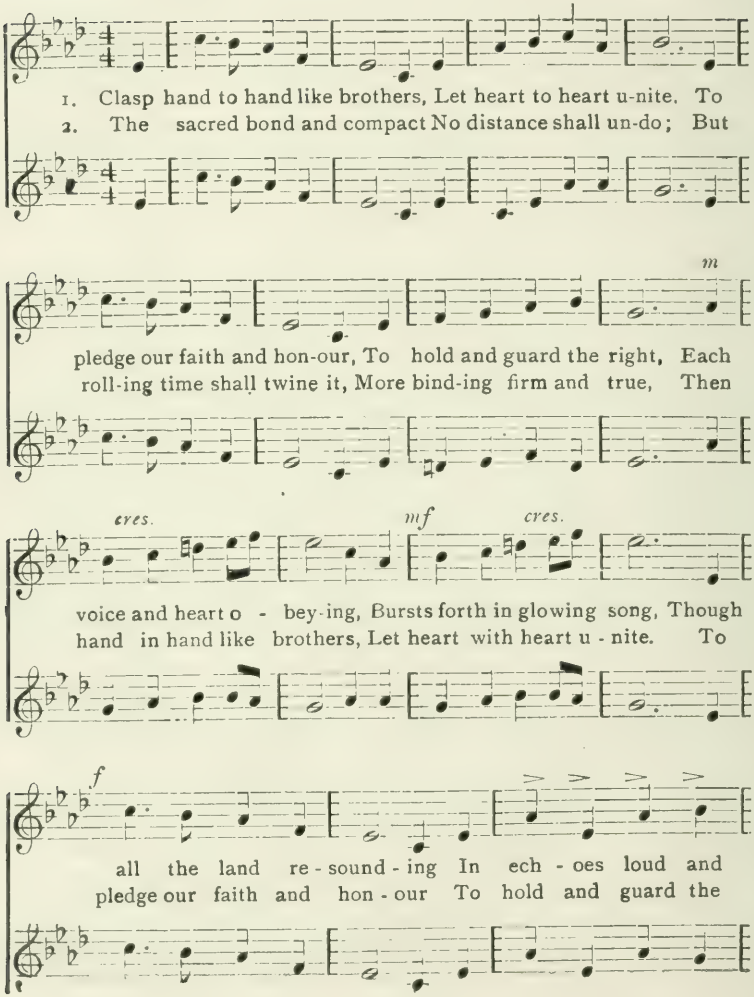
Words by Robert Burns.

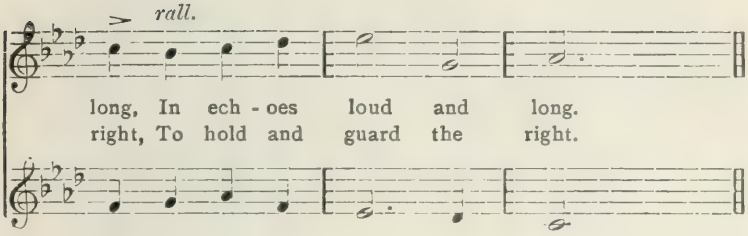




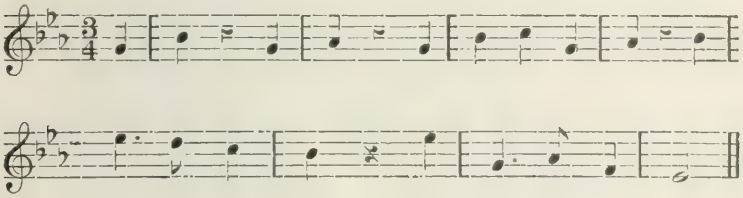
NOTE.—"In" A Man's a Man for a' that "we have the finest combination of practical philosophy, evangelical piety, and practical wisdom that ever was put into a popular song." PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

HAND IN HAND.

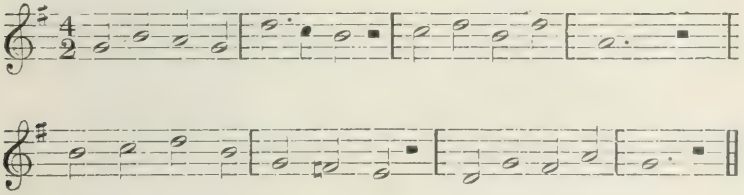

1. Clasp hand to hand like brothers, Let heart to heart u-nite. To
2. The sacred bond and compact No distance shall un-do; But
m
pledge our faith and hon-our, To hold and guard the right, Each
roll-ing time shall twine it, More bind-ing firm and true, Then
cres.
mf
cres.
voice and heart o - bey-ing, Bursts forth in glowing song, Though
hand in hand like brothers, Let heart with heart u - nite. To
f
all the land re - sound - ing In ech - oes loud and
pledge our faith and hon - our To hold and guard the



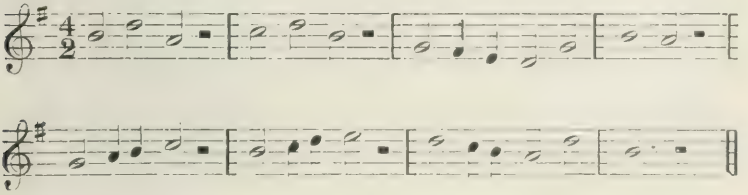
Ex. 63.



Ex. 64.



Ex. 65.



THE ROVER.

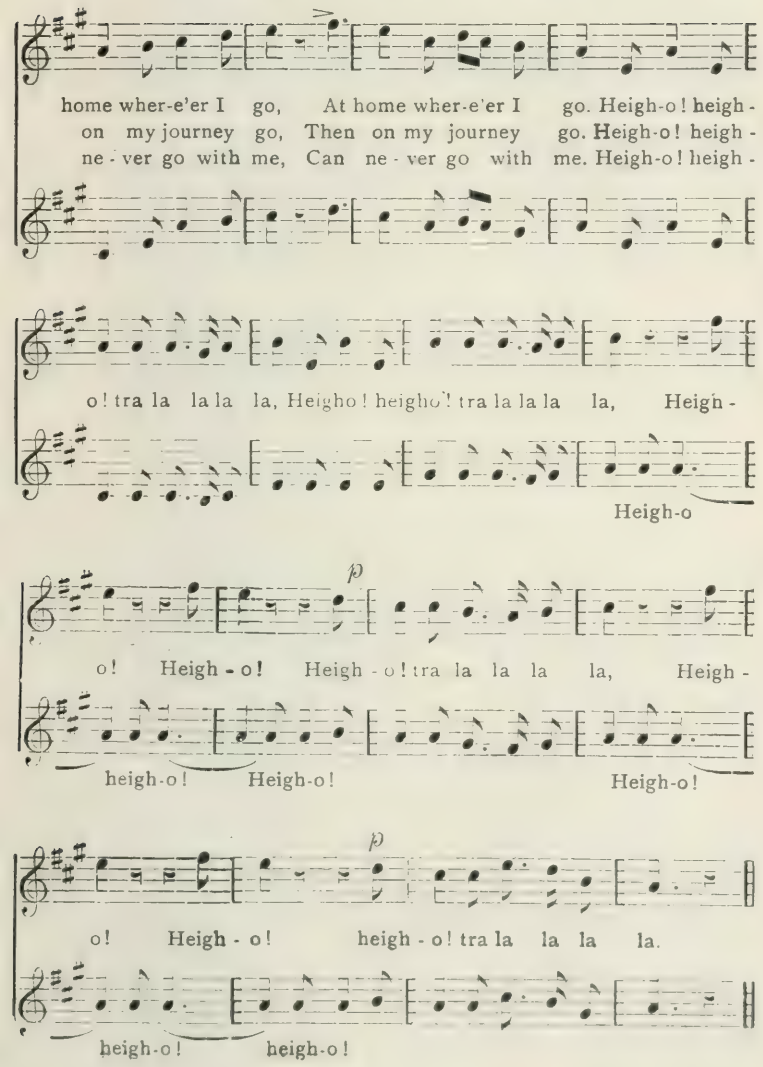
Vivace a la marcia. ABT.

1. At ear - ly morn I take my way, Heigh -o! heigh-o! heigh-
2. I pause to rest me where I will, Heigh -o! heigh-o! heigh-
3. Should any like to roam with me, Heigh -o! heigh-o! heigh-

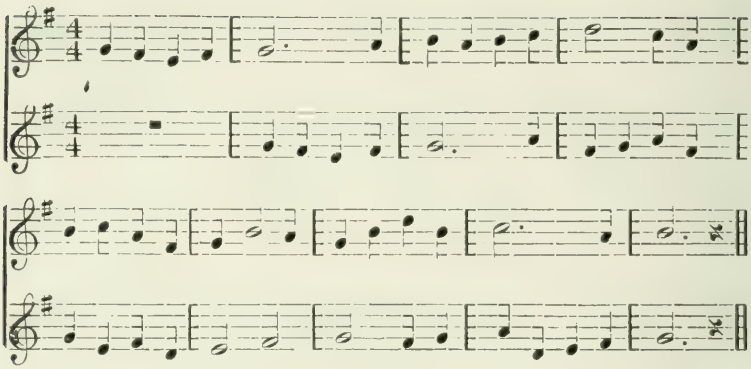
o! My heart is ev - er light and gay, Heigh -
o! Near mos - sy lake or tow'r - ing hill; Heigh -
o! As fleet as mine his step must be, Heigh -

o! heigh-o! heigh - o! My bo - som glows with
o! heigh-o! heigh - o! A travel - ler if I
o! heigh-o! heigh - o! No mood-y frown his

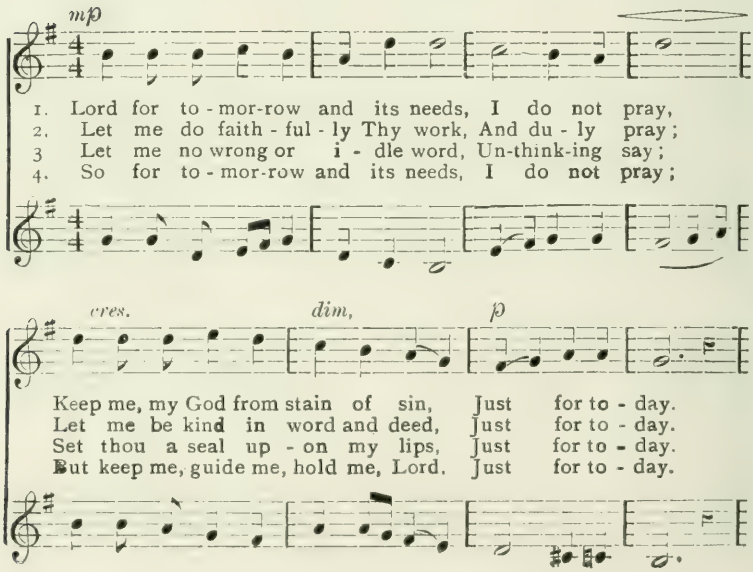
joy and pride, While thus I tread the world so wide, At
chance to meet, With look and smile I kind - ly greet, Then
brow must wear, The man who i - dly dreams of care Can


home wher-e'er I go, At home wher-e'er I go. Heigh-o! heigh-
on my journey go, Then on my journey go. Heigh-o! heigh-
ne-ver go with me, Can ne-ver go with me. Heigh-o! heigh-
o! tra la la la la, Heigho! heigho! tra la la la la, Heigh-
Heigh-o
p
o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o! tra la la la la, Heigh-
heigh-o! Heigh-o! Heigh-o!
p
o! Heigh-o! heigh-o! tra la la la la.
heigh-o! heigh-o!

Ex. 66.



JUST FOR TO-DAY.



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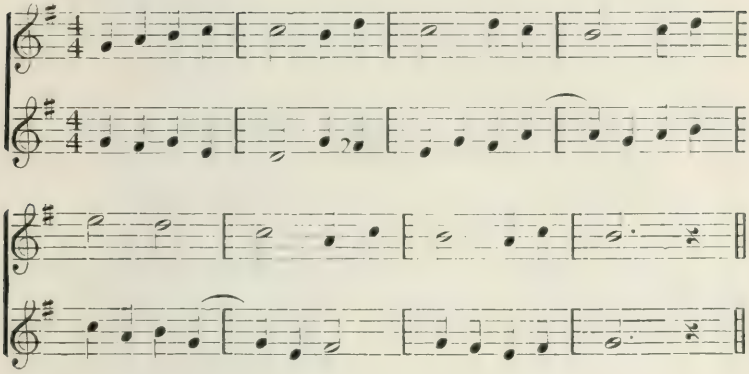
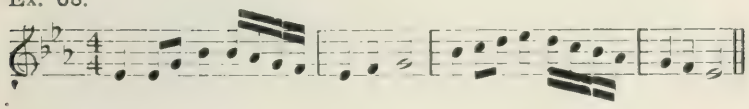


CHAPTER VII.

QUARTER PULSE DIVISIONS.

Ex. 68.



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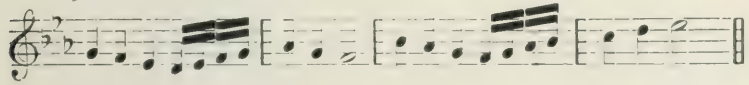

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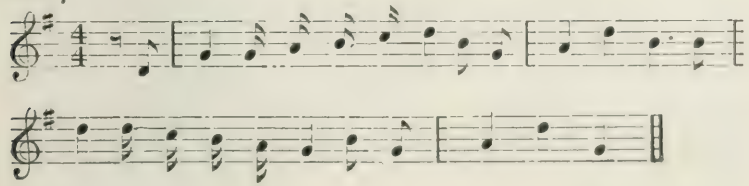
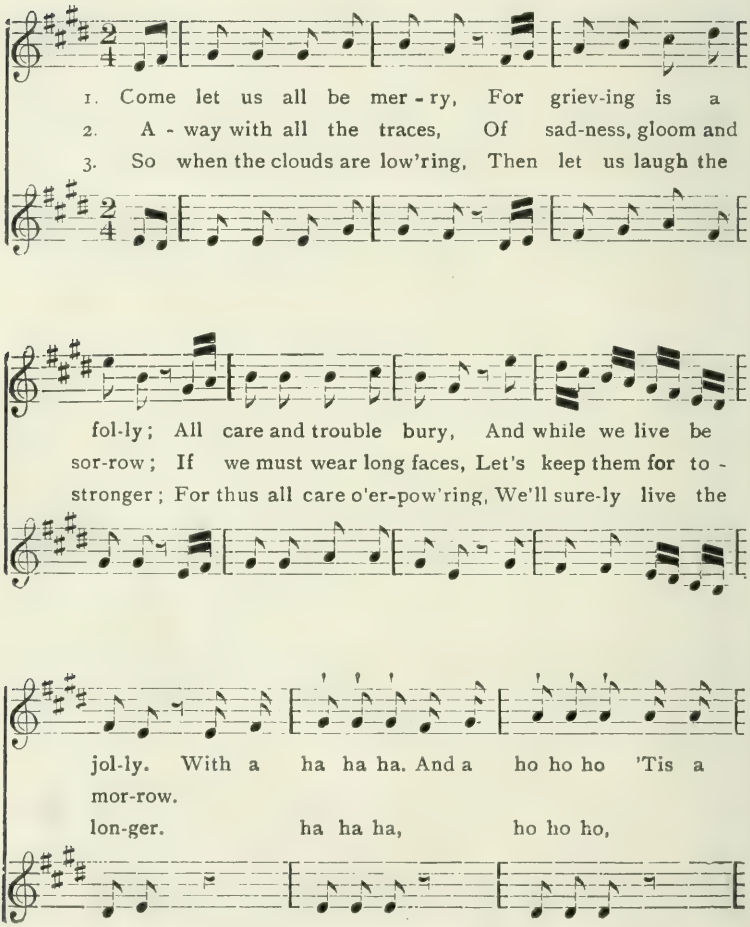


COME, LET US BE MERRY.



jol - ly old world you know, All be hap - py; all be
ha ha ha ha ho, All be hap - py; all be

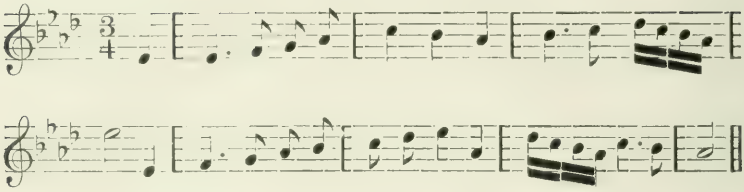
mer - ry, Let's be jol - ly as we go, All be

hap-py, all be mer ry, Brothers all, both friend and foe.

Ex. 71.

Ex. 72.

Ex. 73.



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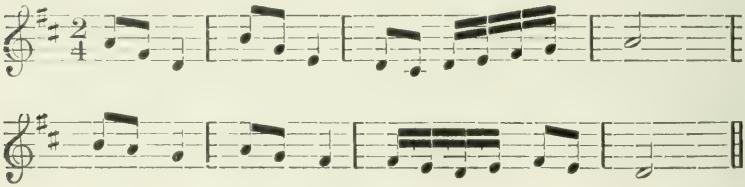

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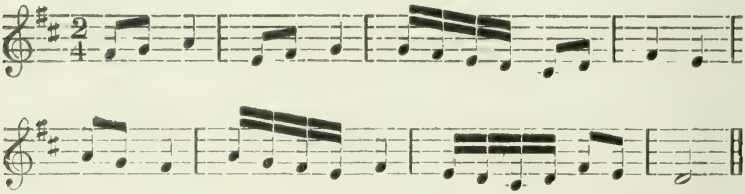

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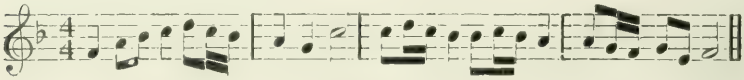
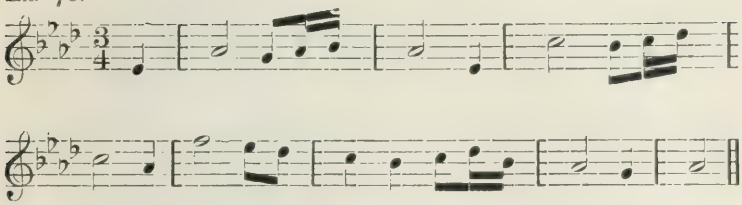


Ex. 77.

Ex. 78.



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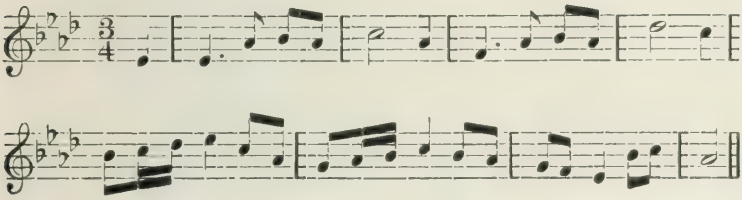

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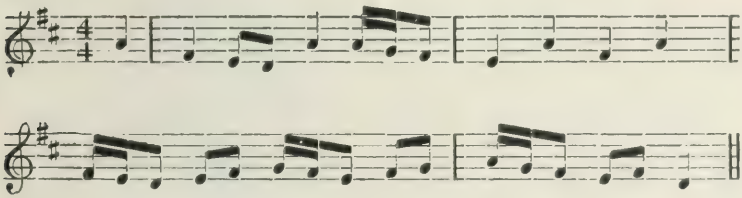

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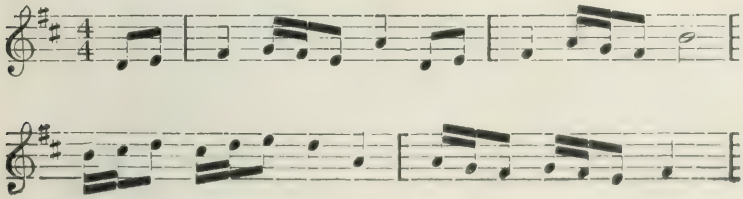


WELCOME TO SUMMER.

HOFFMAN.

mf

1. O Sweet and beauteous Summer, Thy smil - ing face we
2. The flowers in brigh - est col - ours, And birds with gay - est

m

greet, Thy hands with blessings lad - en, Thy light and lov - ing
song, The gold - en sun-shine shimm'ring, The hap-py days pro -

cres. *dim.*

feet; O'er all the wav - ing for - est, O'er mea-dow, hill, and
long; O sweet and bounteous Summer, We welcome thee with

mf

plain, Rich fragrance now dis - til - ing, We wel-come thee a -
glee; In light, and love and beau - ty, Thou reign-est roy - al -

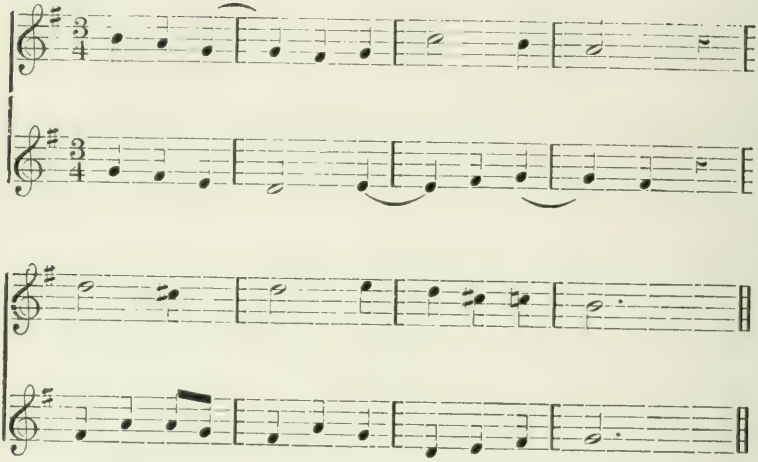
gain, La la la la la la la la la la la la
ly. la la la la la la

la la la, La la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la

Ex. 82.

Ex. 83.

Ex. 84.



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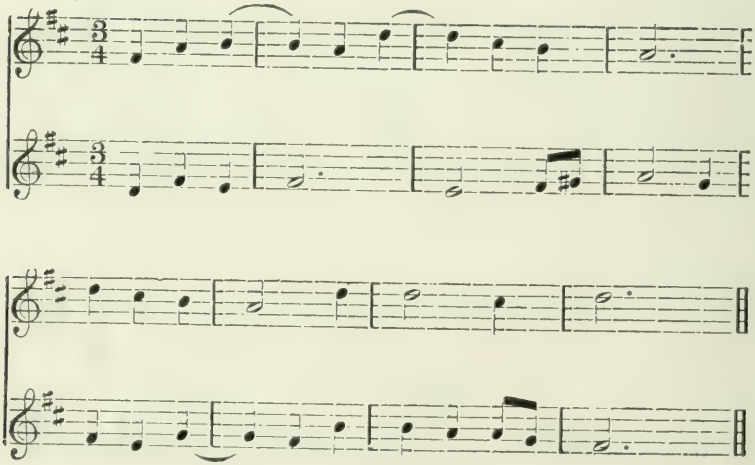
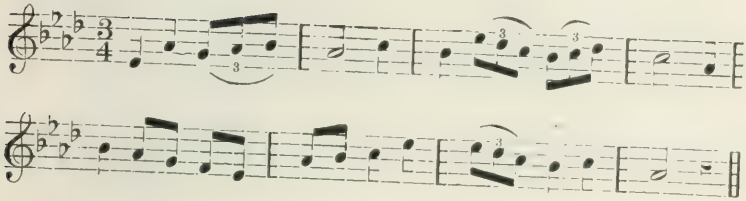


TRIPLETS.

Ex. 86.



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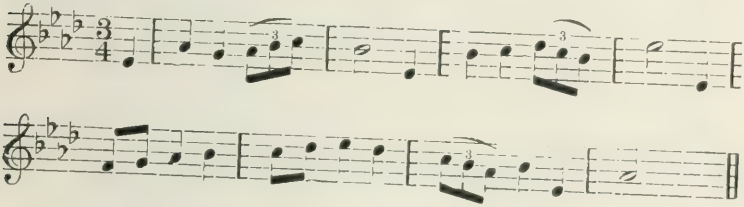

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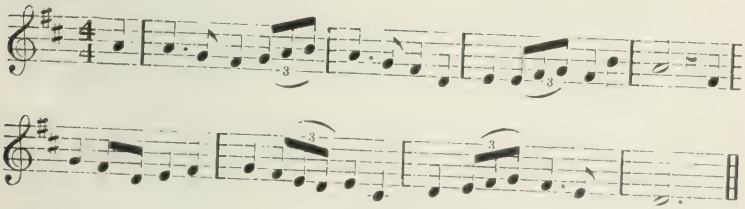

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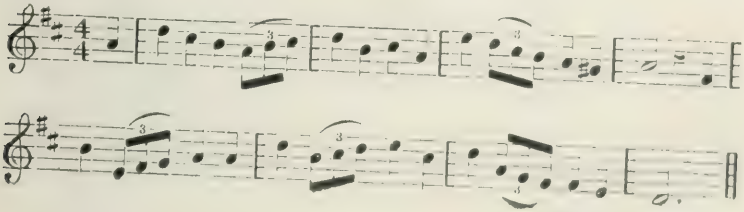


SOFTLY SLEEP.

Andante. SCHULTZ.

p

1. Soft - ly sleep! in peace - ful slum-ber, Now thy wea-ried
2. Soft - ly sleep! O, what can sev - er, True af - fec - tion's
3. Soft - ly sleep! A bright to - mor - row, Wake thee with its

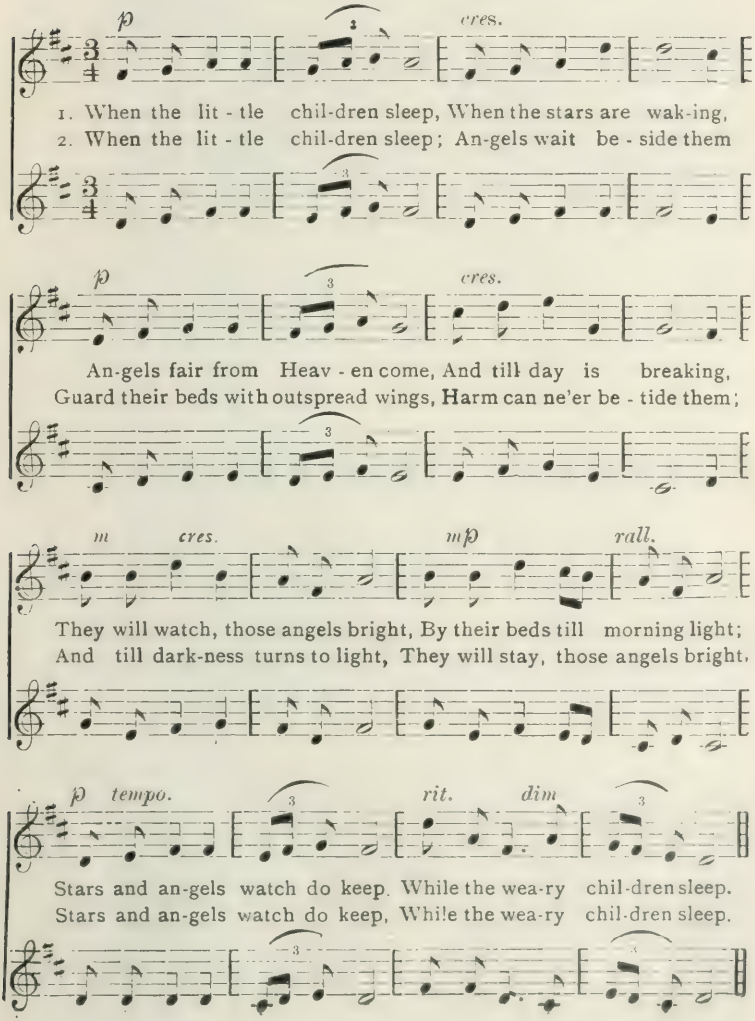
cres.

eye - lids close; May some strain of heav'n - ly
con - stan - cy? Tho' those eyes should close for
fresh'n - ing light; Wake to life un - dimmed by

mf *dim.*

mea - sure, Lull thy heart to calm re - pose.
ev - er. Ne'er should sleep my love for thee
sor - row, Peace be with thee, love, to - night.

WHEN THE CHILDREN SLEEP.



FAIR HOPE.

Andante. SCHUBERT.

cres.

1. Fair Hope is stand-ing ev - er, Be - side our pathway here; Her
2. And Faith be-hind her coming, Be - side her now doth stand; Up -
3. And still there comes an-other, The fair - est of the three; With

dim

smile of sun-ny glad-ness Is full of lov - ing cheer; And
on her mighty an-chor She firm - ly rests her hand; No
beau-ty like a ser-aph Im - mor - tal Chari - - ty; Her

mp

with her gen-tle fin - ger She points to clouded skies, And
storms can ev - er shake her; With clear and steadfast mien, She
pure and child-like spi - rit Can nev - er be be-guiled, She

cres *mf*

says "With eve - ry shad - ow, The sil - ver lin-ing
looks be-yond the dark - ness, To glo - ries yet un-
whis-pers: "O my Fath - er!" And hears Him say "My

dim

lies, The sil - ver lin - ing lies."
seen, To glo - ries yet un - seen.
child," And hears Him say "My child."

Ex. 90.

Ex. 91.

Ex. 92.

THE STARS.

Allegretto. GUMBERT.

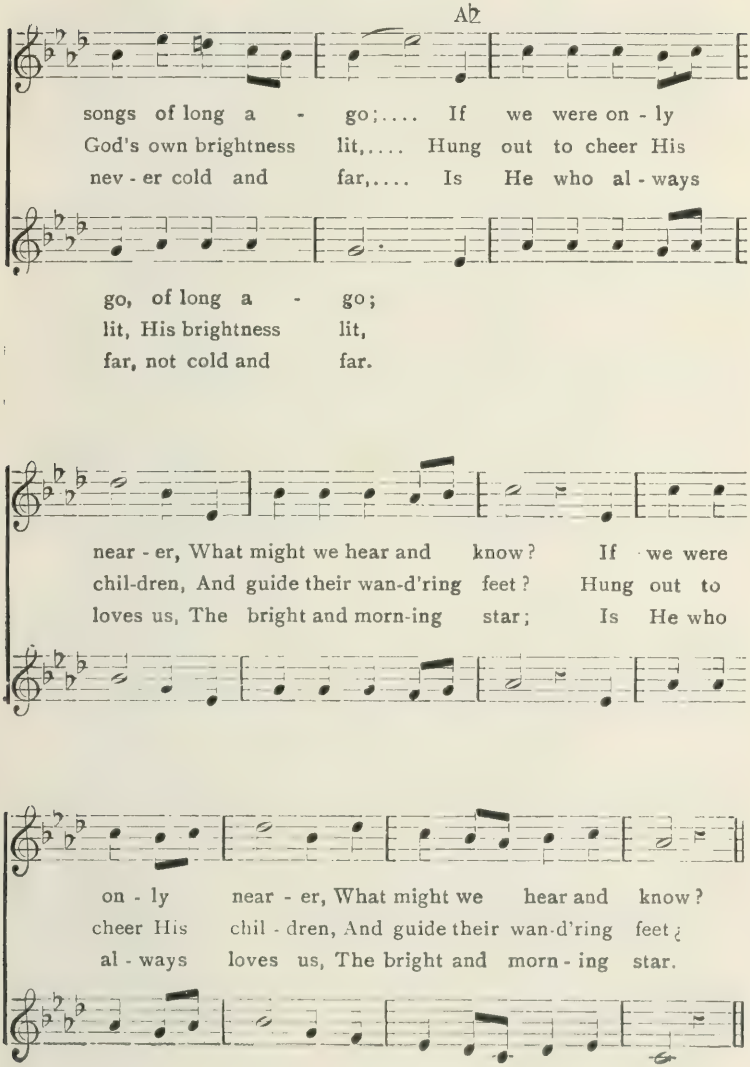
1. The gold - en glow is pal - ing Be - tween the cloud-y
2. Are they the eyes of an - gels, That al - ways wake to
3. In sum-mer and in win - ter, They spark-le clear and

bars; I'm watching for the twi-light, To see the gleam-ing
keep A lov-ing watch a - bove us, While we so gen - tly
bright, And tell us of the mansions Where all are clothed in

E♭

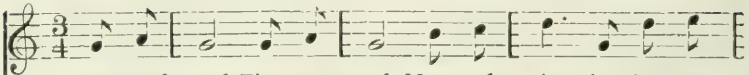
stars, I long to hear them sing-ing Their
sleep? Or are they lamps in heav-en, From
white; More beau-ti-ful and glorious, And

I long to hear them sing-ing Their songs of long a -
Or are they lamps in heav-en. From God's own brightness
More beau-ti-ful and glo-rious, And nev-er cold and


A♭
songs of long a - go;.... If we were on - ly
God's own brightness lit,.... Hung out to cheer His
nev - er cold and far,.... Is He who al - ways
go, of long a - go;
lit, His brightness lit,
far, not cold and far.
near - er, What might we hear and know? If we were
chil-dren, And guide their wan-d'ring feet? Hung out to
loves us, The bright and morn-ing star; Is He who
on - ly near - er, What might we hear and know?
cheer His chil - dren, And guide their wan-d'ring feet¿
al - ways loves us, The bright and morn - ing star.

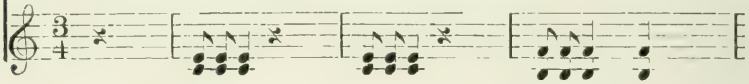
EVENING BELLS.

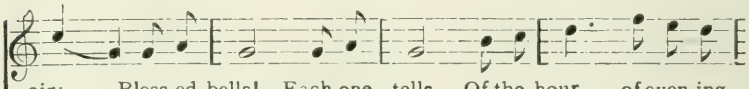
Moderato. *May be sung by one or two voices.*



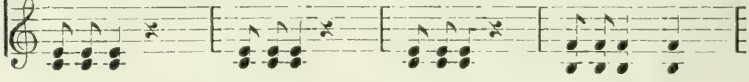
1. Waves of sound Float a - round, Meet and min - gle in the
2. Has our way Thro' the day With kind words and acts been
3. As they rise To the skies, Will that sigh be heard a -

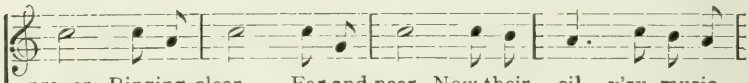
To be sung by two Divisions of the Class with words as above.



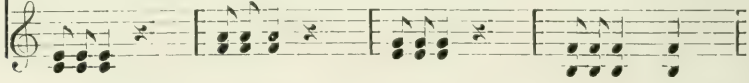


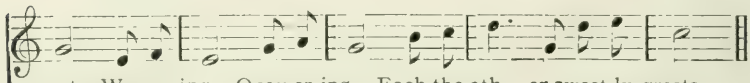
air;.... Bless-ed bells! Each one tells Of the hour of even-ing
strewn? Or has strife Marred our life, Have we seeds of dis-cord
bove?.. Will they bear, Soft and clear, Pray'rs and sighs with hope in-



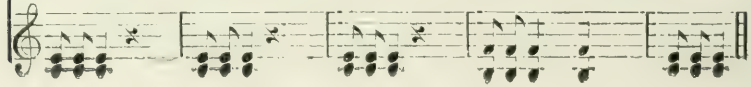


prayer, Ringing clear, Far and near, Now their sil - v'ry music
sown? There are moans In their tones, As they min - gle float-ing
wove? Mur-mur - ing, Whis-per - ing, Now their mu - sic dies a -





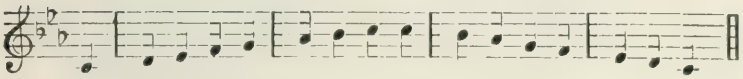
meets, Wav-er-ing, Quav-er ing, Each the oth - er sweet-ly greets.
high; 'Tis our wrong Dims their song With that low, sad trembling sigh,
way In our sky, Clear and high, Like the summer's twilight ray.



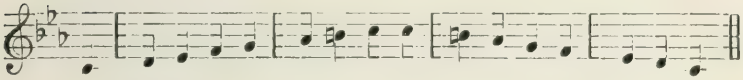
CHAPTER VIII.

THE MINOR MODE.

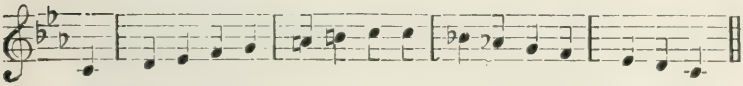
NORMAL MINOR SCALE.



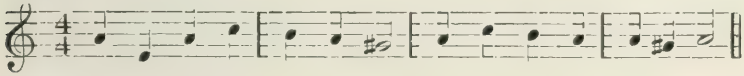
HARMONIC FORM.



MELODIC FORM.

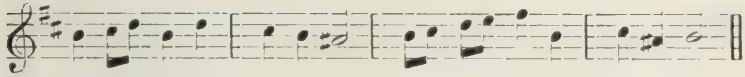


Ex. 93.

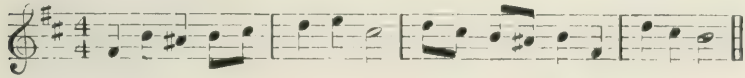


Ex 94.

Ex. 95.



Ex. 96.



OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On
2. Or were I in the wild - est waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae

yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd
bleak and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise, If

accel.

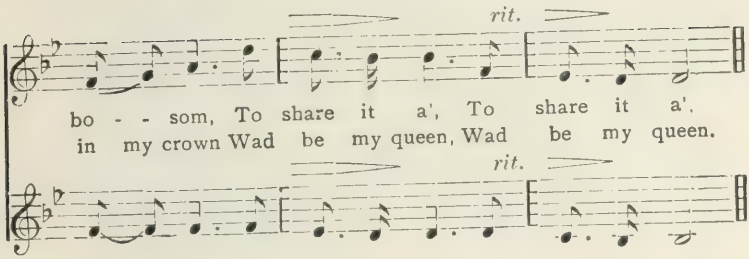
shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did misfortune's bitter storms, A -
thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I monarch o' the globe, With

accel.

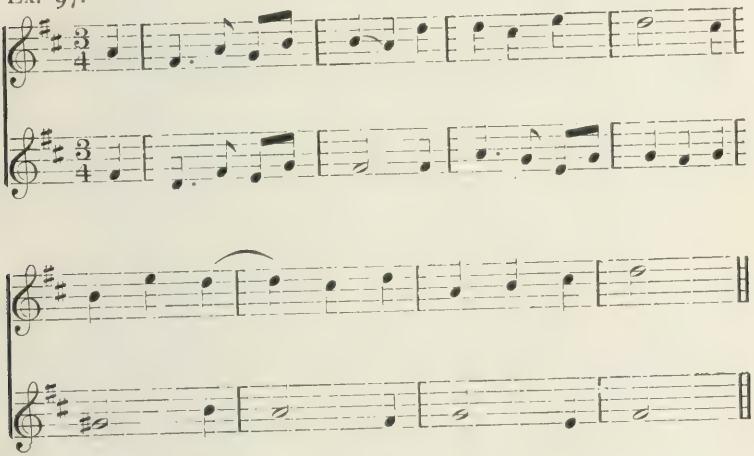
rall.

round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw, Thy shield should be my
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The bright-est jew - el

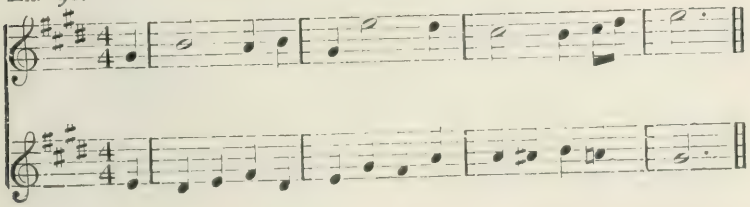
rall.


rit.
bo - - som, To share it a', To share it a'.
in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.
rit.

Ex. 97.



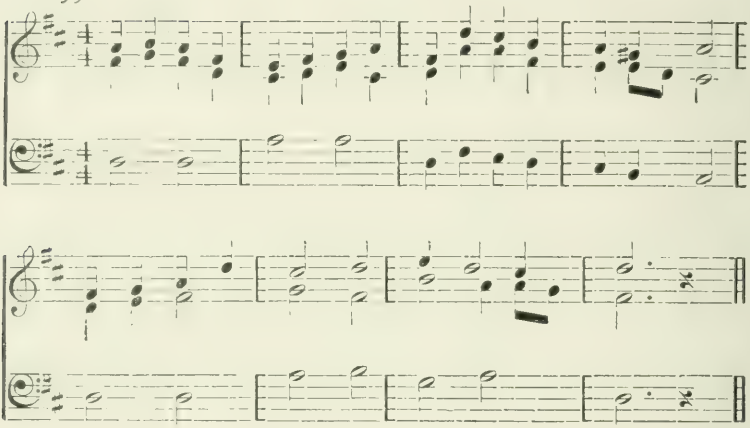
Ex. 98.



EXERCISES FOR THREE VOICES.

WITH BASS CLEF.

Ex. 99.



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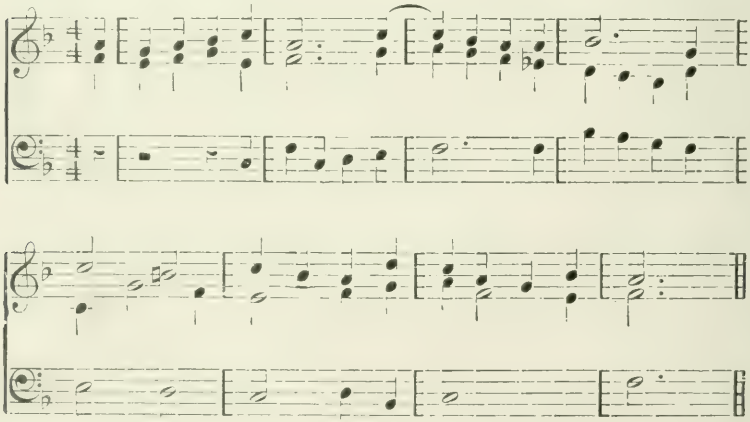


SANCTUS.

CAMIDGE.

pp *p* *mp* *cres.* *mf*

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and

pp *p* *mp* *cres.* *mf*

earth are full of thy glo-ry; Glo - ry be..... to

mf *rall.*

Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

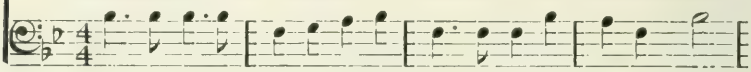
mf *rall*

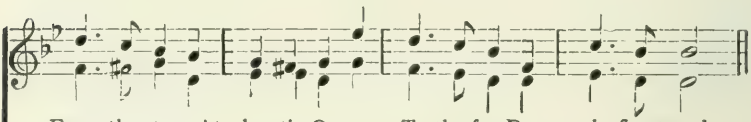
Ex. 101.

RAISE THE FLAG.

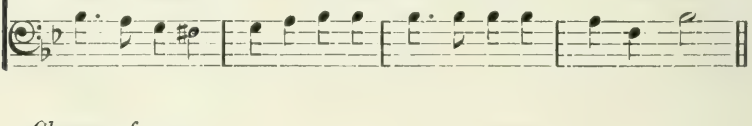
Moderato. Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.

1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can - a - dian land,
2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may un-der-stand
5. Raise the flag; Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?

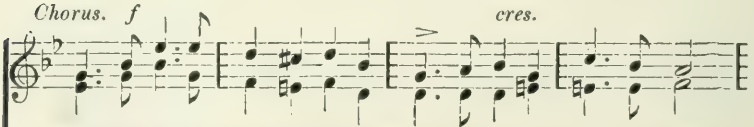




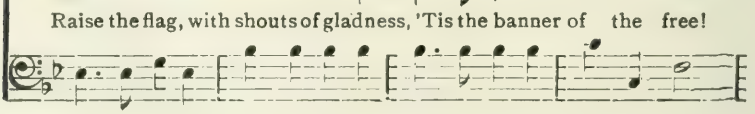
From the stern At - lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa - ci - fic strand,
Flag of Can-a - da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li - ber - ty.
Sons of Can-a - da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.
This will be our en-sign ev-er, In our broad Can - a-dian land
Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Country, God, and Right;

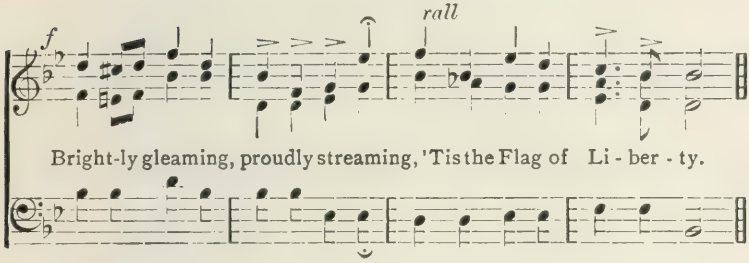


Chorus. *f* *cres.*

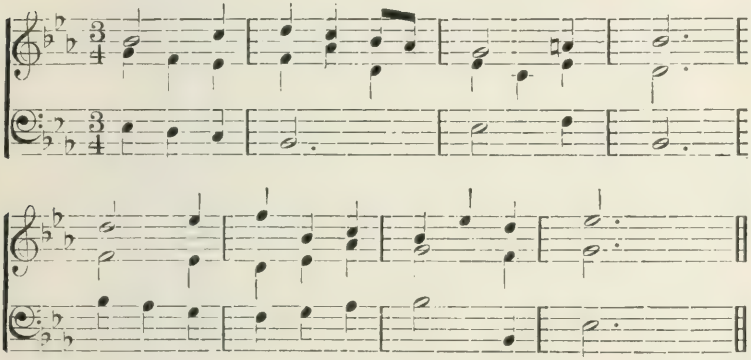


Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!




rall
f
Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li - ber - ty.

Ex. 102.



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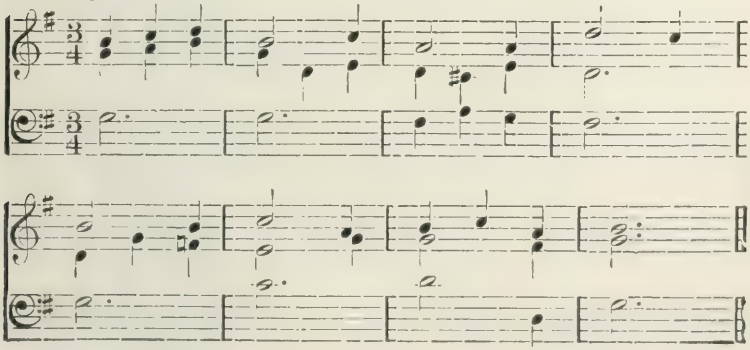


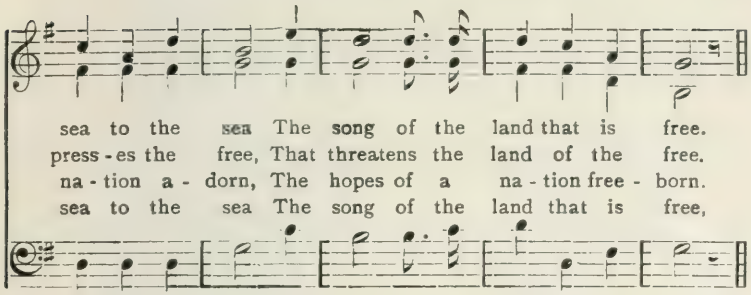
HAIL TO THE LAND.

DR. HARPER. A. T. CRINGAN.

1. Hail to the land of our fathers, God bless it
2. For God and their coun - try our fathers fought bravely, For
3. Hail to the blend - ing of ra - ces, God bless it,
4. Then hail to the land of our fathers, God bless it,

Hail to the land of the free,..... As its flag we sa -
God and our country shall we,..... De - fend what is
Hail to a peo-ple free-born,..... Let the Sax - on and
Hail to the land of the free,..... As its flag we sa -

lute, Let no voic-es be mute, To swell from the
right, Re - pressing the might, And the pride that op -
Celt, With a tri-umph heart-felt, The hopes of our
lute, Let no voic-es be mute, To swell from the



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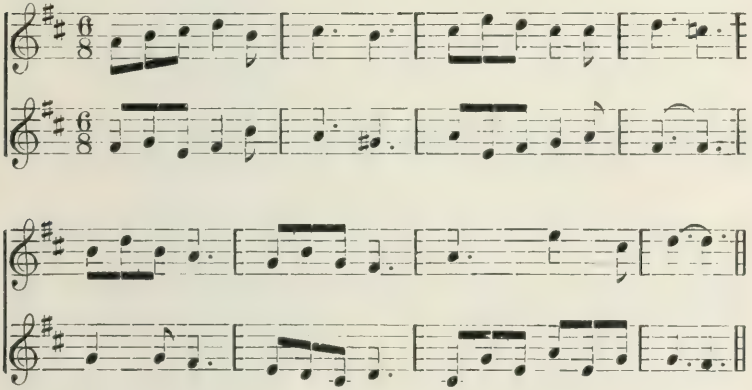

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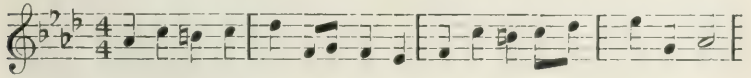

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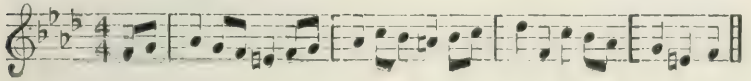


ANNIE LAURIE.

mf *dim* *p*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the

mf *p*

dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied
swan, Her face it is the fair - est That

dim. *mp*

me her prom-ise true, Gied me her prom-ise true, Which
e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on; And

dim

cres. *f*

ne'er for-got shall be, And for bon-nie An-nie
dark-blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie

p *rall.* *D.C. verse 2*

Lau-rie I'd lay me doun and dee.
Lau-rie I'd lay me doun and dee.

p *rall.*

dim

3. Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing Is the fa' o' her fai-ry

dim

pp *dim*

feet, And like wind in sum-mer sighing, Her voice is low and

With closed lips. *dim*

pp

sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

p *cres*

p *rit - e - dim*

bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doun and dee.

p *rit - e - dim*

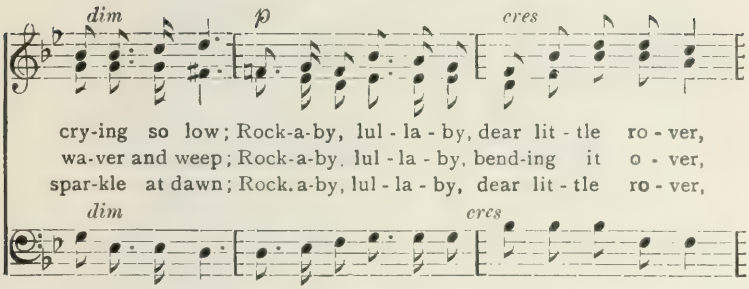
ROCKABY, LULLABY.

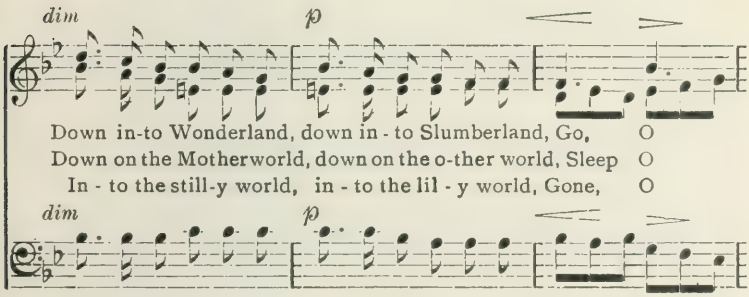
A. T. Cringan.

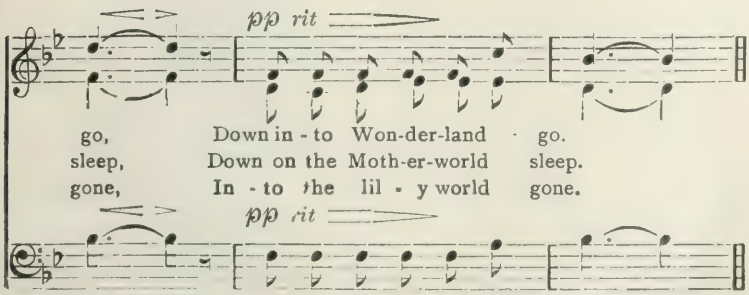
cres.

1. Rock - a - by, lul - la-by, bees in the clo-ver, Crooning so drow-si-ly
2. Rock - a - by, lul - la-by, rain on the clo-ver, Tears on the eyelids that
3. Rock - a - by, lul - la-by, dew on the clover, Dew on the eyes that will

p *cres*

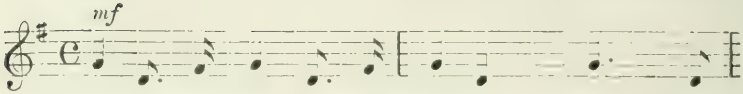

dim
p
cres
cry-ing so low; Rock-a-by, lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver,
wa-ver and weep; Rock-a-by, lul - la - by, bend-ing it o - ver,
spar-kle at dawn; Rock. a-by, lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver,
dim
cres


dim
p
Down in-to Wonderland, down in - to Slumberland, Go, O
Down on the Motherworld, down on the o-ther world, Sleep O
In - to the still-y world, in - to the lil - y world, Gone, O
dim
p

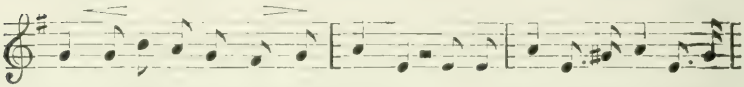

pp rit
go, Down in - to Won-der-land go.
sleep, Down on the Moth-er-world sleep.
gone, In - to the lil - y world gone.
pp rit

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

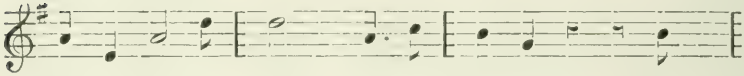
Words and Music H H. GODFREY.



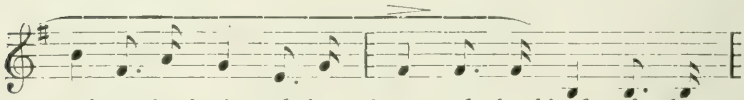
1. Come if you dare to the North-man's lair, the
2. We are the men of the fair far north, the
3. Men of the North! if to war we go forth, let our



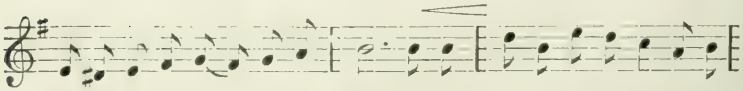
tramp of your armies shall not shake us; Shout if you will we are
land of the maple spreads a-round us; Here shall we live not an
trust nev-er lie in mar - tial numbers; But in that spark blest in



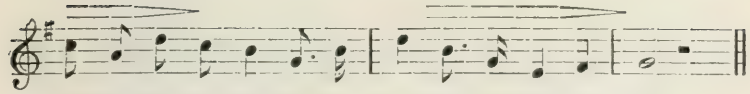
free men still; words can-not break us; For
inch we give; none shall con - found us; For
each man's breast, the fire that nev - er slum-bers; That



we have the brain and the brawn and the blood of the
we have the land and the grain and the gold and should
ha - tred of wrong and that pride in the right, and the

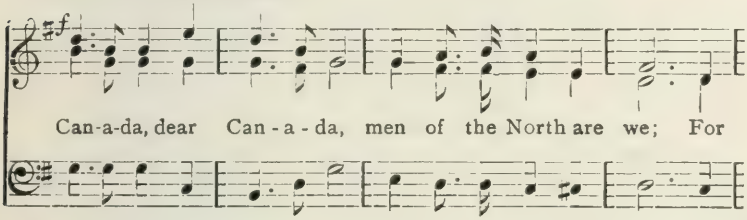


Sax-on and the Celt and the Gaul, And we fear not an-y man but we'll
foes for these e'er wish to try a fall, Why they'll find that we can fight when we
freedom that our forefathers won. No! We'll never yield a jot but just



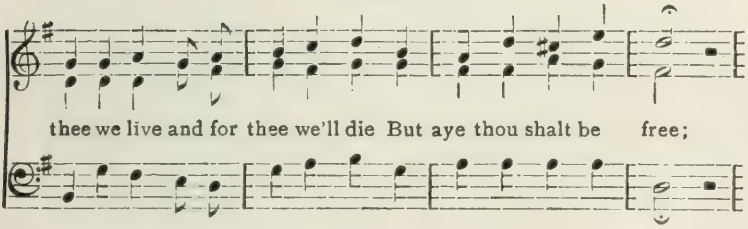
do the best we can when we march at our coun-try's call.
know we're in the right and we march at our coun-try's call.
keep what we have got if we fight till the day is done.

CHORUS. *With dignity.*



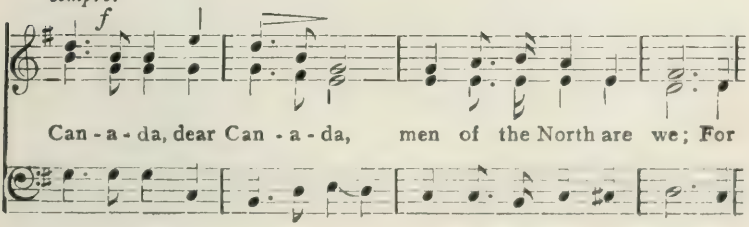
Can-a-da, dear Can - a - da, men of the North are we; For

accel.



thee we live and for thee we'll die But aye thou shalt be free;

sempre.



Can - a - da, dear Can - a - da, men of the North are we; For

rit *ff*

thee we live and for thee we'll die but ev-er more thou shalt be free.

AFTON WATER.

ROBERT BURNS. ALEX. HUME.

Andante.

cres.

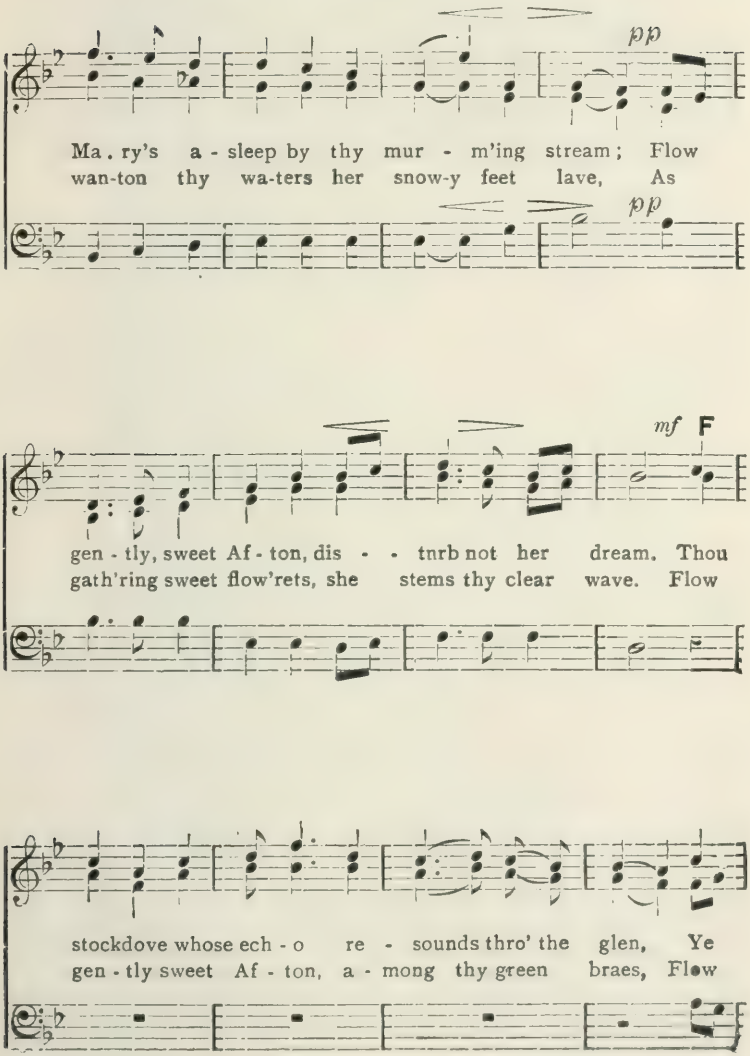
1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton a - mong thy green braes, Flow
2. Thy cry-tal stream, Af-ton how love-ly it glides, And

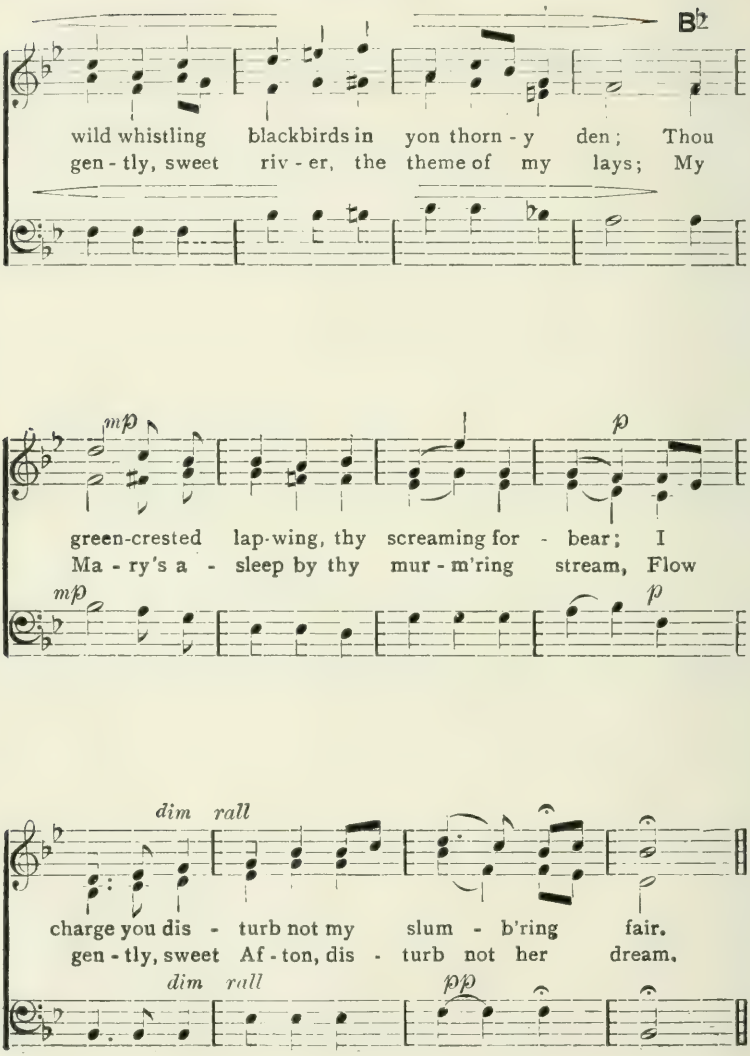
cres.

p

gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides, How

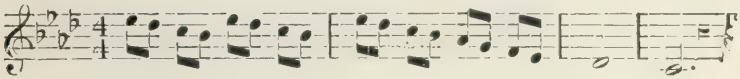
p


pp
Ma . ry's a - sleep by thy mur - m'ing stream; Flow
wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As
pp
mf F
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - - turb not her dream. Thou
gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave. Flow
stockdove whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye
gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow

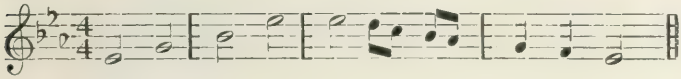

B♭
wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorn - y den; Thou
gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My
mp
p
green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for - bear; I
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - m'ring stream, Flow
mp
p
dim rall
charge you dis - turb not my slum - b'ring fair.
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
dim rall
pp

VOICE EXERCISE.

Ex. 1.



Ex. 2.



Ex. 3.

MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

MARK.	WORD.	MEANING.
m	Mezzo	With medium, or ordinary force.
p	Piano	Soft (or softly).
f	Forte	Loud (or loudly).
mp	Mezzo-piano	Moderately soft.
mf	Mezzo-forte	Moderately loud.
pp	Pianissimo	Very soft.
ff	Fortissimo	Very loud.
>	Sforzato	With emphasis.
cres. or <	Crescendo	Gradually louder.
dim. or >	Diminuendo	Gradually softer.
rall.	Rallentando	Gradually slower.
accel.	Accellarando	Gradually faster.
rit.	Ritardando	Slower, at once.
ad lib.	Ad libitum	At the will of the performer.
	Tempo	In the original time.
	Moderato	In moderate time.
	Legato	Smooth; connected.
'	Staccato	Short; detached.
	Andante	Moderately slow.
	Allegretto	Slightly faster than Andante.
	Allegro	Quickly.
	Adagio	Very slow.
D.C.	Da Capo	Repeat from the beginning.
D.S.	Dal Segno	Repeat from the Sign.
𝄋	The Sign	
	Beating twice,	Two beats to be given in the measure.

In future editions this song will replace the song "Hand-in-Hand" on pages 170 and 171

O CANADA!

(CHANT NATIONAL.)

HON. R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L. C. LAVALLÉE

Maestoso f

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and na - tive land,
2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow,
3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies,

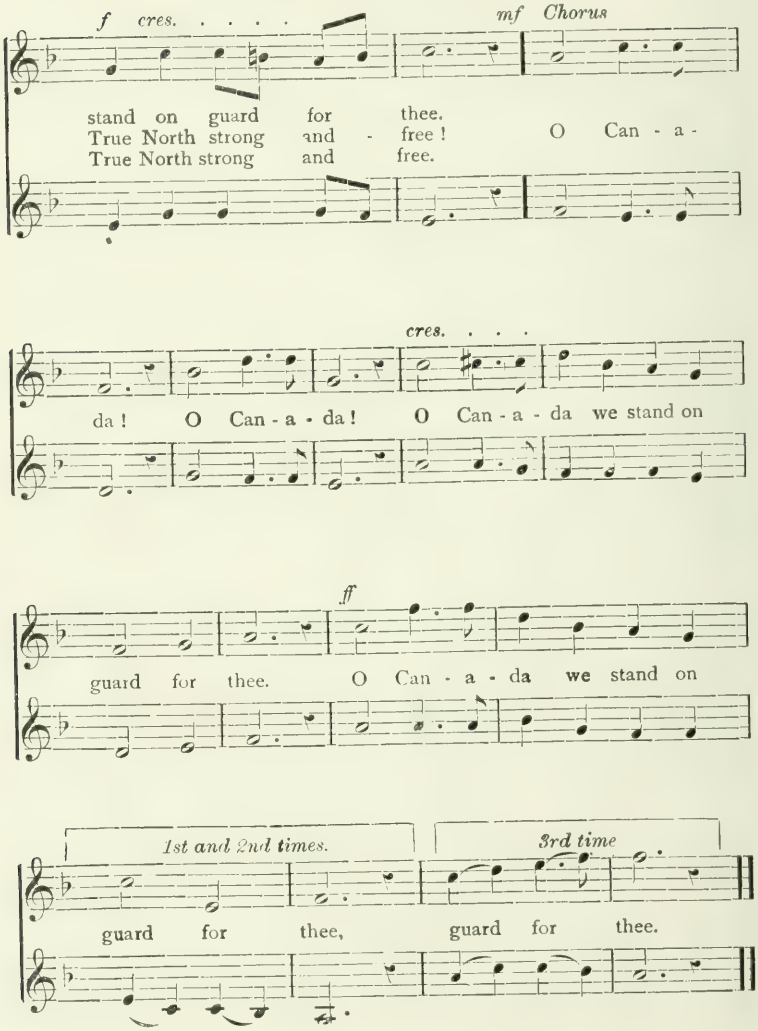
cres. *dim.* *mo*

True pa - triot love in all thy sons com - mand. With
Great prair - ies spread and lord - ly riv - ers flow. How
May stal - wart sons and gen - tle maid - ens rise; To

glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North, strong and
dear to us thy broad do - main, From East to West - ern
keep thee stead-fast through the years From East to West - ern

m *cres.*

free; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, We
sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou
sea, Our Fath - er - land, our Moth - er - land! Our


f cres.
mf Chorus
stand on guard for thee.
True North strong and - free!
True North strong and free.
O Can - a -
cres.
da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da we stand on
ff
guard for thee. O Can - a - da we stand on
1st and 2nd times.
3rd time
guard for thee, guard for thee.

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